L'Espionage Magazine



Volume Two: Spring 2021

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Cover picture: Gary Francis Powers at the wingtip of his U-2, spring 1960

If you have a submission for the ***L'Espionage Magazine*** feel free to contact the Editor in Chief at

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The second in command of NATO, a senior US General, would that afternoon call the Base Commanding Officer at Second Canadian Fighter Wing on the carpet:

> *"God damn it ... you crazy Canadians have just shot down one of our own aircraft!"*

The Canadians pilots stood accused of shooting down a U-2 aircraft returning from a secret high altitude photo-reconnaissance mission over Russia and Eastern Europe.

The civilian pilot of the U-2, Howard Carey, was killed in the incident.

The U-2 and the AVRO Arrow

L'Espionage Welcomes Submissions

Obelisk Press of Vancouver is proud to publish the second edition of ***L'EspionageMagazine*** . We welcome submissions on a quarterly basis.

Much as been written about the US and UK angle to the U-2. In this edition are stories about the Soviet and the Canadian angle to the U-2, in particular the Orlov article as well as an article that shows how the 'product' from U-2 overflights over the Soviet Union that burst the 'Bomber Gap Myth' led to the eventual cancellation of the AVRO Arrow. There is also a lively article by Ian Ogilvie and his experiences 'feet on the ground' in the USSR.

The ***L'EspionageMagazine*** board is comprised of the unpaid volunteers: Please feel free to send your short story, essays or article submissions to the Editor in Chief at

pbruskiewich @ gmail.com.

There is no fee to submit. There is no writer's fee provided by the journal for those who submit. The publishing rights remain with the writer.

Articles about True Events

The Man Who Never Was by Cdr Ewen Montagu, R.N.

{Excerpt from the book *The Man Who Never Was*}

{*In this notable operation (known at the time as* ***OPERATION MINCEMEAT****) from World War II, the means of getting false information into the hands of the enemy in such a fashion that he will believe it is achieved by concocting an accident which seems natural to the enemy, a seemingly lucky chance which throws some important information his way.*

In the spring of 1943 the body of a British courier, who was ostensibly drowned after his airplane was forced down in the Mediterranean, was washed up on the shores of Spain. The courier's briefcase contained important messages from the Imperial General Staff in London to Field Marshal Alexander, in Tunisia, which pointed to the "fact" that the Allies were planning to invade Southern Europe via Sardinia and Greece (instead of via Sicily). The body of Major Martin, the courier, was recovered by the Spaniards, as intended by the plotters of the deception, and the important papers in his briefcase were passed on to the German authorities, eventually reaching the German High Command. The latter took the information as bona fide and arranged its defenses accordingly, but not without first carefully investigating everything that could be found out about Major Martin from the personal papers he was carrying to make sure that there was

nothing phony about him. Our excerpt has to do with the preparation of these personal papers before Major Martin took his trip.

Major Martin was, in actual fact, the corpse of a recently deceased civilian who was carried frozen in a canister via British submarine to a point off the Spanish shore and then floated in on the tide so that he would be found. The military papers in his briefcase, as well as all his personal papers, were forged by British Intelligence experts, but the actual "misinformation" which was placed in German hands by this method had, of course, to be approved by the highest Allied authorities as appropriate to their actual strategy, which was to invade via Sicily.}

From quite an early stage Major Martin had become a real person to us and it was obviously desirable that as much of that feeling as possible should be shared by whoever investigated the body; the more real he appeared the more convincing the whole affair would be. Besides, I was quite sure that in a matter of this importance every little detail would be studied by the Germans in an effort to find a flaw in Major Martin's make-up, so as to be sure that the whole thing was genuine and not a plant. That I was not mistaken is evidenced by the fact that, as we learnt later, the Germans even noticed the dates on the two theatre-ticket stubs that we placed in Major Martin's pocket.

The method that we adopted in deciding on Major Martin's personality was to keep on discussing him—rather as if we were pulling a friend to pieces

behind his back. In fact, we talked about him until we did feel that he was an old friend whom we had known for years. I must, however, admit that, although he became completely real to us, we did tend to mold his character and history to suit our convenience.

We had decided that Major Martin was a rather brilliant officer and was trusted by his superiors; his only visible lapses were the all too common ones of having lost his identity card and having recently let his pass to Combined Operations H.Q. run out of date.

On that foundation we built a character which could be evidenced by documents in his pockets: that was the only means that we had whereby to convey his personality to the Germans.

We decided that he should be fond of a good time, so he could have an invitation to a night club; it was a probable result of a certain amount of extravagance that he would have a letter from his bank about his overdraft; he could have been staying at a Service club while in London, so he might have a receipted bill for the last part of his stay there. In this way he was developing from an abstraction into something rather more definite.

But how could we make him really “come to life”?

The only way to do it was by letting him carry in his pockets letters which would convey to the reader something really personal about him. On the other hand, if one were able to stop a passer-by in the street and search his

pockets, it would be very seldom that one would hit on any occasion when he had letters about him which covered more than trivial details. When we approached our problem in that way, we came to the conclusion that the only times when a man is certain to be carrying "live" letters conveying a vivid picture of him and his life would be when he had recently become engaged and was carrying love letters on him and making arrangements for married life. We therefore decided that "a marriage should be arranged" between Bill Martin and some girl just before he was sent abroad.

So Major Martin "met" a charming girl called Pam early in April, became engaged to her almost at once (those wartime courtships!); she gave him a snap of herself and he gave her an engagement ring; he had a couple of ecstatic letters from her, one written when staying away the weekend and one written in the office (while her boss was out) in an agony of emotion, as he had hinted that he was being sent abroad somewhere. He would have with him the bill for the engagement ring—unpaid of course, as he had an overdraft to deal with. Lastly, he could have an old-fashioned father who disapproved of war weddings and who would insist on his son making a will if he persisted in so foolish and improvident a step.

We felt that we could not hope to build up a personality more definitely than that with only a pocketful of letters—but they had to sound genuine and they had to be written by someone. We could, of course, have written them ourselves—most of us knew only too well what a letter about an overdraft looked like, and some of us had made wills or received love letters, but I

thought it best to rely on the expert hand so that there could be no possibility of any mistake.

Some of the items were easy. For instance, one of our number had an invitation to the Cabaret Club with no name on it, so the night club was easily provided for. The letter about the overdraft was only slightly more difficult. Through another of our number we got a letter from Lloyds Bank dated the 14th April calling on Major Martin to pay off an overdraft of some seventy-nine pounds. I was asked, later on, whether it was usual for a letter dealing with such a comparatively small sum to have been signed by the Joint General Manager at Head Office; I had already considered this, as I know from bitter experience that such letters are usually signed by the branch manager. When I raised this question at the time, I was assured that, although it was true that such letters were more usually signed by the manager of the appropriate branch, it did quite often happen that the letter would come from Head Office in certain circumstances. As the officer concerned in getting this letter had a “lead in” to the Head Office, it was decided to use that: I did not think that the Germans would have had the experience that we had had of overdrafts and, after all, even if the amount was small, Major Martin’s father was clearly a man of some importance. This letter was drafted for us personally by Mr. Whitley

Jones, the Joint General Manager of Lloyds Bank, typed in his office and signed by him. It read as follows:

Lloyds Bank Limited

Head Office
London, E.C.3

14th April, 1943

Private
Major W. Martin, R.M.,
Army and Navy Club
Pall Mall,
London, S.W.l
Dear Sir,

I am given to understand that in spite of repeated application your overdraft amounting to £79. 19s. 2d. still outstands.
In the circumstances, I am now writing to inform you that unless this amount, plus interest at 4% to date of payment, is received forthwith we shall have no alternative but to take the necessary steps to protect our interests.
Yours faithfully,
[Signed] E. Whitley Jones
Joint General Manager

It had been arranged that this letter from the bank should be sent through the post to Major Martin at the Naval and Military Club, but it was erroneously posted addressed to him at the Army and Navy Club, Pall Mall; there the hall porter marked the envelope “Not known at this address” and added “Try

Naval and Military Club, 94 Piccadilly. This seemed to us to be a most convincing indication that the letter was real and not specially prepared, so we decided that Major Martin should keep this letter in its envelope.

One of us had got the cooperation of the Naval and Military Club; we had been given a bill dated the 24th April which showed that Major Martin had been a temporary member of that club and had stayed there for the nights of the 18th to 23rd April inclusive; apart from its other purpose of general build-up of the Major's personality, it afforded a strong indication that he was still in London on the 24th.

Similarly, there was but little difficulty in getting the bill for the engagement ring. I chose S. J. Phillips, the Bond Street jewelers, as I knew that they had an international trade, so that it was probable that there would be bill-heads of theirs available in Germany to prove, if comparison were to be made, how genuine Major Martin's bill was.

That bill was dated the 19th April, but showed that the ring had actually been bought on the 15th.

We were in some difficulty in getting these and the other documents. Obviously, the true story of why we wanted them could not be told, but I was convinced that just to ask for them and to give no reason, except that it was for something secret, was liable to cause talk; on the other hand, once a plausible reason was given we felt sure that we could rely on those whom we approached.

So my “cover story” was that there was someone who seemed suspiciously interested in officers who were temporarily hard up: we wanted to have some documents, building up toward a shortage of money, which a particular person could leave about his rooms where they would be seen by this individual. We could then observe what his conduct was. This seemed to be a satisfying story, and we received ready help—and no one ever let us down with the slightest leak.

What might be called the supporting cast among the documents having been provided for, we now had to obtain the “stars.”

First of all we needed a suitable snapshot of Pam, Major Martin’s fiancee. The scheme which we devised was to ask the more attractive girls in our various offices to lend us a snapshot of themselves for use in a photographic identity parade—the sort of thing where the photographs of one or two suspects are shuffled in among those of a number of perfectly innocent persons and the “witness” is asked to pick out the one of the person whom he had seen; we asked for a variegated lot, and got quite a collection. We eventually chose a charming photograph and returned the remainder. The subject of the photograph was working in the War Office and, as she had access to “Top Secret” papers, we were able to tell her that we wanted to use the photograph as that of someone’s fictitious fiancee in a deception, and she gave her permission.

None of us had felt up to writing the love letters-after all, ours was not the feminine point of view—and it was a bit difficult to ask a girl whether she could write a first-rate paean of love. So we asked a girl working in one of the offices whether she could get some girl to do it. She took on the job, but never would tell us the name of the girl who produced the two magnificent letters that Major Martin was to carry with him.

I had decided that the first of these should be written on my brother-in-law's notepaper, for I was sure that no German could resist the "Englishness" of such an address as "The Manor House, Ogboume St. George, Marlborough, Wiltshire"; this letter, dated "Sunday 18th" ran as follows:

The Manor House
Osbourne St. George,
Marlborough, Wiltshire.
Telephone: Osbourne St. George 242.
Sunday, 18th.

I do think dearest that seeing people like you off at railway stations is one of the poorer forms of sport. A train going out can leave a howling great gap in ones life & one has to try madly-& quite in vain-to fill it with all the things one used to enjoy a whole five weeks ago. That lovely golden day we spent together—oh! I know it has been said before, but if only time could sometimes stand still just for a minute—But that line of thought is too pointless. Pull your socks up Pam & dont be a silly little fool.

Your letter made me feel slightly better-but I shall get horribly conceited if you go on saying things like that about me-they're utterly unlike me, as I m afraid you 11 soon find out. Here I am for the weekend in this divine place with Mummy & Jane being too sweet & understanding the whole time, bored beyond words & panting for Monday so that I can get back to the old grindstone again. What an idiotic waste!

Bill darling, do let me know as soon as you get fixed & can make some more plans, & don't please let them send you off into the blue the horrible way they do nowadays—now that we've found each other out of the whole world, I don' t think I could bear it—
All my love,
Pam

It was followed by two sheets of plain paper, such as was used in government offices for carbon copies; the letter was headed "Office, Wednesday, 21st," and the writing, which started reasonably good, suddenly degenerated into a scrawl as the letter was hastily brought to an end when the writer's boss was heard returning. It ran:

Office
Wednesday, 21st

The Bloodhound has left his kennel for half an hour so here I am scribbling nonsense to you again. Your letter came this morning just as I was dashing out—madly late as usual! You do write such heavenly ones. But what are these horrible dark hints you're throwing out about being sent off

somewhere— of course I won't say a word to anyone—I never do when you tell me things, but it's not abroad is it? Because I won't have it, I won't, tell them so from me. Darling, why did we go and meet in the middle of a war, such a silly thing for anybody to do—if it weren't for the war we might have been nearly married by now, going round together choosing curtains etc.

And I wouldn't be sitting in a dreary Government office typing idiotic minutes all day long—I know the futile sort of work I do doesn't make the war one minute shorter—

Dearest Bill, I'm so thrilled with my ring—scandalously extravagant— you know how I adore diamonds—I simply can't stop looking at it. I'm going to a rather dreary dance tonight with Jock & Hazel, I think they've got some other man coming. You know what their friends always turn out to be like, he'll have the sweetest little Adam's apple & the shiniest bald head! How beastly & ungrateful of me, but it isn't really that— you know—don't you?

Look darling. I've got next Sunday & Monday off for Easter. I shall go home for it of course, do come too if you possibly can, or even if you can't get away from London I'll dash up and we'll have an evening of gaiety— (By the way Aunt Marian said to bring you to dinner next time I was up, but I think that might wait?) Here comes the Bloodhound, masses of love & a kiss

from Pam

We felt that we had been well served, and that the letters were ideal for our purpose.

We took some precautions before we gave the letters to Major Martin. The letters, other than the love letters, I carried in my pockets for the appropriate number of days to get them into the right condition. But the love letters were more of a problem, especially as one of them was on flimsy paper. It was obvious that they would have been read and reread and would not be in mint condition, but the proper appearance could not be produced quickly by crumpling them up and then smoothing them out again (as someone foolishly suggested would be the suitable method) ; once a piece of paper has been crumpled no amount of flattening will erase the act that it has been treated that way—and the one thing that Bill Martin would never have done to those letters was to crush diem up. So I did what he would have done; I folded and unfolded the letters again and again, and in addition I rubbed them carefully on my clothing to get a little patina onto them.

On the 3rd of May we received a signal from the naval attaché in Madrid …

The body of Major Martin, Royal Marines, had been picked up off shore (near Huelva) on the 30th April 1943.

The Thirteenth Man by Oreste Pinto

It was the last week of September, 1940. Four months earlier the last remnants of the British Expeditionary Force had been evacuated from Dunkirk, leaving the German Wehrmacht on the edge of the Channel. On a clear day their soldiers, lustily singing their favourite song, "Marching against England," could see the misty outlines of the coveted prize across the narrow strip of water, narrow enough for a good swimmer to cross. Only one gigantic stride was required, it seemed, for the all-conquering Wehrmacht with its crack Panzer troops, self-propelled guns and Stuka dive bombers to snatch the one plum that remained beyond its grasp. Hitler himself had supervised the drawing up of his favorite plan – the invasion of England – under the code name of "OPERATION SEALION."

Air reconnaissance and information from our secret agents on the Continent confirmed the possibilities. Flotillas of barges and small ships were moving into position along the coast between Ostend and Le Havre. One hundred sixty bomber aircraft were transferred from Norway to the Channel area. Short-range dive bombers were spotted on the forward airfields in the Pas de Calais. As Mr. Winston Churchill later wrote in Volume II of his great memoirs: "Moon and tide conditions between the 8th and the 10th (of September) were favourable for invasion of the Southeast Coast … The Chiefs of Staff concluded that the possibility of invasion had become imminent."

I had spent the night on duty in my office. Dawn was breaking as I rose, stretched myself and yawned, then went off to shave. I had just returned when a young intelligence officer rushed into the room. He was obviously excited.

"A message for you, sir," he blurted out.

I took the message and held it up to the pale light from the window. The code signature showed that it came from one of our most trusted and resolute agents, who had been left on the Continent to spy for us.

The message read:

> *"U-Boat departs Zeebrugge tonight 2130 carrying four spies instructed land England before daylight south coast map reference 432925 these men carefully selected and trained for special mission regarding German OPERATION SEALION."*

I looked up at the excited young man and smiled. "This means business," I said. "Come on, let's get to work."

We consulted a large-scale map of the south coast. There was a spot indicated by the map reference and it had obviously been chosen with care. It was a small secluded cove, and behind it the steep cliffs stood almost sheer, providing cover from inquisitive eyes. But if they would serve to keep the casual observer out they might as easily serve to keep the silent

invader in. Manned by resolute watchers, these cliffs could be a death trap for the four spies. The cove was crescent-shaped and far from any village, or even house, if the map were correct. It was wide open to the sea, but there was only one exit on the land side.

I smoked a cigarette while I ran over the simple plan that was forming in my mind. Then I conferred with the Field Security officer, a captain, who had already been detailed to work with me.

"This is how I see it," I said. "The plan is simple, but on a dark night the more simple it is the less likelihood of things going wrong. All we need do is to place men at short intervals along the foot of the cliffs – you see on the map how the beach is funnel-shaped? – and you and I will post ourselves at the neck of the funnel – here. This little path – or track – is the only exit from the beach, short of scaling the cliffs. To go right ashore these four spies have got to get past us."

"How many men will you require, sir?" he asked.

"Let us say a dozen. And have them change into civilian clothes, less conspicuous."

"Armed, of course, sir?"

"Yes, of course. But on no account are they to open fire *without my orders*. That must be strictly understood. We want to get these men alive."

“Yes, sir.”

“They must all carry flashlights. We can work out a series of signals before we leave. Any more questions?”

“No, sir.”

“Right. We must be in position by midnight. Have your men ready to leave by seven o’clock. That should give us ample time to drive there in comfort.”

2

It was growing dusk as we drove along the Great West Road and gradually darkness blotted out the countryside. The blackout on all sides and the feeble beams from our shuttered headlamps gave us an eerie sensation of moving through a strange fourth dimension. The moon had not risen and we felt like ants in a bottle of ink with the cap screwed on. I was chain smoking. Being a heavy smoker, I knew the coming torment of perhaps six hours without be able to light up in case the glow of the cigarette end betrayed our position. I was trying to build up a reserve of the nicotine content in my blood stream and in the darkness smiled at this fantasy. From time to time I glanced at the luminous dial of my watch. We were making good progress and at this rate would easily be in position by the appointed hour.

As I peered out into the blackness of the passing country-side, a strange fancy seized me. In my mind's eye I could see the outlines of the map fifty miles on either side of the English Coast. Two lines were converging, one from the land and one from the sea, on that lonely funnel-shaped cove. But the lines of the cliff edge which I had memorized were no longer funnel-shaped in my imagination. They had become the jaws of a trap. Once we were in a position the trap would be ready for springing. I thought for a while of the four spies at this moment huddled in the U-boat that was nosing its way toward the English Coast. What kind of men were they? Fanatic patriots taking the supreme risk for their country? Or trained men carrying out orders instinctively? And then I thought of our Field Security fellows who would man the trap. It suddenly occurred to me that the captain and his men were thirteen in number. Was this to be an unlucky omen?

3

We reached the cliffs at the back of the cove on the stroke of midnight. I quickly ran through the orders with the twelve men and their captain huddled round me, dark, unrecognizable shapes against the dark countryside. Man the foot of the cliffs at equal distances apart, no talking, no smoking, above all, no shooting except in absolute self-defence. The signal if any spy came within tackling distance – three short flashes from the nearest flashlight. There were no questions and, one by one, we threaded our way down the narrow cliff path in silence save the occasional muttered curse as someone tripped over an obstruction. At the foot of the cliff the captain and I watched the men disappear into the darkness on either side of the cliff path.

We stood together at the junction of the beach with the path, the neck of the "funnel." We could hear the quiet crunching of the men's footsteps on the sand as they crept into position and then silence.

Silence – except for the monotonous ripple of the tide on the beach and the sucking noise it made on the ebb. Ripple and suck, ripple and suck, as it had done from time immemorial. Tonight the time seemed immemorial and the minutes crawled away.

After what felt like a whole night of waiting I was surprised to hear a distant clock in a village chime the hour of one. Only one o'clock! I turned up my greatcoat collar, plunged my hands deeper in my pockets and hunched up my shoulders against the damp cold of the beach. I ached with all my being for a cigarette. Once when my hand brushed against the packet, I was sorely tempted. But no! the flicker of a match and the red glow of the cigarette end would have been seen for miles off to sea, especially if, as I suspected, keen eyes were already scanning the shore through binoculars.

Two o'clock crept towards us, arrived and then receded as slowly. The three o'clock. I checked my watch with the village church chimes at three o'clock, and what might have been a half hour later, glanced at it again. Only five past three. I held it to my ear but it ticked away steadily. I was too fast in my impatience, not the watch too slow.

It was nearly four o'clock. I turned to the captain and whispered. "I wish to God the blighters would …"

Suddenly I saw the flashes – one, two, three short jabs of light against the black cliff side. Another torched flashed out, then another then another. A prowling figure was silhouetted against the shifting beams. As two other flashlights cut beams into the darkness, a second and a third figure could be observed, immobilized by surprise. A light went out suddenly and I could hear the sound of a shuffle. The ring of torchlight closed in and there was a moment of confusion, of shouting and boots plunging in the soft sand. The captain and I rushed to the centre of the confusion and as we arrived, order returned. There were our twelve men triumphant with their dumbfounded and dejected captives. As I had the prisoners lined up, I thought to myself, "it is almost too easy." I counted them, one, two, three. It had been too easy. The fourth man was missing.

4

I was certain in my mind that the message had been correct in mentioning four men. A spy who risks his life in getting a vitally important radio message out of enemy held territory makes sure that his details are right. Four men, the message had said, and four men there were going to be. But now that the element of surprise was lost, finding the fourth man would be almost impossible before daylight. He could be lying up somewhere between the sea and the cliffs and only the luckiest beam of a torch or the accidental stumbling over him would betray his hiding place. So far we had made an satisfactory haul but our night's work could be ruined if we allowed one man to slip through our fingers. The fact that we had not caught him at

the first opportunity probably meant that he was the most dangerous and cool-headed of the bunch. He could do uncalculable damage, perhaps ruin our chances of defeating the invasion that seemed imminent. There was one reassuring factor. He must still be on the beach. The cliff path had been guarded throughout and that was the only exit.

I turned to the Field Security captain. "Well, there's only one thing to do. We'll have to stick here until daylight and pick him up then. In the meantime, let's see what we have hooked."

The three men were searched. My admiration for German thoroughness rose by a few degrees. Each of the prisoners were well-dressed in an English suit obviously cut by an English tailor and carrying a well-known London tailor's label. They had plenty of English money in notes of small denominations. They even had the proper identification cards, colored grey for aliens and duly filled in and stamped. Each carried a compact but powerful radio transmitter.

I ordered the three to be moved sufficiently far apart to be out of earshot of each other and then began to question them. The first two I interrogated were Germans, named Waldberg and Meyer. Like many Germans, although resolute under fire, they offered little resistance when they knew the game was up. They answered my questions sullenly in detail.

Before I had spoken to the third man, he broke out in English with, "Could I have a word with you please, sir?" In surprise I flashed a light in his face.

He stood there blinking. I studied him. His accent was marked but it was not a German accent. He was obviously frightened.

"Well?" I said.

And then the story came tumbling out. He was not a German but a Dutchman. He was not really a spy; in fact he was glad to be caught so soon. It saved him the trouble of giving himself up at the nearest police station he could find. He had been too smart for the Germans. He had fooled them in thinking he wanted to be a spy in England, when all the time his one aim was to get over to England and enlist on the sides of the Allies. He gave an ingratiating grin as he ended.

It was not the first time I had heard this kind of story but my disgust did not grow less. I can admire an honest spy who risks his life and accepts the consequences of capture with courage. But this glib cowardice was only contemptible. To save his own skin the man would cheerfully betray his comrades. He might, nevertheless, be useful to us.

"All right, you say you are on our side. How many of you came ashore tonight?"

"Four, sir."

"You are absolutely certain there were four of you?"

“Yes, sir. Myself, Waldberg, Meyer and Van der Kieboom, sir. That makes four.”

“Van der Kieboom. That’s not a German name.”

No, sir. He is Dutch – like me.”

So that was established. There really had been four and the message was correct. But where was Van der Kieboom? Perhaps daylight will tell.

5

And so our vigil continued. Five o’clock and then six o’clock came and went. At last, when the night seemed never ending, a streak of pale light showed on the horizon and crept across the sea towards us. Soon it was possible to distinguish rocks from men and a quarter of an hour later there was enough light to begin the last search.

Our men fanned out in a line and, starting from one end of the beach, slowly paced toward the other. There was gorse and undergrowth, thorny bushes and sand hollows, but every inch of the ground was searched in the half light before the dawn. The Field security captain and I stood back and watched them gradually making their way forward, bending down under every bush, moving all objects that might afford cover. They were a third of the way along the beach, then halfway, then three-quarters. And then they converged at the far end empty-handed. There was no trace of Van der Kieboom.

I swore out loud, then shouted to them to retrace their steps. The line fanned out again as they returned toward us, searching the ground as meticulously as before. This was fantastic. Van der Kieboom had to be on the beach. Wild thoughts flashed through my mind. Could he have swum back to the U-boat when he heard his comrades captured? But no, there had been no sound of splashing from the sea except the ripple and suck of the monotonous tide. Could he have scaled the cliffs? A glance upward assured me that not even a mountain goat could have ascended in the dark without dislodging stones and boulders to give its position away. So Van der Kieboom must be still on the beach. But where?

I clenched my fist in my exasperation and watched the approaching line of searchers. It was now light enough to see the white blur of each face but not to recognize the owner. I looked along the line from right to left and then back again. Suddenly the solution hit me and I laughed aloud. "Clever devil," I said.

The captain looked startled. "What's the matter, sir?"

"What a clever devil," I repeated and then raised my voice. "All right, you men, halt where you are." They halted. I turned to the captain. "Will you come with me? I am going to introduce you to our friend."

The captain and I strolled along the line of searchers, pausing long enough to recognize each one. Eight, nine, ten. We were nearing the end of the line.

Eleven, twelve and – we halted and I put a hand on the last man's shoulder. " Good morning, Van der Kieboom," I said. He was the thirteenth man.

6

In the half light and the confusion he might have got away with it, if we had decided to call the search off. He could have brought up the rear of the party climbing the cliff path and then lain low until the cars departed. He was a clever, resolute man.

If it were not for the fact that exactly twelve men were chosen for the job and that my superstitiousness had caused me to remember this, I should not have counted them mentally as they approached in line through the gray dawn light. On such slender threads does a man's life hang.

Van der Kieboom, Meyer and Waldberg were tried, sentenced to death and executed. It was the only case in the Second World War where trial and execution of three spies simultaneously were carried out. The fourth man, who turned King's evidence, was kept in an English prison until the end of the war and then transferred to a Dutch prison. I have never heard what happened to him after that.

Van der Kieboom fought hard at his trial to save his life. He made a passionate plea that he was a misguided youth, led astray against his better judgement. He asked for one more chance – to enlist in the service of the Allies and be sent to the front line, where a soldier's death might retrieve his

honor in the eyes of the world, of his country and of his mother. But his plea was in vain.

He was a convinced and fanatical Nazi. In his last letter written to his mother on the eve of his execution he begged her forgiveness for the pain and sorrow of his death would cause her. "If only you hadn't known, Mother," he wrote, "then I would be the happiest and proudest of men in dying for the Great Cause and my Führer." In the will he drew up at the same time he directed his mother to sell his property, his camera and binoculars and all his prized possessions, and forward the proceeds to the German Red Cross if it were possible.

Yes, he was a fanatical Nazi and paid the supreme penalty. But he was also a cool and resourceful man who was captured only because one of the search party happened to be superstitious.

The U-2 Program: A Russian Officer Remembers by A. Orlov.

A "Hot" Front in the Cold War

Russian Col. (retired) Alexander Orlov, at CIA/CSI public symposium on U-2 program, Washington, 17 September 1998.

Disclaimer from symposium: Col. Orlov's statements of fact and analysis do not necessarily reflect the official views of any government, past or present, including those of Russia and the former Soviet Union as well as the government of the United States.

Editor's Note: The following article was excerpted from a longer study written by a retired Soviet Colonel who spent most of his 46-year military career with the former USSR's Air Defense Forces. Col. Alexander Orlov personally participated in many of the events described below. The narrative and the views expressed herein reflect his own recollections and analyses of Soviet responses to the US U-2 program during 1956-1960, the period when U-2 aircraft were overflying the USSR. Unfootnoted facts and quotes in this article come largely from the Colonel's memory.

* * *

The U-2: Response to Soviet Arms Buildup

The first U-2 overflights of the Soviet Union--launched from Wiesbaden Air Base in what was then West Germany--took place on 4 July 1956. The rapid

development and deployment of this light, high-altitude photoreconnaissance aircraft had been spurred by American alarm over the USSR's accelerating efforts to catch up with and surpass the West in the post-World War II arms race. US leaders saw the U-2 as a relatively low-risk means of ascertaining what kinds of strategic weapons systems had priority in the Soviet buildup, how far these efforts had progressed, and where Soviet airbases and missile positions were located. The U-2 could fly at an unprecedented altitude of about 21.5 kilometers (around 71,000 feet), which exceeded the reach of Soviet interceptor aircraft.

Other Possible Factors in Timing of First U-2 Flights

1956 Moscow Air Show: Some observers thought that more immediate events in Moscow had an impact on US decisions about the timing of the first U-2 flights. The Soviet government, concerned about violations of its airspace in border areas by US reconnaissance aircraft, decided to show foreigners that the USSR had weaponry capable of combating such intruders. Some 28 foreign air force delegations were invited to a Soviet air show on 24 June 1956; the US team was headed by the Air Force's Chief of Staff, General Nathan Twining. The event took place at Tushino airfield in the Moscow area. Seven new jet fighter models were displayed. The demonstration flights sparked animated, positive comments from the guests, who lauded the fighter planes' performance characteristics and the skills of the Soviet pilots.

Khrushchev's Bluster: Following the air show and a reception hosted by Soviet Defense Minister Marshal G. K. Zhukov, the Soviet Politburo members who attended the reception, led by party chairman Nikita Khrushchev, took the leaders of the US, British, and French delegations to a park and sat them down at a picnic table. Khrushchev then launched into a protracted toast "in defense of peace." In the midst of his toast, he turned to General Twining and said, "Today we showed you our aircraft. But would you like to have a look at our missiles? "Yes," the General responded. "Well, we will not show them to you," replied Khrushchev. "First show us your aircraft and stop sending intruders into our airspace. We will shoot down uninvited guests. We will get all of your Canberras [RB-57 long-range reconnaissance aircraft]. They are flying coffins."

At that moment, Khrushchev noticed that a US military attache was pouring the contents of his glass under a bush. Turning to US Ambassador Charles Bohlen, the Soviet leader said, "Here I am speaking about peace and friendship, but what does your military attache do?" The attache was then pressured into demonstratively drinking an enormous "penalty" toast to Soviet-American friendship, after which he quickly departed.

Ambassador Bohlen and General Twining clearly were agitated about Khrushchev's abrupt shift in tone. The incident was smoothed over by Russian hospitality during a subsequent trip through the countryside, and when General Twining and other senior US Air Force officers departed from the Soviet Union on 1 July, they were given a warm and friendly send-off by

the Commander-in-Chief of the Air Force and Chief Marshal of Aviation, P.F. Zhigarev, and other ranking Soviet military leaders.

The two sides thus parted on a friendly note. But systematic Western violations of Soviet airspace resumed almost immediately. These intrusions appeared to some observers to be at least partly in response to the demonstrations of the new jet fighters at the air show and Khrushchev's boastful and threatening behavior. In fact, however, these events in Moscow and Washington's decision to begin U-2 missions shortly thereafter were coincidental: *Before* General Twining went to Moscow for the show, President Eisenhower had already authorized U-2 reconnaissance flights over the USSR during a ten-day period starting in early July.

Early U-2 Flights …

During the ten days beginning on 4 July 1956, the U-2 detachment from Wiesbaden made five deep incursions into Soviet airspace at an altitude of approximately 20 kilometers (about 66,000 feet). The U-2s obtained high-quality photography of such targets as airfields near Moscow where bombers were based and a shipyard near Leningrad (now St. Petersburg) where submarines were being built. Soviet radar detected and tracked the U-2s (albeit with some gaps in coverage). Moscow repeatedly protested the incursions to the US Embassy.

Reveal Much About Soviet Weaponry

Over the next several years, photography obtained from U-2 missions uncovered some key elements of the Soviet air defense system, including fighter-interceptor airfields, surface-to-air missile (SAM) positions, radar sites, and locations of aircraft production facilities. Photographs from U-2 flights also showed that Soviet capabilities for producing strategic bombers were quite modest by US standards, and that no significant program existed for building such bombers. On the other hand, U-2 photography revealed widespread construction of nuclear-powered submarines capable of carrying ballistic missiles.

Missiles and Satellites: The early U-2 flights provided the US Government with considerable information on Soviet strategic missiles. U-2 photography established that intermediate-range missiles intended chiefly for operations in the European theater were being tested at the Kapustin Yar missile range. U-2 missions also located a test site for intercontinental missiles in the Tyuratam area and uncovered many important details about testing there. In addition, U-2s discovered equipment at Tyuratam for launching satellites. In terms of the scope of its work, Tyuratam was comparable with the US test site at Cape Canaveral.

Events soon began to confirm the reliability of U-2 intelligence. In the latter half of 1957, the Soviets successfully tested an intercontinental missile and launched the USSR's first earth satellites at Tyuratam.

Combining this information with what was known at the time about testing of nuclear weapons on Novaya Zemlya, US authorities concluded that the

USSR was overtaking the United States in the area of nuclear-capable missiles.

As Soviet military spending rose in the late 1950s, production of missile weapons continued to expand. The US Defense Department calculated that by the mid-1960s the USSR would be capable of putting as many as 500 ICBMs on alert--enough, US military officials thought, to destroy many US Strategic Air Command aircraft and missiles as well as the principal US cities in a surprise attack.

U-2 photography in the late 1950s also showed work under way in the USSR to create and produce SAM systems. U-2 missions discovered an air defense test site at Saryshaghan, and US authorities concluded that successful missile test launches were being conducted there.

Shortcomings: All these developments alarmed the White House and the Pentagon, and the American press dwelt on the notion that the US was laging behind the USSR in missile programs. But by early 1960, U-2 missions had helped establish that actual deployment of missiles in the USSR was proceeding at a very slow pace. U-2 photography also showed that most combat positions for Soviet missiles were located along the Trans-Siberian Railroad; US experts concluded that the early Soviet ICBMs were so heavy and cumbersome that they could be moved only by rail. U-2s also collected intelligence indicating another major shortcoming of first-generation Soviet ICBMs: the liquid propellant they used was extremely

unstable and had to be changed frequently, making it impossible to maintain the missiles in constant combat readiness.

Soviet Reactions to U-2 Overflights

Soviet military intelligence was fully aware of U-2 high-altitude reconnaissance flights from their very beginning. Soviet radar tracked the first two U-2 flights as they proceeded from West Germany through Eastern Europe and over the USSR on 4 and 5 July 1956. The first flight spent more than 2 1/2 hours over Soviet territory; the second was in Soviet airspace for almost 3 1/2 hours, penetrating to a depth of 1,000 kilometers (about 620 miles).

The Soviets observed three more deep U-2 incursions into their airspace on 9-10 July, tracking them as they proceeded from West Germany at altitudes of 16 to 20 kilometers (about 52,000 to 66,000 feet). These aircraft spent from three to 4 1/2 hours over Soviet territory, penetrating to depths of 700 to 1,400 kilometers (about 435 to 870 miles). Soviet and other Warsaw Pact radar observed each of these flights over the entire extent of their routes (with some gaps), and air defense fighter aircraft were vectored to the targets, but the fighters' ceilings were below U-2 altitudes by several kilometers, preventing them from operating effectively against the reconnaissance planes.

The Soviets also took steps through diplomatic channels. An official protest note to the US Government on 10 July stated that American violations of

Soviet airspace represented "a deliberate action by certain US circles designed to exacerbate relations between the Soviet Union and the United States." Like Soviet notes of previous years protesting intrusions by US military aircraft into Soviet airspace, the 10 July communication maintained that such actions were violations of international law.

A pause ensued in U-2 overflights of the USSR after those of July 1956, but they were resumed in 1957, creating new complications for the Soviets. President Eisenhower, citing the dangerous tenseness of the world situation in autumn 1956 in light of the Anglo-French-Israeli invasion of Egypt and the Hungarian uprising, did not allow more flights over the USSR until early 1957. Between March and October of that year, Soviet air defense radar picked up five U-2 overflights. In contrast to the July 1956 flights, the U-2s in 1957 reconnoitered areas of the Transcausus, Kazakhstan, and elsewhere in Central Asia, Siberia, and the Soviet north. Flying at altitudes of 19 to 21 kilometers (about 62,000 to 69,000 feet), they were beyond the reach of the Soviet Air Defense Forces' fighter planes and antiaircraft artillery.

Some Soviet Successes

Nineteen fifty-seven also was the year of the USSR's breakthrough in outer space, and Soviet successes were accompanied by a noisy propaganda campaign on the part of the Khrushchev regime. Khrushchev declared publicly that the USSR "was making missiles like sausages." Soviet influence on Third World nations also was on the rise in the late 1950s, as

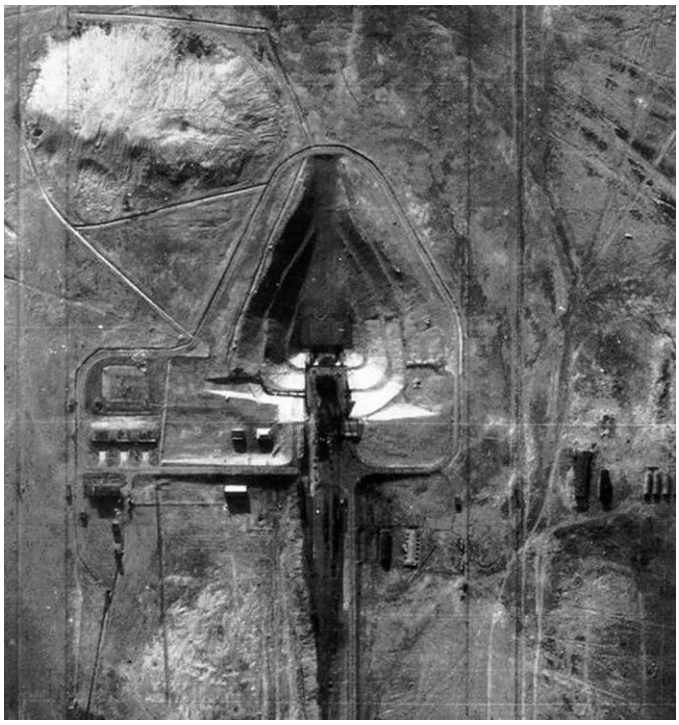
were rates of economic development in many Communist-ruled countries. All this was received painfully by American public opinion.

In response, the US Government further intensified its efforts to penetrate the Iron Curtain in search of reliable information. Soviet programs for developing advanced weapons were of particular concern in US military and intelligence circles. The Soviets were deploying strategic missiles, building nuclear-powered submarines, adding new surface-to-air missiles to their inventory, and equipping the Air Defense Forces with advanced radar and other equipment.

Nonetheless, the Soviets still did not appear to have weapons capable of combating high-altitude aircraft, notably the U-2. This meant U-2 flights were among the most important sources of information on the USSR's arms programs. Even so, CIA leaders recognized that the constant upgrading of Soviet air defenses was making deep U-2 penetrations increasingly risky. Reports from US agents in the USSR that Soviet intelligence was gathering more and more information about the U-2 flights were having an impact in Washington.

Richard Helms, at that time a senior manager of CIA's Plans Directorate and of high-altitude reconnaissance operations against the USSR, recalled later that when the CIA learned from Pyotr Popov, one of its prize moles in Soviet military intelligence, that the Russians had amassed much information about the U-2, "it brought me right out of my seat."[1]

As U-2 operations continued in the late 1950s, photography from these missions revealed that more and more Soviet Air Force and Air Defense units were receiving new combat and electronic equipment. For example, P-30 (probably the Fan Song series) [2] radar systems that could detect aircraft at altitudes above 20 kilometers (about 66,000 feet) began to enter service with Air Defense units during this period. In addition, Soviet air regiments in 1959 received T-3 (probably SU-9 fishpot) high-altitude interceptor aircraft with a supersonic speed and an altitude ceiling also above 20 kilometers. And SAM units around that time started receiving the highly regarded S-75--almost certainly the SA-2 Guideline missile system, which had a 25-kilometer (approximately 82,000 feet) engagement altitude against targets flying at up to 1,500 kilometers (about 930 miles) per hour.



U-2 photography of Tyaratam Missile Testing Range

1960: "Air War" Heats Up

In early 1960 the Soviet Government announced that the USSR had established a new branch of the military--the Strategic Missile Forces.

This development raised some new questions for high-altitude reconnaissance operations by US intelligence. Where were the USSR's strategic missiles being deployed? What models had been placed in service? What were their combat capabilities and numbers? And--to what extent were Soviet air defenses capable of opposing modern US strategic aviation? These questions had to be answered by new U-2 incursions into Soviet airspace.

Those encroachments soon materialized. On 9 April 1960, Soviet radar in the Turkestan Military District acquired an airborne target in Soviet Central Asian airspace. Proceeding at an altitude of 19 to 21 kilometers (approximately 62,000 to 69,000 feet), the target--a U-2--flew several legs over the Semipalatinsk nuclear test site. It then flew over or near the SAM forces at Saryshaghan, and from there proceeded to the Tyuratam strategic missile testing range and over the city of Mary, from which it departed into Iran. The entire overflight lasted more than six hours.

Following this incident, the Soviet leadership appointed a commission that included the author of this article--who at that time was serving on the Main Staff of the Air Defense Forces--to investigate the reasons for the failure of

the Air and Air Defense forces to move successfully against the aircraft that had violated Soviet airspace for so many hours. The investigation uncovered serious shortcomings in air combat training and in command and control of Air Defense and Air Force personnel and weapons systems. Many omissions were discovered in the operation of advanced radio equipment. In particular, information related to this reconnaissance activity had been acquired by Soviet communications interception facilities in the Transcaucasus several days before it happened, but the information was not reported to the command element because of a number of chance happenings.

Khrushchev was indignant. Reality had undercut his repeated statements about the high degree of Soviet combat readiness. Many generals and other officers were penalized. Positive action also was taken: the Air Defense Forces Main Staff charted out anticipated routes of future U-2 flights. The author of this article participated in that undertaking.

Shootdown of a U-2: The Francis Gary Powers Episode

The conclusions that the Soviets drew from the 9 April failure led to a dramatic success on 1 May. Hours before the beginning of the annual May Day parade in 1960, Soviet Air Defense forces detected a high-altitude target flying over the Tajik SSR in Central Asia. Its altitude was more than 19 kilometers (around 62,000 feet). It was a U-2, piloted by Francis Gary Powers.

An alert signal summoning staff officers to their command posts was telephoned to the officers immediately. As members of the command element of the Air Defense Forces arrived and went to their workstations, an uncomfortable situation was shaping up. The May Day parade was scheduled to get underway at mid-morning, and leaders of the party, the government, and the Armed Forces were to be present as usual. In other words, at a time when a major parade aimed at demonstrating Soviet military prowess was about to begin, a not-yet-identified foreign aircraft was flying over the heart of the country and Soviet air defenses appeared unable to shoot it down.

The aircraft thus was tracked from the ground in a tense atmosphere. Nerves of military people at airfields, missile positions, command-and-control facilities, the Air Force, and the Air Defense Forces were badly frayed. Marshal S. S. Biryuzov, Commander-in-Chief of the Air Defense Forces, was the target of irate phone calls from Khrushchev and other Kremlin leaders. The tone of these calls was approximately as follows:

"Shame! The country was giving air defense everything it needs, and still you cannot shoot down a subsonic aircraft." Biryuzov responded emotionally, "If I could become a missile, I myself would fly and down this damned intruder."

As often happens at critical moments, unanticipated circumstances interfered with shooting the aircraft down during the Central Asian leg of its overflight of the USSR. A missile battalion whose zone was overflown by the U-2 was

not on alert duty that day. The U-2's route was such that a successful missile launch against it did not appear feasible at first. Fighter aircraft were unable to get to the right positions for shootdown attempts. And the U-2 maintained radio silence. (In fact, it had no long-range radio system.)

Khrushchev demanded that the intruding aircraft be shot down at all costs. The Soviet leader and his lieutenants clearly viewed the violation of their nation's skies by a foreign reconnaissance aircraft on the day of a Soviet national holiday, and just two weeks before a summit conference in Paris, as a political provocation.

Powers and his U-2, meanwhile, were heading confidently northward. A Soviet SU-9 Fishpot high-altitude fighter aircraft, which was in the area on an unrelated mission, took off from an airfield at Sverdlovsk (now Ekaterinburg) to try to intercept the U-2. The pilot of this aircraft, which was not appropriately armed or equipped for such a mission, was directed to close with and ram the intruder. The risk was enormous and the chances for success were negligible. The pilot managed briefly to gain the necessary altitude, but he did not catch sight of the target, and the attempt was abandoned.

The U-2 then entered the engagement zone of a SAM battalion near Sverdlovsk. The unit's officer in charge issued the order: "Destroy target." At 0853 hours, the battalion's first missile exploded behind the U-2, and its fragments pierced the tail section and the wings without touching the cockpit. Those of us who were at the command post in Moscow remember

reports about the missile firing and a statement that the target "began to blink," either in employing jamming or in breaking up. The latter, it turned out, was the case.

Powers, realizing that he had lost control over the aircraft and had to abandon ship, jettisoned the canopy and crawled from the cockpit with difficulty. He was unable to eject because the explosion had shoved his seat forward and his legs were caught beneath the instrument panel. After he abandoned the aircraft and was parachuting to the ground, the U-2 was hit directly by another missile. The fuselage, engine, wings, and cockpit ended up scattered on the ground over an area of several square kilometers.

At first, no one on the ground in Sverdlovsk and Moscow realized that the intruding U-2 had been downed. A target blip reappeared on radar and was immediately hit by a missile from another SAM battalion. But this "target" turned out to be a Soviet fighter jet that had been scrambled to intercept the U-2. The monitor screens then cleared up, and it became clear that the U-2 had been shot down. Marshal Biryuzov phoned the news to Khrushchev, who voiced doubts. Biryuzov immediately ordered a team of officers to fly to Sverdlovsk and get the details. The Marshal then headed for the May Day parade.

Within a few hours, an investigative team flew from Moscow to Sverdlovsk. It included people from the Central Committee apparatus, military counterintelligence, the KGB, the General Staff, and the Air Defense Forces. The investigators began looking for aircraft parts and other items strewn

across fields and groves. They found large, wide rolls of exposed film, much of which was developed later almost without losses, enabling the Soviets to see what targets had been photographed and with what quality.

Francis Gary Powers survived the shootdown and was taken to Moscow. During the first several days in May, the Soviets did not acknowledge that he was alive and in their hands.

Soviet and US Maneuvering Over Downed Pilot

The investigative commission compiled a report on the U-2's performance characteristics, equipment, and missions accomplished. Based on recovered parts and equipment, the investigators quickly ascertained some key details about the U-2 camera system and its capabilities.

Washington, meanwhile, issued a cover story on 3 May to the effect that the US Government had been using U-2s in a program for studying meteorological conditions in the upper layers of the atmosphere, and that one such aircraft had disappeared while in Turkish airspace on 1 May. This "report" said the aircraft may have crashed in Lake Van (in eastern Turkey) after the pilot had reported an oxygen equipment malfunction.



Soviet leader Khrushchev and wreckage from shootdown of U-2 piloted by Francis Gary Powers

At a Supreme Soviet session on 5 May, Khrushchev made public some of the details of the U-2 incident, but he did not reveal that the pilot was alive and that recovered aircraft parts and equipment were already starting to allow conclusions to be drawn about the nature of U-2 missions over the USSR. On the same day, US authorities made further attempts to camouflage Powers' mission. State Department and NASA spokesmen made statements reiterating and embellishing the story issued on 3 May.

At a diplomatic reception on the evening of 5 May, the US Ambassador to the USSR, Llewellyn Thompson, overheard Soviet Deputy Foreign Minister Yakov Malik tell the Swedish ambassador that "we are still questioning the pilot" of the downed U-2. Two days later Khrushchev announced that the

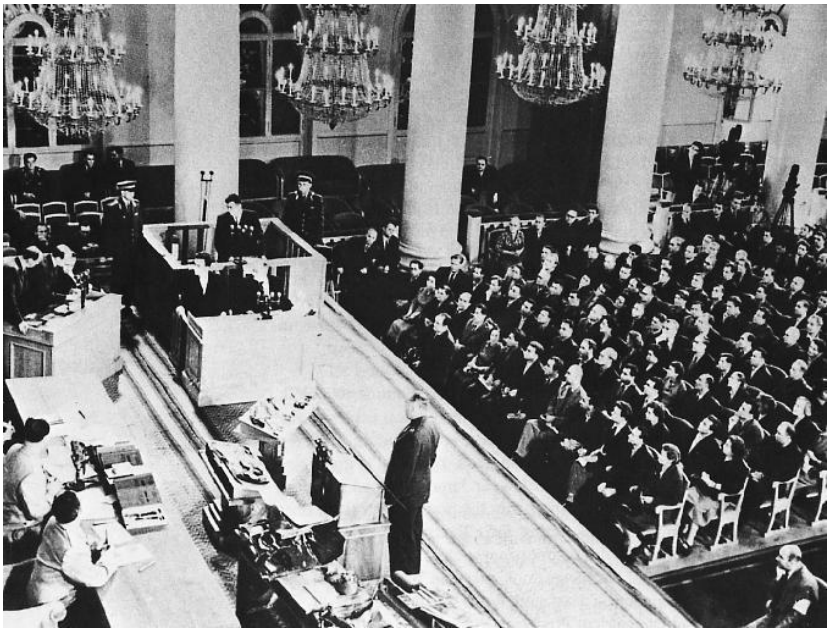
pilot was alive and in the USSR; US government agencies then admitted that the aircraft had deliberately flown into Soviet air space. President Eisenhower confirmed at a press conference on 11 May that US reconnaissance flights over the USSR were part of the American effort to collect information on the Soviet Union and had been occurring regularly for a number of years. Eisenhower declared that he had "issued orders to use any possible methods to collect information necessary for defending the United States and the free world against surprise attack and to give them an opportunity to prepare effectively for defense." [3] He added that spy methods were necessary because "secrecy and secrets had become a fetish in the Soviet Union." [4]

The U-2 shootdown incident had important consequences. US-Soviet relations worsened. The US halted its manned reconnaissance flights over the USSR; it soon began using Midas and Samos reconnaissance satellites instead. A summit conference slated for mid-May in Paris did not take place, and a visit by Eisenhower to the USSR, planned for 10 June 1960, was canceled.

Thus ended the first phase of US attempts to "open the sky" over the USSR and penetrate the secrets of Soviet weapons programs as the arms race accelerated.

Fate of the Pilot--and of U-2 Overflights of the USSR

In August 1960, Powers was subjected to a three-day open trial in Moscow. He was sentenced to 10 years by the USSR Supreme Court's Military Cases Collegium. Powers was exchanged in February 1962, however, for Soviet intelligence officer Rudolph Abel, who had been arrested in the United States. [5]



Trial of Francis Gary Powers

Although the US had ended reconnaissance flights deep into Soviet airspace, U-2s continued flying missions close to Soviet territory that were designed to reconnoiter Soviet military sites without actually violating the USSR's borders. Some violations nonetheless occurred.

During 1962, for example, one U-2 overflew Sakhalin Island and another violated the Soviet border in the far north. In both instances, the Kremlin sent protest notes and the US apologized.

The U-2 and the Cuban Missile Crisis

Following the US-inspired armed invasion of Cuba by emigres in April 1961, Washington's imposition of an economic blockade on Cuba, and other US actions widely seen as threats to the Castro regime, Havana turned to the USSR for help in laying down a protective "screen" against possible US intervention. Khrushchev, supported by Defense Minister Malinovskiy, called for stationing Soviet intermediate-range missiles on the island. This was a response not only to the perceived US threat to Cuba, but also to the stationing of intermediate-range missiles in Europe (in Britain, Italy, and Turkey).

To "equalize" the threat to the USSR posed by the US missiles in Europe, Moscow decided to install R-12 (SS-5) intermediate-range missiles in Cuba that were capable of hitting targets in the United States at a distance of up to 2,000 kilometers (1,250 miles). The Soviets also began preparing an operation to send troops and Air Force and Air Defense units. A total of 40,000 Soviet officers and men and 42 R-12 missiles--plus 20 nuclear warheads for the missiles--were ultimately stationed on the island. Not surprisingly, the Soviets also implemented *maskirovka* (camouflage concealment) measures, but the deployment of combat equipment and troop contingents on such a large scale proved impossible to conceal.

The United States, in response, activated monitoring and intelligence collection systems. Prominent among these were U-2 reconnaissance aircraft, which began taking aerial photography of Cuban territory.

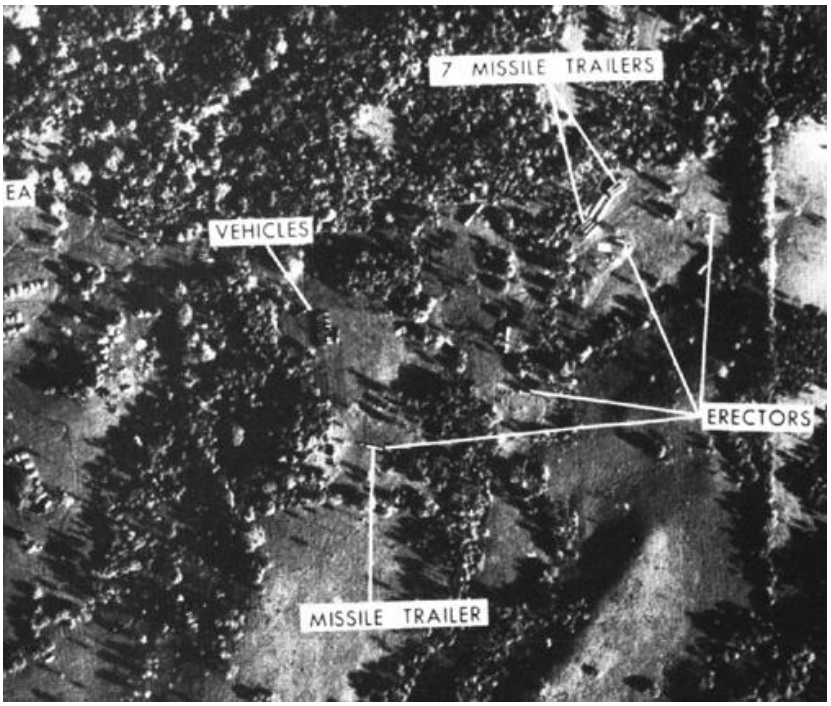
On 22 October 1962, President Kennedy announced the establishment of a naval blockade or "quarantine" of Cuba. The US sent 183 naval ships into the Caribbean. Ship commanders received instructions to search cargo vessels headed for the island--a violation of the rules of international law. Soviet vessels, meanwhile, were proceeding to Cuba as well. The US warships stood in their path. Tensions heightened. A common understanding existed on both sides that something irreparable could happen at any time.

The crisis reached its apogee on 27 October when the Soviets shot down a U-2 piloted by Major Rudolph Anderson while he was photographing missile positions in Cuba. (Major Anderson was fatally injured.) According to a Soviet Major General who worked for the commander of Soviet forces on the island, the decision to destroy the aircraft was made by Lieutenant General S. Grechko, who was at an Air Defense command post in Cuba.

Grechko had first tried--unsuccessfully--to reach his superiors by phone, presumably to consult with them before taking action against the U-2.

Shortly after Major Anderson's U-2 was downed, a message came from Moscow to its forces in Cuba, consisting of two sentences: "You were hasty. Ways of settlement have been outlined . . ." [6] In fact, the risk of escalation had been enormous. Soon after the shootdown, for example, the Defense

Department proposed that the US immediately mount a strike against Cuba. President Kennedy rebuffed the proposal.



U-2 photography of Soviet MRBM site in Cuba, October 1962

During the crisis I was ever-present at the central command post for Soviet Air Defense Forces. I vividly remember this extremely tense time. The entire Main Staff combat team was at combat readiness. Reports from the field, including those from the air defense units in Cuba, grew more alarming each day. Immediately after President Kennedy's announcement on 22 October, the number of US strategic bombers on airborne alert began to grow menacingly. Intelligence of all kinds was being produced and used with maximum intensity. Then, on the night of 27-28 October, President Kennedy's proposal for a withdrawal of Soviet missiles from Cuba in

exchange for a guarantee of US non-intervention in the island's internal affairs was discussed, and a settlement was soon announced by Kennedy and Khrushchev, bringing sighs of relief on both sides.

Aftermath

In those nerve-wracking days, when it seemed that a military conflict was about to break out, both sides had enough courage and wisdom to begin intensive diplomatic discussions and make mutual concessions. After the Cuban missile crisis, the tensions of the global secret "air war", in which the U-2 had played a central role, began to abate. Incursions into Soviet airspace by reconnaissance aircraft became less necessary with the emergence of US satellites, although US reconnaissance flights along the USSR's borders continued--and occasionally violated Soviet airspace.

Nuclear missiles gradually supplanted air power as the chief arena of superpower competition. Broadly speaking, mutual suspicion between East and West remained deep for many more years--until the Gorbachev era of the mid-to-late 1980s and the subsequent collapse of the Soviet Communist Party and breakup of the USSR. Until then, the arms race was vigorously pursued by both superpowers. In the 1950s and 1960s--that is, at the height of the Cold War--conditions had not yet formed for a broad and constructive dialogue, for slowing the arms race, for exchanging military secrets, and for reducing reliance on force as a primary component in international relations. It took decades of bitter experience in confrontation before all this could begin to change.

Soviet Colonel (retired) **Alexander Orlov** is a professor and a member of the Russian Academy of Natural Sciences. He spent most of his military career with the USSR's Air Defense Forces, retiring in 1988.

Notes

1) Beschloss, Michael R., May Day: Eisenhower, Khrushchev, and the U-2 Affair. New York: Harper and Row, 1986, p.236

2) In the mid-to-late 1950s the Soviets deployed a variety of radar systems capable of detecting aircraft at long-range distances and high altitudes. The radar deployed with the SA-2 Guideline surface-to-air missile (which was used to shoot down Francis Gary Powers' U-2) was known as the FAN SONG.

3) Beschloss, op.cit., pp.52-54

4) Quoted from "Agressorov k pozornomu stolbu," ("Agressors to the Pillory"), Moscow, 1960, pp. 109-110.

5) Powers was killed on 1 August 1977, at the age of 47, in the crash of a helicopter he was flying for a Los Angeles television station. He was buried with honors in Arlington National Cemetery. A decade later the US Air Force awarded him posthumously the Distinguished Flying Cross.

6) "Krasnaya Zvezda," 4 February 1990

{excerpt from Studies in Intelligence Winter (1998-1999)}

The U-2 and the AVRO Arrow by Patrick Bruskiewich

{Disclaimer from the Editor: Patrick Bruskiewich's statements of fact and analysis do not necessarily reflect the official views of any government, past or present, including those of Russia and the former Soviet Union, as well as the government of the Canada, or the United State or the United Kingdom.}

At 9:51 am, March 25th, 1958, some fifty years ago, the elegant CF-105 A.V. Roe Arrow took to the sky for its maiden flight (see Fig 1: the CF-105 Arrow). Just five years after its beginnings as a research project in 1953 the Arrow took to the skies. The Arrow was the pride of Canada's aerospace industry. In half a century, no other Canadian undertaking, save perhaps the development of CANDU, has matched this achievement.

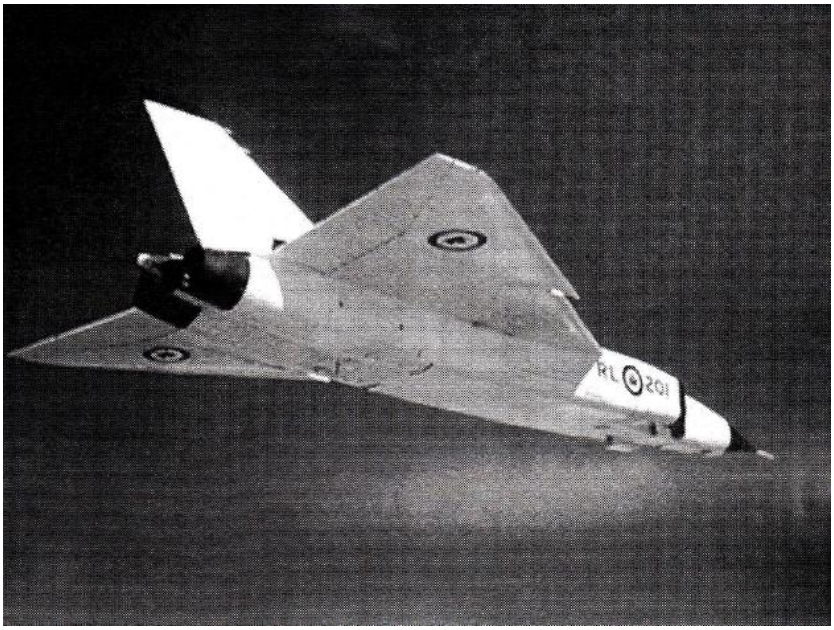


Fig. 1: The CF-105 Arrow (National Archives of Canada)

The most advanced aircraft of its kind in the world at the time, within a year of its maiden flight, due to a change in Government and its priorities, the Arrow program would be canceled, the prototype aircraft destroyed, the blueprints seized, classified or destroyed and the talented people who built this wonder scattered to the wind.

It has only been in recent years, and with the demise of the Soviet Union in 1991, that many of the remaining confidential documents have become available for historians to put together a candid account of the history of the Arrow program. Today almost all of the remaining documents relating to the Arrow program have been made public.

In 1997 a Canadian made for TV feature film about the Arrow, starring Dan Aykroyd as the powerful and partisan Crawford Gordon, was produced. The CBC film introduced another generation of Canadians to a story of the Arrow, all be it a far from complete history. Within the Aykroyd film is perpetuated a myth that the Americans wanted the Arrow program canceled because it was the only aircraft in the world able to climb to above 20,000 metres and "engage" the then super secret U-2 surveillance aircraft.

The fact of the matter is that while the U-2 did play a role in the cancellation of the Arrow program, historians have not properly touched upon the real relationship between the two aircraft over the past five decades. As well, the monumental event that coincided with the rolling out of the first Arrow, the launch of Sputnik 1, was far from a happenstance but may have been timed by the Politburo to give the West a not so subtle message. Aircraft like the

Arrow were machines without a mission – rockets were the way of the future.

Much has been written of this pivotal moment in Canadian aerospace history. In the way of this article I would like to add a little bit to the Arrow history by saying I wouldn't be here today were it not for the Arrow. My parents met on a boat coming back from France, my father a young RCAF officer and aeronautical engineer serving with 2nd Fighter Wing in France, and my mother a glamorous French Canadian school teacher from Montreal on her way back from a holiday in France. Of course, in true Canadian fashion my father could not speak French and my mother could not speak English when they met.

My father, a mechanical and aeronautical engineer, had been ordered by the Chief of the Defense staff to return from his operational duties looking after the CF-86 Canadair Sabre and CF-100 A.V. Roe Canuck jet interceptors that were part of Canada's NATO commitments in Europe, to Ottawa to help the advanced jet engine programs for the Sabre and Canuck aircraft, and to assist in a review of the operational requirements and costing of the proposed acquisition of 120 CF-105's (see Fig. 2: RCAF Officer Steve Bruskiewich with colleague, circa 1954).

On the weekends he would drive from Ottawa to Montreal to court my mother. While the Arrow was a stillborn, I came kicking and screaming into the world a few years after their marriage a half century ago. The Arrow is no longer but I am here today to write this article. I grew up understanding

more of the story of the Arrow than all but a handful of RCAF types, A.V. Roe employees and aviation historians. It seems the U-2 and the Arrow were tied, one to the other, in a unique symbiosis.



Fig. 2: RCAF Officer Steve Bruskiewich (right) with colleague, 1954.

A Mysterious Aircraft from the East

On September 17th, 1956 an incident involving fighters of the R.C.A.F. stationed in Europe and a mysterious aircraft resulted in one of the most secret events involving Canadians during the Cold War. The unidentified aircraft was first detected high over central Poland by the Canadian manned radar station at Metz. Over the space of two hours the unidentified aircraft flew a direct line due west, entering the Canadian controlled air sector in Western Europe.

Four Mark 6 CF-86 Sabre jets from the Second Canadian Fighter Wing stationed at Grostenquin France were scrambled to intercept this high flying aircraft (refer to Fig. 3: CF-86 Sabre Jet). The four jets were on "Zulu Alert" - jet fighters kept on standby, fully fueled and armed, ready to be airborne in under two minutes.

Flight Lt. Tony Hannas, a 421 squadron pilot from Leduc Alberta, was the ground controller who vectored the flight of four CF-86's, a section led by Flight Lt. John McElroy, a Canadian Ace from the Second World War. These Mark 6 Sabres had been manufactured under license at Canadair outside of Montreal and sported a Canadian made Orenda engine. They were the fastest, highest flying and best Sabre jets in Europe. The Canadian pilots flying these jets were also the "best fly boys" in NATO at the time.

When it was first detected at the Canadian manned radar station at Metz the unidentified aircraft was at an altitude 5,000 metres above the operational ceiling of the CF-86's. The four Mark 6 CF-86s were vectored to a holding position below and in line of the descending aircraft. When the mysterious aircraft entered Western European airspace the "bogey began to rapidly descend" and the four aircraft climbed to attempt a visual identification.

Two Sabre jets took up position, one at each wing tip, while Flight Lt. John McElroy and his wing man took up position astern of the mysterious aircraft. The mysterious aircraft did not sport any identifying marks or roundels, and was of a design never before seen by the pilots, silver with thin wings that span a greater distance than the aircraft was long. The aircraft was not of a

type found in the quick identification booklets attached to the hips of the fighter pilots. Repeated radio inquiries, both from the radar station at Metz and from Flt. Lt. McElroy, went unacknowledged.

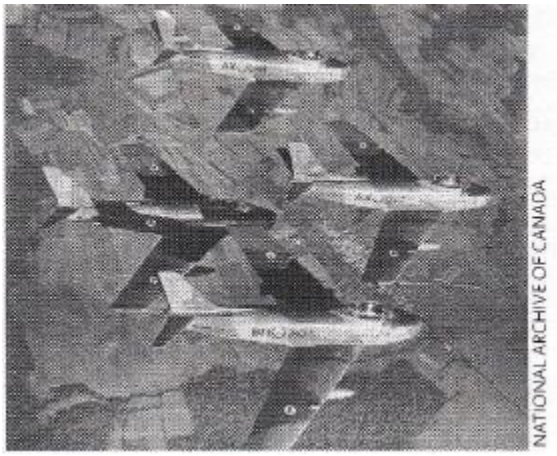


Fig. 3: CF-86 Sabres in Diamond Formation with Flight Lt. Hannas the lead.

Following standard procedures Flt. Lt. McElroy activated his gun cameras and armed his guns. The arming of the guns of a Sabre jet is a double redundant process with two dummy rounds for each gun and a double switch system. When his guns were armed Flt. Lt. McElroy ordered the two Sabre jets at the wing tips of the mysterious aircraft to disengage. Before Flt. Lt. McElroy could fire live rounds the mysterious aircraft disintegrated before his very eyes. The gun cameras would confirm that no pilot ejected from the aircraft. The remnants of the aircraft was scattered over the German country side about 20 km east of Wiesbaden.

When the section of four CF-86's returned to base, the airfield had already been locked down by the U.S. Air Force. The second in command of NATO,

a senior US General, would that afternoon call the Base Commanding Officer at Second Canadian Fighter Wing on the carpet, "God damn it ... you crazy Canadians have just shot down one of our own aircraft!" [1] The Canadians pilots stood accused of shooting down a U-2 aircraft returning from a secret high altitude photo-reconnaissance mission over Russia and Eastern Europe. The civilian pilot of the U-2, Howard Carey, was killed in the incident.

A post-incident inquiry by the R.C.A.F. would determine that the canvas over the gun ports on Fit. Lt. McElroy 's Sabre were intact, and a counting of the rounds would show that indeed no live rounds had been fired. The film from the gun camera was taken and not returned to the R.C.A.F., but instead was lost in the "deep black" of the U-2 archives.

A secret US report would subsequently determine that the wake from the two Sabre jets at the wing tips of U-2 most likely caused the structural failure of the aircraft's wings, which were only rated to 3-g. In 1960 the head of the U-2 program Richard Bissell would confirm the U-2 to be so fragile that it would "pretty much break up in a mishap, as the plane over West Germany did in 1956."

Francis Gary Powers in his book "Operation Overflight" had this to say of the incident:

> "In September, 1956, Howard Carey, a contract pilot I had known at Watertown, was killed in a U-2 crash in Germany. There was some

> confusion as to what actually happened, initial speculation ranging all the way to sabotage. It was later determined, however, that while in flight Carey had been buzzed by two curious Canadian Air Force interceptors. Caught in their wake turbulence as they passed him, his U-2 had apparently simply disintegrated." [2]

Beginning in July 1956, the U-2 was flown from Wiesbaden, West Germany.[3] Soon after the "Canadian Incident" the US moved its U-2's to Giebelstadt. The Canadians were told "in future to keep your Mark 6's away from the U-2."

Why Was the Arrow Being Built?

By the mid-1950's work was underway to replace the CF-86 and CF-100 jets with a new fighter interceptor, the CF-105 Arrow. The Arrow was a Canadian designed and built twin engine, tailless delta wing supersonic aircraft. For its time it was the most advanced, sophisticated and costly high performance jet interceptor in the world. The delta wing design allowed for the lightest wing, for a low thickness to chord ratio, while still provided the required structural strength, sufficient fuel capacity and space for undercarriage stowage.

The Arrow was designed for the purpose of intercepting Soviet bombers, such as the Tupolev Tu-95 Bear, a large intercontinental turboprop bomber which came into operation in the 1955 (see Fig. 4: Tupolev Tu-95 Bear).

The development of the Tupolev Tu-95 Bear began in 1951, two years before the development of the Arrow began.

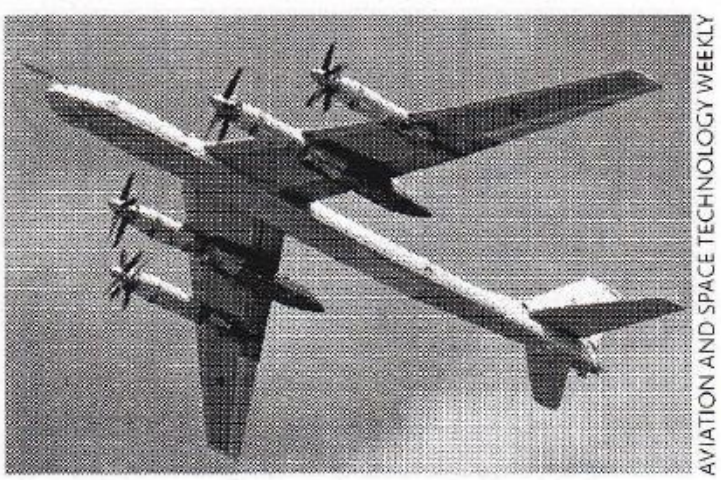


Fig. 4: Tupolev Tu-95 Bear

During the annual Soviet Aviation Day festivities in 1955 a handful of long range bombers were flown repeatedly over the Kremlin to deceive Western observers and give them the mistaken impression that there many such bombers in operational use. Based on insufficient intelligence and worst case assumptions, by the spring of 1956 the US Air Force predicted that 500 intercontinental bombers would eventually be deployed by the Soviet Union. This would precipitate what became known in Washington as the "Bomber Gap" between the US and the Soviet Union. In fact there would never be more than two hundred Soviet long-range bombers built. In comparison, by the late 1950's the US would have 340 intercontinental and 1,300 intermediate range bombers in operation.

Today there are a handful of turboprop Tu-95 aircraft still in operation, armed with supersonic cruise missiles. They are still occasionally observed on long-range patrols off both Canada's east and west coast, and on occasion at the edge of Canada's north.

During the 1956 Presidential election incumbent President Dwight D. Eisenhower had to contend with accusations from his political rivals that a "Bomber Gap" had opened between the Soviet Union and the United States, and that the Soviet Union was leaping ahead of the West in Intercontinental Bombers. It all turned out to be a Soviet bluff.

Sputnik 1 and the Demise of the Arrow

It did not bode well for the Arrow Program that Sputnik 1 was launched the very same day as the roll-out of the first completed Arrow on October 4th, 1957 (see Fig. 5: Launch of Sputnik 2). This may have not been a happenstance, but a conscious decision by the Soviet Politburo, to time the launch of Sputnik with the roll out of the first Arrow. The lack of Soviet Bombers and the launch of Sputnik would ultimately seal the fate of the Arrow program.

During the first forty years of its existence, the launching of Sputnik 1 was perhaps the single and most decisive political act by the Soviet Union. The success of Sputnik and the lead that the Soviet Union had in rockets and launch capacity over the United States encouraged a decision by Soviet General Secretary Khrushchev in 1957 to initiate a strategic missile arms

race with the US. Up until then the United States held supremacy over the USSR in the field of long-range aviation.

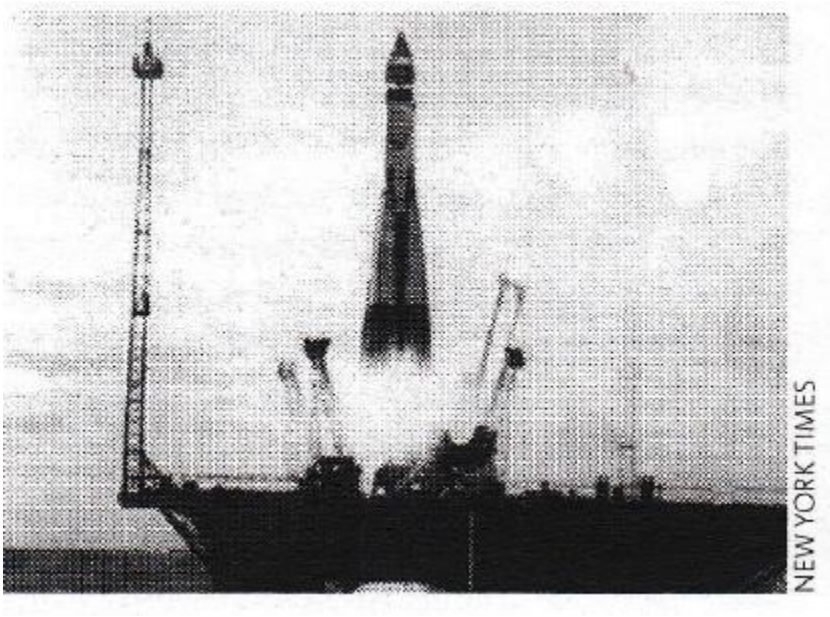


Fig. 5: Launch of Sputnik 2 (Sputnik 1 was launched at night).

With little prospect of catching up with the US in terms of quality and quantity of long-range aircraft, Khrushchev decided to change the focus of the competition from aviation to space technology, initiating a "Space Race" between the Superpowers.

The U-2 and the Bomber Gap Myth

From its inception the Arrow program was predicated on the assumption that the Soviet Union would build squadron after squadrons of intercontinental bombers capable of delivering atomic weapons to North America.

President Eisenhower, himself the former Supreme Commander in Europe during World War Two, understood the importance of good intelligence. He was both cautious and pragmatic when it came to analysis and assessment. In the middle 1950's as President Eisenhower would propose his *Open Skies* policy, which would have allowed the over flight of each other's territory as a confidence building measure.

Both the United States and the Soviet Union had been attacked without warning by their enemies during the Second World War, the U.S.S.R. in the summer of 1941 by Germany and the U.S. in December of that same year by Japan. Despite the fact both superpowers had such a common experience, Soviet Premier Khrushchev rejected Eisenhower's *Open Skies* proposal in 1955 at the Geneva Summit.

Following the rejection of his Open Skies proposal, President Eisenhower approved the building of the high flying U-2 surveillance aircraft, which was built in record time and became operational in 1956 (see Fig. 6: The U-2 surveillance aircraft). Knowing that it was a matter of time before the U-2 would be shot down or crash due to an accident, Eisenhower would also seek the building of space based satellites like Corona to allow continued surveillance of the Soviet Union from low earth orbit.



Fig. 6: The U-2

The first overflight of Eastern Europe by a U-2 occurred on June 20th, 1956. The first overflight of the Soviet Union by a U-2 occurred on July 4th, 1956. Beginning in 1957, in a special arrangement with Britain, U-2's would be flown in Europe by British pilots. The high altitude photographs and other intelligence gathered by these overflights would be shared between both countries (see Fig. 7: U-2 picture of a Soviet bomber base north of Moscow taken from 20,000 metre altitude in 1957).

Sharing the Product

To this day the 1956 "Canadian incident" has yet to be fully presented, and is one of the mysteries of the Cold War. As a result of this incident, the Chief of the Canadian Air Staff and the Prime Minister of Canada, would have been made aware of the U-2 and its special purpose by his colleagues President Eisenhower and British Prime Minister Harold Macmillan.

To a limited degree President Eisenhower and British Prime Minister Harold Macmillan would have also "shared the product"- the assessments of the actual bomber strengths of the Soviet Union with the Canadian Prime Minister. With this information it would be obvious large numbers of Arrows were unnecessary for the defense of Canada.

History appears to show that the Rt. Hon. John Diefenbaker protected the confidence that his colleagues and friends President Eisenhower and British Prime Minister Harold Macmillan placed in him and took this secret to the grave.

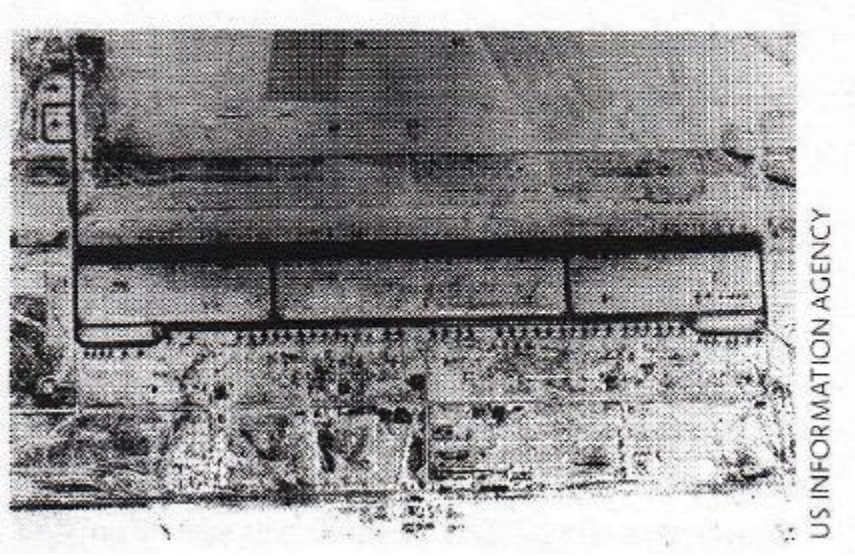


Fig. 7: 1957 U-2 picture of a Soviet bomber base taken from 20,000 m altitude.

Over flights of the Soviet Union continued until a U-2 flown by Gary Power was shot down by Soviet SAM-2 surface to air missiles on Mayday 1960. To catch this U-2 they boxed the pilot in with SAM-2 rockets and then downed

the aircraft by shooting a SAM-2 straight up. Ironically, the proximity fuse used on the SAM-2 was a design stolen by the Russians off the Americans. Fortunately, by 1960 Corona satellites were beginning to return useful pictures and intelligence from low earth orbit and so further U-2 overflights of the Soviet Union became unnecessary.

One of President Eisenhower's greatest gift to his successors in the White House were the U-2 and space-based surveillance platforms that has helped successive US Presidents in their foreign policy decisions. Good intelligence builds confidence and keeps national leaders from making irrevocable and devastating mistakes in judgment.

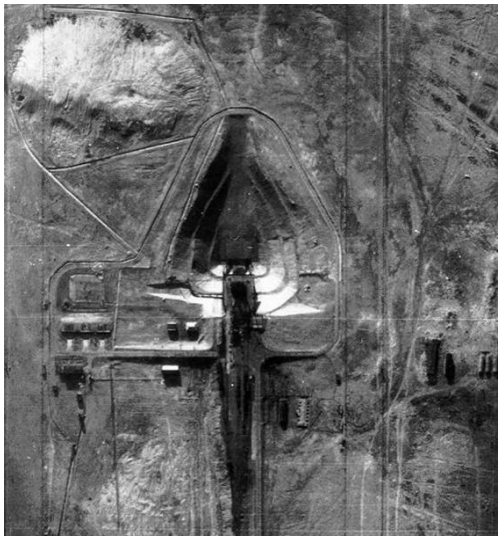


Fig. 8: 1957 U-2 picture of Baikonur taken from 20,000 metre altitude.

Some of the best pictures taken from a U-2 would be those of the Baikonur launch facility where Sputnik 1 was launched in October 1957 (see Fig. 8: 1957 U-2 picture of Baikonur taken from 20,000 metre altitude).

One of the most important U-2 picture ever taken was on its first flight over the Soviet Union on July 4th, 1956. It was a picture of the only heavy jet bombers the Soviet Air Force had in existence at the time, a handful of Bison bombers. This large, straight wing, four engine jet bomber was never put into full production because of technical difficulties. Only a handful of Bison were ever built and were stationed at an airfield north of Moscow. The Tu-95 Bear would become the mainstay of the Soviet Air Force (refer to Fig. 9: 1956 U-2 picture of a handful of Bison bombers at an airfield north of Moscow).

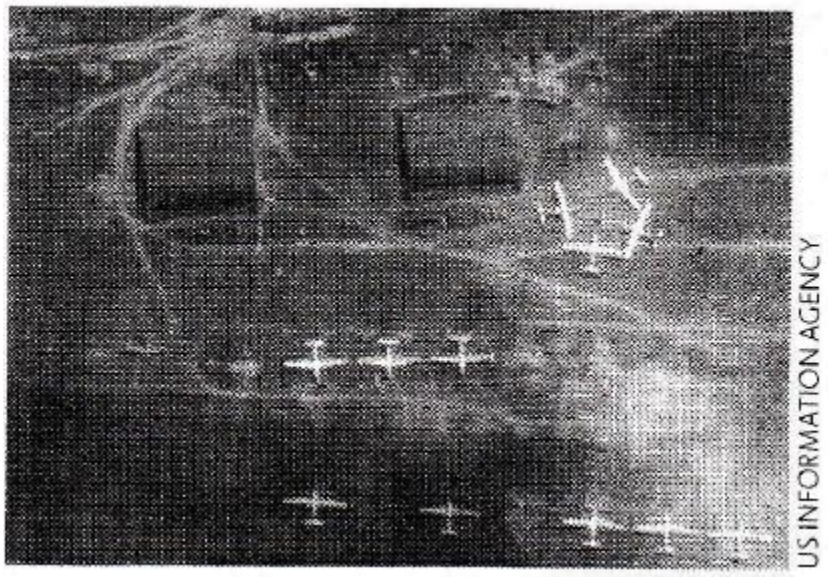


Fig. 9: 1956 U-2 picture of Bison bombers at an airfield north of Moscow.

In a memo dated 17th July, 1956 to President Eisenhower, analysis of U-2 pictures taken on its first overflight of the Soviet Union showed that

> "there can be no doubt of the photographic coverage obtained on 4 July, 1956 of five of the seven highest priority targets specified by the USAF. This mission was indeed timely in that it revealed no heavy jet bombers at any of the five bases covered, even though current intelligence estimates predicted the presence of regiments of such bombers at at least two of the five bases." [4]

The U-2 and the Cancellation of the Arrow

In 1957 and 1958 Prime Minister Diefenbaker and President Eisenhower would discuss a number of bilateral issues, including the Arrow Program. Eisenhower provided Diefenbaker with enough of a briefing on what had been determined from the U-2 overflights for there to be confidence that Soviet bombers would not play a significant threat to North America.

Shortly after a high level discussion in 1958, the Prime Minister of Canada would make the following announcement in the House of Commons on September 23rd, 1958:

> "... the number of supersonic interceptor aircraft required for the RCAF air defence command will be substantially less than could have been foreseen a few years ago, if in fact such aircraft will be required at all in the 1960's in view of the rapid strides being made in missiles by both the United States and the U.S.S.R. The development of the Canadian supersonic interceptor aircraft, the CF-105 or the 'Arrow', was commenced in 1953 and even under the best of circumstances it

> will not be available for effective use in squadrons until late in 1961. Since the project began, revolutionary changes have taken place which have made necessary a review of the program in light of the anticipated conditions when the aircraft comes into use." [5]

In light of the information now available, including both the declassified Arrow papers and the history we now know of the 1950s and 1960's, outright cancellation of the program reflected the best information then available about the Soviet Air Force and its small fleet of intercontinental bombers.

I invite the National Archives of Canada, the Eisenhower Presidential Library and the appropriate archives of collegial Governments to share the complete history of how the U-2 program may have truly influenced the Arrow cancellation decision.

References

1) Information for this section of the paper comes from various independent sources, including the recollection of individuals stationed with 2nd Fighter Wing on 17th September, 1956 and from R.C.A.F. records from the National Archives of Canada. There are, unfortunately, conflicting and inaccurate accounts regarding the events surrounding the loss of the U-2 and the death of Pilot Howard Carey. The claim that Carey was on a "training mission" conflicts with reports that the U-2 was tracked arriving in West German

airspace from the East. Standard operating procedures for the U-2 was to undertake all training within the airspace of the continental USA.

2) Independent confirmation of the "Canadian Incident" is to be found in Francis Gary Power's 1970 book "Operation Overflight" SBN: 03-083045-1 published in May 1970 page 49-50. Francis Gary Powers was a colleague and friend of Howard Carey.

3) The high powered Type 80 radar station at Metz manned by Canadians tracked all the U-2 flights in and out of the air base at Wiesbaden and the CIA station at Giebelstadt. The Canadian pilots of 2 and 3 Fighter Wing had a nickname for the U-2 - they called it "the Beast". The Mark 6 Canadair CF-86 Sabres, equipped with Orenda jet engines, could fly up to 50,000 feet at 0.92 Mach, much higher and faster than the American F-86's. Beginning in 1956 Canadian pilots from 2 and 3 Fighter Wing routinely vectored onto U-2's as they descended from their operational altitude of 70,000 ft as the pilots completed the last leg of their high altitude photo-reconnaissance missions over Eastern Europe or the Soviet Union.

4) 17 July, 1956 AQUATONE memo to U-2 Project Director Richard Bissell from Herbert I. Miller. AQUATONE was the code name for the photographic intelligence gathered by the U-2. This memo was passed on to and read by President Eisenhower.

5) Hansard, Parliament of Canada, September 23rd, 1958

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The Steel Hand From the Sea – Combined Ops

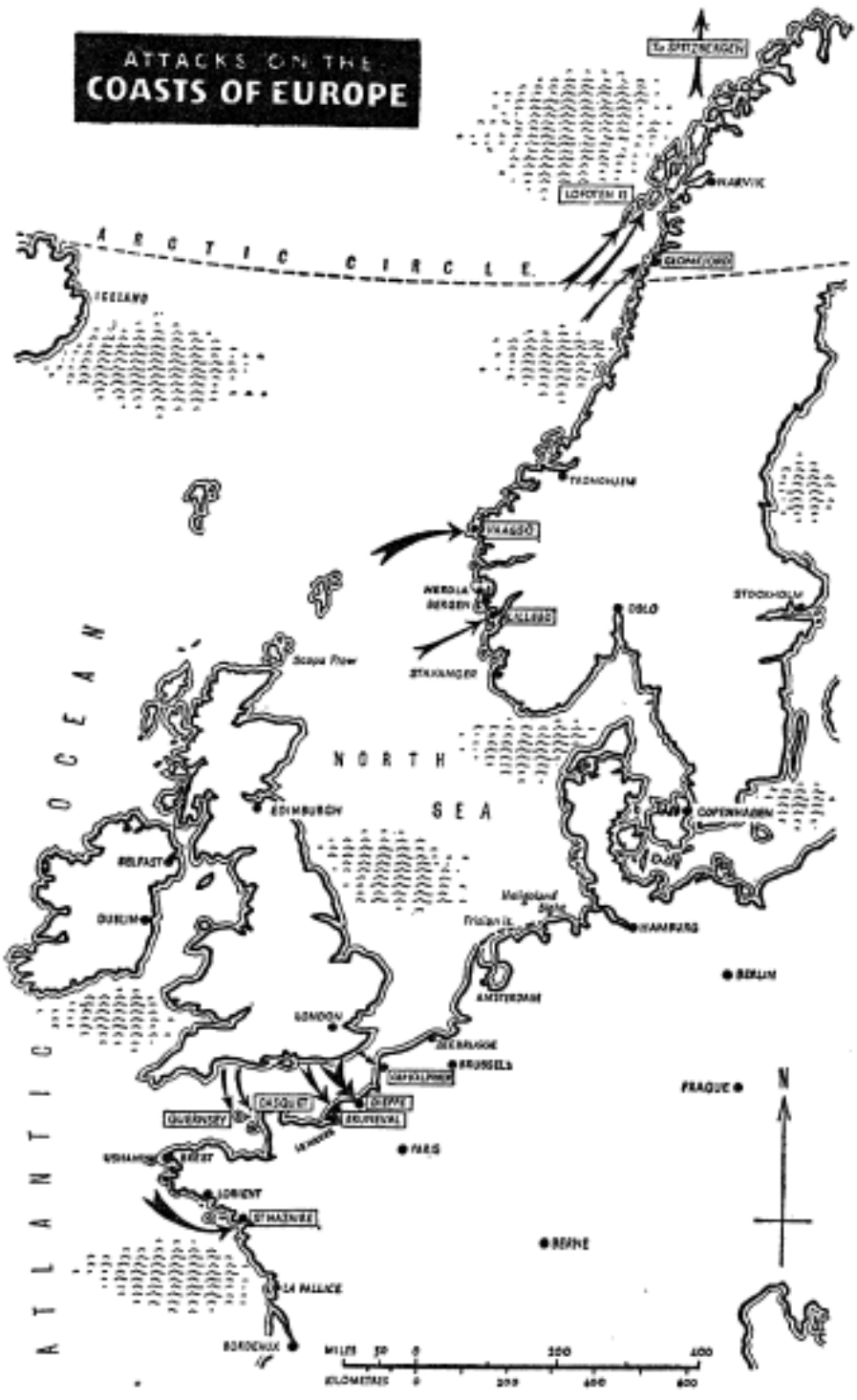
{Chapter Three: Combined Operations, 1943, HMSO}

Shortly before midnight on the 2nd September, 1942, Ober Maat (Chief Mate) Munte, who had once been a stoker in the German Navy, was seated in his office in the Casquet lighthouse seized by his master when the Channel Islands were occupied in July 1940. He was busy making up returns an occupation well fitted to his rank and experience. A slight noise it may have been the click of the door as it closed softly caused him to turn in his chair. Leaning against the door were two men with black faces, wearing crumpled khaki uniforms, somewhat damp round the ankles. Two Colt automatics, negligently poised, were in their hands. He got slowly to his feet and passed a hand across his eyes, but, when he dropped it, the figures by the doorway were still there. Chief Mate Munte began to sway and, as one of the Special Service men stepped forward, collapsed fainting with terror on the floor. To bring him round, the two black-faced men slapped his cheeks, and a short while afterwards he was in a small boat bobbing uneasily in the treacherous waters that surge about the lighthouse he had failed to guard. By then he was in the company of the six men who formed his command. They were the wireless operators and the guard of the lighthouse. Those who had not been on watch were still in their pyjamas and were wearing hair nets, which at first caused the commander of the raiding party to mistake one of them for a woman. By four o'clock in the morning, after a stormy passage, the Germans found themselves prisoners of war in England.

Raids such as this take place frequently on the coast of German-occupied Europe. Not much is said about them either by ourselves or by die enemy. Sometimes however, perhaps when a particularly galling barb has been implanted in his hide, he cries out. Then something can be said of the manner of its planting. These small raids began in June 1940.

On the 12th of that month Lieutenant-General Sir Alan Bourne, K.C.B., D.S.O., Adjutant-General of the Royal Marines, was placed by the Prime Minister in charge of raiding operations with

Brigadier (then Lieutenant-Colonel) A. H. Hornby, M.C, Royal Artillery, as his Chief of Staff. A small headquarters was formed, and housed by the Admiralty which had a vacant set of offices to spare. They were to plan and organize raids, their proposals being first submitted through the Joint Planning Committee of the three Services to the Chiefs of Staff. For the execution of these plans Lieutenant-Colonel Clarke, whose connection with the Special Service troops has been mentioned in Chapter I, set about finding suitable men from the volunteers composing the Independent Companies, while Captain Garnons-Williams, D.S.C., R.N., began to get together such small craft as could be found and the officers and men to man them. The craft were an odd collection, mostly private motorboats, some of which in peacetime had sailed the quiet waters of the Hamble or the Norfolk Broads. Their design and sea-going qualities were as varied as the reliability of their engines. The assault landing craft, of which the prototype had appeared in 1936, were not yet available.


ATTACKS ON THE
COASTS OF EUROPE
ARCTIC CIRCLE
ATLANTIC OCEAN
NORTH SEA
To SPITZBERGEN
NARVIK
TRONDHEIM
OSLO
STOCKHOLM
COPENHAGEN
HAMBURG
BERLIN
AMSTERDAM
BRUSSELS
PRAGUE
PARIS
BERNE
EDINBURGH
BELFAST
DUBLIN
LONDON
Scapa Flow
STAVANGER
BERGEN
ALESUND
TRONDHEIM
LORIENT
ST NAZAIRE
LA PALLICE
BORDEAUX
GUERNSEY
N
MILES
KILOMETRES

The officers were mostly amateurs in the sense that very few belonged to the Royal Navy. Some came from the Royal Naval Reserve, but most belonged to the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve. Among them were in any enthusiastic and capable yachtsmen. The hands were mostly fishermen capable, willing, but at first somewhat surprised at naval discipline. It is related of one of them that during his daily bathe in the river on which the depot was situated, he met in mid-stream his captain, who was being put across in a dinghy. The following dialogue was overheard by a stricken first lieutenant on the bank.

The Sailor: Oil
The Captain (turned his head but did not speak).
The Sailor: You going over there?
The Captain: (austerely) Yes.
The Sailor: Give us a tow, mate.

No time was lost. By the 15th June, 1940, a depot, first a converted yacht but soon other quarters, on shore had been established on the south coast of England and the training of both Services in amphibious warfare began. Intense energy prevailed from the start, and on the night of 23rd /24th June the first raid took place; It was a reconnaissance of the French Coast between Cap d'Alprech
near Boulogne, and the Pointe du Hautbanc near Berck. Two hundred men were to be landed iii six (subsequently changed to four) parties, to discover the nature of the German defences, and bring back prisoners.

The landings were, if possible, to take place at the same time in order to confuse the enemy. The Senior Naval Officer was Lieutenant-Commander J. W. F. Milner-Gibson, R.N., who had been ashore on the coast of France nine times in the three weeks preceding the operation in order to spy out the land. The troops were under the command of Major R. J. F. Todd, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. Lieutenant- Colonel Clarke also went on the raid but was ordered not to land.

The party sailed from three southern ports. Various changes in the dispositions had to be made, for some of the craft proved too slow and others developed defects on passage from the depot to the ports of sailing. At the last moment, fast light motor boats became available and the men were embarked upon them, but there was room only for 120 in all. The remainder had to be left behind. The weather was favourable. A light breeze was blowing from the north-east; the sea was calm, the sky cloudy. There was also some haze interspersed with patches of fog. The three groups of the Force sailed before dark to keep a rendezvous some ten miles out in the Channel. Having done so, they went on in company and then split up once more and made off for their respective landing places. They met with varying fortunes. Two boats landed their troops on a waste of sand dunes where no living being was encountered. German aircraft flew constantly over their heads but did not see them. Another boat approached the coast near Boulogne. When close in, the men on board her perceived that they were in the midst of an enemy seaplane anchorage. To land undetected was obviously impossible. It was decided to wreck one of the seaplanes; but, as the boat moved towards it, the aircraft selected suddenly took off and roared

over their heads, missing them by a few feet. The Germans on shore were now on the alert, and since surprise was lost the troops did not land.

The boat carrying Major Todd with Lieutenant-Colonel Clarke made a landfall, and the soldiers moved off into the darkness, making no sound on the soft sand. In accordance with his orders Lieutenant-Colonel Clarke remained with the boat, standing in her bows. About an hoar later Major Todd returned, having posted his men a short distance inland. They had met with no Germans; but as he was debating with Lieutenant-Colonel Clarke where next to look for some, five appeared. Major Todd was about to engage them with his tommy gun when the magazine fell off with a clatter. The Germans opened fire and then fled. Lieutenant-Colonel Clarke was hit a glancing blow behind the ear. This was the only casualty sustained throughout the operation and the wound was superficial. Hearing the shots, Major Todd's men returned. "At first I did not know," said Lieutenant-Colonel Clarke, "who they were. They might have been the German patrol. All I could see in the moonlight for the clouds had by now disappeared was a number of sinister figures moving slowly and purposefully towards me with out-thrust bayonets. It was only when they were near enough for me to see their blackened faces that I knew them to be our own men. That is one of the main difficulties about raiding at night. It is so hard to tell friend from foe."

Another party had better luck. They made the Plage de Merlimont, four miles south of Le Touquet, and approached a large building surrounded by barbed wire. It was full of the enemy. Two sentries were set upon and killed,

but one of them cried out before he died and gave the alarm. It was impossible to rush the house because of the wire, so the attackers lobbed grenades through the windows and then withdrew without loss.

The force reached England in broad daylight, the boats coming home independently. Their reception was mixed. At one port, those on board a boat were refused permission to enter the harbour as no one was sure of their identity. They lay off the boom, covered by the guns on shore, wet through and after a time slightly intoxicated by the contents of two jars of rum which, fortunately for them, were on board. Their troubles did not end when they got on shore, for they were then arrested by the Military Police who took them for deserters. At another port, the companies of the ships in harbour cheered the raiders as they made fast to the jetty. Those cheers were echoed in the Press, which made the most of the laconic communique describing the operation. To do so was natural enough, for the raid took place at a time when our fortunes were at a low ebb. In fact, it was no more than a reconnaissance, not even in force, but it achieved its purpose. Not only had information of military value been brought back, but men of the Royal Navy and the Army had together carried out a combined operation against the enemy and had laid that foundation of mutual confidence that was to be of such vital importance later on.

Getting Back from Guernsey

The next raid took place, on Guernsey, on the night of 14th / 15th July, 1940. It was carried out by elements of No. 3 Commando under Major (now

Lieutenant-Colonel) J. F. Durnford Slater, Royal Artillery, and No. 11 Independent Company under Major Todd and Captain Good win, the Suffolk Regiment. They were taken to the island in two destroyers, H.M.S. "Scimitar" and H.M.S. "Saladin," followed by the motor boats which were to put them ashore. One boat, whose compass went wrong, missed Guernsey and visited "a shore with high cliffs and no beaches, believed ... to be the island of Sark." Another party had difficulties with the motor boats and with H.M.S. "Saladin's" whaler, which was pressed into service but was leaking. They failed to make land but eventually got safely back to England, making the last part of the voyage under the protection of the Royal Air Force.

The third landing party under Lieutenant-Colonel Durnford Slater was more successful. The boats reached the right beach but could not go close in owing to rocks, and the men had to wade ashore up to their waists in water. Their movements up the steep path from the beach were very silent, what few sounds they made being drowned by the noise of Anson aircraft of Coastal Command which flew by arrangement overhead. The Jerbourg peninsula was thoroughly searched, but the barracks, where the enemy was expected to be, were found empty. The re-embarkation proved very difficult and slow. One of the two motor boats was badly damaged and neither could get nearer than 50 yards to the beach, on which waves about three feet high were now breaking. Several men were ferried to one of the boats in a small dinghy, but it capsized on its last trip and all the tommy guns with which it was laden were lost, together with one man. The remainder eventually swam out, all save three who were not strong enough swimmers and had to be left

behind exhausted. The boats eventually reached the "Scimitar" and all got safely back to England, for part of the time under air escort.

No-Man's Land Is No-Man's Sea

The last two raids described took place in the summer of 1940, and have been followed by many more, particularly during the weeks preceding and following the attack on Dieppe on 19th August, 1942. Sometimes their object is, as in the raid on the Casquet lighthouse, to remove prisoners and destroy valuable apparatus; at other times to reconnoiter the coast and test the degree of alertness shown by the enemy. They take place at night. Small parties of the strength of a troop or less go ashore from assault landing craft on to a beach selected from the study of intelligence reports. They carry out a reconnaissance and return, their time on shore being governed by the tide and the weather, always factors of cardinal importance. The following extracts from the official reports on two different raids in 1941 illustrate the conditions under which such small scouting expeditions are carried out. The first describes the activities of a patrol on shore pressed for time since they had been delayed on passage to France.

"Crossing the road and turning right-handed the patrol came upon a shuttered house, A brief examination revealed no occupants … Time was now running short, it being 0155 hours. The leading scouts of the patrol, proceeding up the road for greater speed, reached a bend at the same time as a German cyclists' patrol travelling in the opposite direction. Fire was immediately opened upon the Germans with tommy guns at point-blank

range, and it is unlikely that any of them escaped serious injury. Two bodies were carried back towards the assault landing craft."

While the troops are thus engaged the men of the Royal Navy wait in the landing craft. In one such raid they listened to the sounds of rifle- and machine-gun fire, soon coining under fire themselves. Presently footsteps were heard. "The landing party was by now returning and by 0215 were all on board. Assault landing craft No. 123 hauled off the beach on the kedge … It was then realised that something was wrong in the engine room. Neither telegraph nor voice-pipe was obeyed. I sent Sub-Lieutenant E. Poole, R.N.V.R., to the engine room, who reported that the stoker (Stoker Booker) had been killed and one engine was out of action. He took charge, and in complete darkness got one engine going. Having cleared the shoal-water I turned the assault landing craft to seaward. Just at this moment, 0225 approximately, an enemy plane flew over at a height of 50 feet, dropping flares, and searchlights appeared, sweeping both from the north and south of my position. I retired at full speed on one engine, assault landing craft No. 73 in company, and neither the plane dropping flares nor the searchlights picked us up."

The information obtained by these small-scale operations is very useful. Such reconnaissance activity may be compared with trench raids of the last war when, beneath the Very lights, patrols crawled over the wilderness of No-Man's Land in a desolation of shell holes and rusty wire to obtain that information without which no commander can form a successful plan of

attack. Nowadays *No-Man's Land is No-Man's Sea* the uneasy waters of the Channel.

These raids have been going on at intervals throughout the last two-and-a-half years. The raid on the Casquet lighthouse was but one of many.

A few days later, an operation, small i the numbers taking part in it are considered, but large in its consequences, took place many hundreds of miles to the northward, on the coast of Norway. A number of officers and other ranks from No. 2 Commando and other Army organizations attacked the Glomfjord Hydro-electric Power Station. This is a plant of considerable importance supplying current to the chief aluminium manufacturing plant in Norway, which is situated a few miles away. The party was under the command of Captain G. D. Black, M.C., South Lancashire Regiment, with Captain J. B. J. Houghton, Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, as second-in-command.

Across the "Black Glacier"

Captain Houghton and a companion reconnoitered die route ahead and returned after four hours, having found a suitable way across the "black glacier." A meal was eaten; the party moved off and bivouacked for the rest of the night near the glacier. The next morning they started up the steep mountain side and were soon on the ice. The toggle ropes they had with them proved useful when it came to crossing a number of crevasses met with in their passage over the glacier. That evening, they were within sight of the

pipe-line bridling the mountain torrent which supplied the motive power to the turbines and dynamos of the power house.

After a rest, they pressed on; but the precipitous nature of the way put them into great peril, for they were soon moving along the side of a mountain which at this point fell sheer into a lake. There were many loose stones and boulders on the rough track which led slowly downwards. To dislodge one of these would bring down others and set the whole wild valley roaring. Treading delicately, they descended in silence and darkness, and by dawn they had reached good cover within a short distance of the power station, now clearly visible.

At eight o'clock in the evening they held a conference and Captain Black explained his plan. Two of them, Sergeant Smith and Guardsman Fairclough, the first of the Coldstream, the second of the Grenadier Guards, were detailed to demolish the machinery of the power house. Two others, Lance-Sergeant O'Brien, of the Royal Berkshire Regiment, and Private Makan, of the London Scottish, were to put charges under the pipe-line. Others were to guard the power house while the demolition party was at work. The remainder would form a covering party. The power station is connected with Glomfjord village by a tunnel, and it was near its entrance that Captain Black stationed himself.

Shortly before eleven in the evening, the party went about its appointed tasks. A way was found into the station through one wing, which was being rebuilt. Captain Houghton and a companion crawled under a canvas screen

and had got well inside when they caught a glimpse of one of the guards. They dashed at once into the guardroom, held up the guards, and then took them downstairs. Almost immediately afterwards a German was met with and shot.

All this time the demolition party, who had slipped in on the heels of Captain Houghton and his companion, were at work; and presently they reported that the charges were kid. The party then moved off. A few minutes later there were two explosions. A vivid glow was seen through the windows and doors of the power house, which seemed to shake and quiver. Flames shot up, and at that moment the air raid siren sounded in Glomfjord village.

The raiders pressed on and presently halted to wait for those who had been detailed to deal with the pipe-line. A roar, which sent the echoes flying round the lake, told them that here, too, success had been achieved; and presently the pipe-line demolition party arrived with Captain Black, who had stayed behind to cover them. United once more, they all moved off, but soon became involved in a fight with a number of Germans. There were some casualties on both sides.

The destruction wrought was in the highest degree effective. The power station was wrecked, and it is highly improbable that it can be put into proper working order again until the war is ended. This means that the aluminium works in Glomfjord, which had recently been enlarged, will also be idle.

160,000 Tons of Iron Pyrites

The story of one more such raid may be told, though it took place in January, 1943, and is, therefore, strictly speaking, outside the scope of this account. It is, however, a typical example of the kind of enterprise into which the small-scale raids, begun in the summer of 1940, have now developed and for that reason it is included.

On the night of 23rd/24th January, 1943, a number of motor torpedo boats, manned by Norwegians, with Commando soldiers on board, arrived off the south-western coast of Norway. The objective of the troops was an iron pyrites mine situated at Lillebo in the island of Stord, and the second largest of its kind in Norway.

The attackers were divided in two groups. The first was to cover the activities of the second, whose duty it was to destroy the mine. The first group approached the quayside of the small village of Saagvag. Their landing was opposed, but after a brisk fight they cleared the quay, took a number of prisoners and proceeded to establish road blocks and cut telephone wires. While this first party went about their several tasks, the second force had been landed on the other side of Saagvag Bay. Once ashore, they pressed on towards the mine, covering a distance of two miles in 25 minutes, each man of them heavily laden with demolition charges. Arrived at their objective, they at once set about its destruction. The hoisting gear above the mine was blown up and fell down the shaft, the crushing plant, the compressor house, the transformer and a railway shed nearby were

blown to pieces. The demolition force then made its way back to the quayside, held by the covering force.

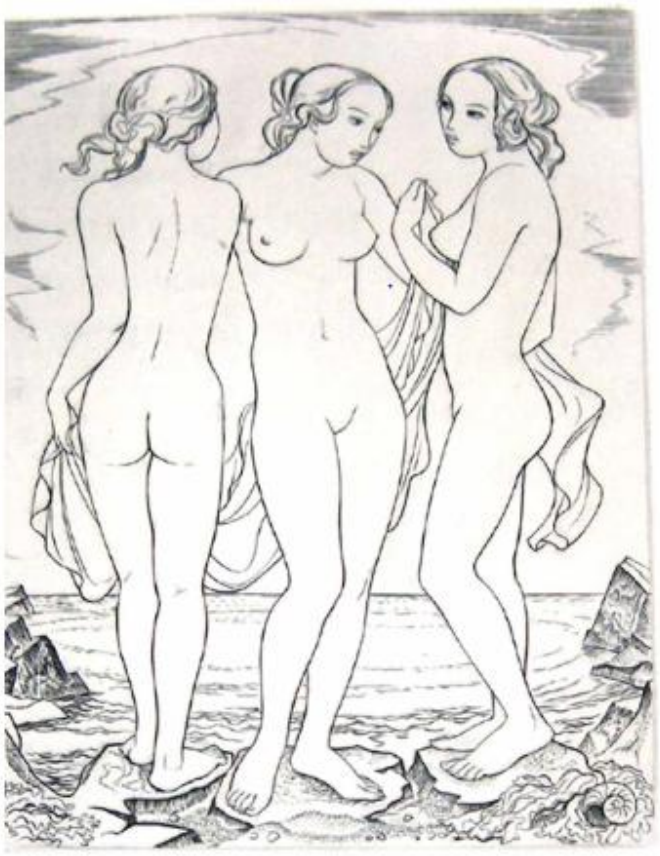
In the meantime, out at sea, the naval covering force of motor torpedo boats had not been idle. One of them, moving round the island, encountered an enemy merchant vessel of about 2,000 tons which she sank by gunfire. She also silenced an enemy gun position on shore, and together with another motor torpedo boat, shelled other enemy positions along the coast.

In the small hours of the morning the troops were re-embarked. Before going on board they got rid of such demolition charges as remained by blowing up a silo at the quayside, the conveyor system, the ore crusher and four enemy gun positions, together with their ammunition. On the way home the small force shot at and hit a Ju.88 which exploded in the air.

Thus at the cost of one N.C.O. killed, and a number of minor casualties, a mine providing the Germans with 160,000 tons of iron pyrites a year was so effectively destroyed as to be out of action for at least twelve months, an enemy merchant ship was sunk and much other damage done.

Such are the hazards of these small raids. They are carried out by resolute and determined men, in whose hearts love of country and love of adventure are happily blended.

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Fictional Stories

For Your Eyes Only by Ian Fleming

This novel is somewhat different than previous Fleming novels in that it is not a novel at all but a group of vignettes, or short stories, published together. Only one of the series is long enough to be considered a novella. It is the short story *Risco*, which ends up as the central plot of the film *For Your Eyes Only* which came out in 1981.

From the short story *A View to a Kill* Bond investigates the murder of a motorcycle dispatch-rider and the theft of his top-secret documents by a motorcycle-riding assassin. I do not believe this short story has been used yet in any way, shape, or form in any of the Bond films.

In the short story *For Your Eyes Only* Bond avenges the murder of M's closest friends, the Havelocks, by a group of Cubans. Their death is also avenged by the Havelock daughter, as well as by James Bond who happens upon the Havelock girl just as Bond is about to terminate the conspirators to the Havelock murders. She ends up killing her parent's Cuban murderer in a very medieval fashion, while Bond takes out the gang's leader and other gunmen. This short story is used, with significant modification, as a sub-plot in the 1981 film *For Your Eyes Only*.

In the story *Quantum of Solace* Bond is told a story of a failed marriage with an emotive twist. Again, I do not believe this short story has been used yet in any way shape or form in any of the Bond films. The title, *Quantum of Solace*, on the other hand, is used in a Bond film starring Daniel Craig. The

style of this story is very different from other Fleming short stories and is reminiscent of the writing style of Fleming's friend Roald Dahl.

In the short story *Risico* Bond investigates a drug-smuggling operation run in the Mediterranean with ties in Italy and Great Britain, with ties to the Soviets. This short story is the central plot in the film *For Your Eyes Only*. It has mention of Greek islands, smugglers and Albanians.

In the short story *The Hildebrand Rarity* Bond helps find a rare and very deadly fish for an obnoxious millionaire who is subsequently murdered by someone who uses the deadly fish. Again, I do not believe this short story has been used yet in any way, shape, or form, in any of the Bond films.

There is something rather wonderful hidden away in the heart of the book *For You Eyes Only* and it is in both the mention of the Greek Island of Corfu and the Albanian angle to both the novel and the film.

The Corfu – Albanian theme was drawn from Fleming's newspaper clipping files and an international incident that occurred in 1946 known as the Corfu Channel Incident.

The Corfu Channel Incident involved three separate incidents in the channel between Italy and Albania in 1946. The Corfu Channels is between the Greek island of Corfu and Albania.

The first event involved the shelling from Albania of two RN ships, the light cruisers *HMS Orion* and *HMS Superb* as they transited through the Corfu Channel on May 15th, 1946. No damage was inflicted in the two ships and no casualties occurred. The UK government lodged an official protest and asked for an immediate and full apology from the Albanian Government. No apology was forthcoming, the Albanians claiming that the RN ships had sailed through their territorial waters.



The Corfu Channel between the Island of Corfu and Albania

The second incident occurred on October 22nd, 1946 when a RN flotilla led by the cruisers *HMS Mauritius* and *HMS Leander* along with destroyers *HMS Saumarez* and *HMS Volage* proceeded north bound in the Corfu Channel to exercise the right to innocent passage. Naval Mines had been set in the channel by the Albanians and both destroyers struck mines.

Both ship's struck mines on their bows, first HMS *HMS Saumarez* which was taken in tow by *HMS Volage,* before *HMS Volage* was itself struck by a mine. In the case of *HMS Volage* had her bow completely blown away by the naval mines. The two ships had to be taken under tow. *HMS Saumarez* was a write-off while *HMS Volage* was repairable.



HMS Saumarez bow down under tow by HMS Volage after striking a mine

There were fatalities and injuries in the second incident. Forty five men died and forty two men were injured aboard the two RN destroyers as a result of the Albanian naval mines. Forty three of the men died on *HMS Saumarez*.

The third and final incident in the Corfu Channel occurred on 12 November – 13 November 1946 when the Royal Navy carried out a comprehensive

mine sweeping operation in the Corfu channel, codenamed OPERATION RETAIL.

Under the command of the Allied Naval Commander (Mediterranean) the mine-sweeping operation took place both within the Corfu Channel and within the territorial waters of Albania, but without their authorization. Along with clearing the mines, OPERATION RETAIL had the additional purpose of collecting mines as evidence and using the evidence (as corpora delicti) to prove that a crime had occurred and that the British were acting in self-defense by attempting innocent passage and by attempting to clear hazards to navigation.

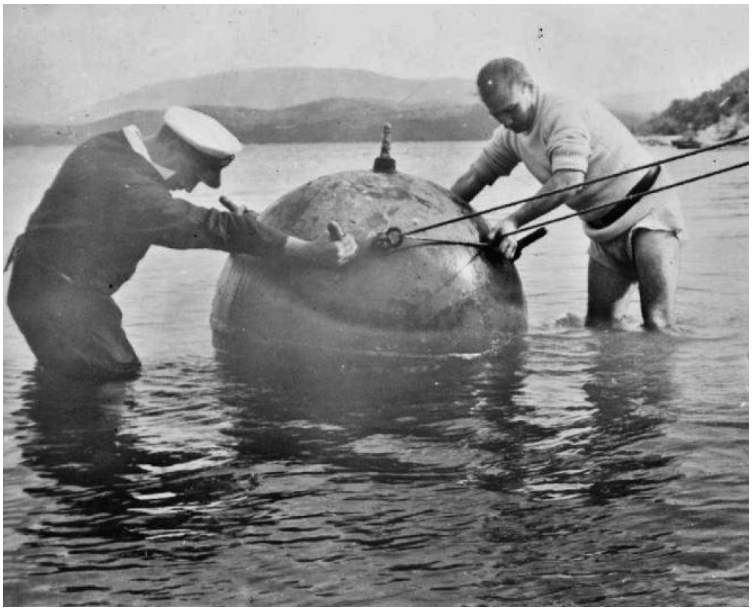


HMS Volage with its bow blown off

During OPERATION RETAIL the aircraft carrier HMS commanded by Captain, later Admiral of the Fleet, Sir Caspar John), cruisers and other

smaller warships provided cover. Minesweepers discovered twenty-two contact mines were discovered, and cut-away from their undersea moorings. The exact placement of the mines was such that the minefield was deemed to have been deliberately designed and not simply a random sewing or aggregation of isolated mines. Two of the cut mines were sent to the RN base on Malta for further examination.

It was then discovered that the mines were of German origin but they were free of rust and marine growth. They were also freshly painted and their mooring cables were recently lubricated. They were not mines left over in the ocean from the Second World War but of more recent placement.



Recovery of a mine from the Corfu Channel by RN clearance divers

A Court of Inquiry concluded that the minefield in the Corfu Channel was laid shortly before the incident involving *HMS Saumarez* and *HMS Volage*.

Mine fragment analysis taken from *HMS Volage* confirmed the mine they struck was similar to the recovered mines at Malta.

At the time the Albanians did not mine laying ships and it was suspected the naval mines had been set in place by two Yugoslavian minelayer ships *Mljet* and *Meljine* under the command of the Albanian navy, on or about the 20th of October 1946.

The *Film For Your Eyes Only* begins with the Royal Navy losing a spy ship the *St. George* to a naval mine set in the sea off the Albanian coast. The film makers included this scene to tie the Bond story to the Corfu Channel Incident.

When the film came out the matter of innocent passage and naval mines were a contemporary issue. There was a war going on between Iran and Iraq and naval mines were being sown throughout the Persian Gulf. Innocent passage of oil bearing tankers through the Strait of Hormuz was being threatened.

During the Iran-Iraq war over 500 commercial ships were affected and some even struck by mines of differing sizes. The shallow bottom of the Strait of Hormoz (less than 100 metres deep) made it an easy region for moored contact mines, as well as bottom mines using magnetic or pressure fuses. This period of the Iran-Iraq war was known as the Tanker War, since many of the ships struck by the mines were tankers. I have included an article about the Tanker War as an Appendix in this book.

I will end this prologue to *For Your Eyes Only* by reminding the reader that what Winston Churchill once said:

> "The battle of the Atlantic was the longest battle of the Second World War and the only battle I worried we might lose."

The Battle of the Atlantic was not merely a battle of battleships and U-boats it was a war that included naval technology like naval mines. The story as to how the German naval mines were defeated by the Royal Navy and its allies has been told in a number of books and films.

You the reader should be mindful that as deputy director of naval intelligence for the Royal Navy, the naval technology war with Germany was one of the many things that directly involved Ian Fleming and his colleagues, whether that naval technology war was over coded messages, radar, submarine design and capability, acoustical torpedoes or magnetic mines.

The Germans dropped magnetic mines by aircraft into the Thames estuary on the first day of the war and one of the first maritime casualties was a ship proceeding to London up the Thames. One of these mines was discovered in the mud and was defused and studied. It took the Royal Navy a great deal of courage and ingenuity to defeat the Germans at their mine technology.

One of Ian Fleming's most clandestine operations of the Second World War was to send naval clearance divers by X – submarines to the beaches of Normandy prior to OPERATION OVERLORD to check for mines and special hazards.

One particular mine was deemed so dangerous that it was only after the Germans themselves decided to take them out of the water for refurbishment in late May, 1944 that the allies deemed it safe to proceed with the Normandy Invasion. Several naval clearance divers had in fact died in the spring of 1944 trying to recover one of these mines for study back at their naval base. Supposedly the mines in question were made out of glass and had a chemical fuse.

How did the allies know that the mines were being taken out for refurbishment? They had read of this in one of the secret messages sent from Berlin to Tokyo by Ambassador Oshima. The decryption of this secret message was done at Bletchley Park and Arlington Hall off messages taken out of the air by intercept operators at Station Point Grey in Vancouver.

Perhaps I will write something about this remarkable clandestine operation to the Normandy beaches sometime in the future ...

Chapter Two – *For Your Eyes Only*

The most beautiful bird in Jamaica, and some say the most beautiful bird in the world, is the streamer-tail or doctor humming-bird. The cock bird is about nine inches long, but seven inches of it are tail—two long black feathers that curve and cross each other and whose inner edges are in a form of scalloped design. The head and crest are black, the wings dark green, the long bill is scarlet, and the eyes, bright and confiding, are black. The body is emerald green, so dazzling that when the sun is on the breast you see the brightest green thing in nature. In Jamaica, birds that are loved are given nicknames. *Trochilus polytmus* is called ‘doctor bird’ because his two black streamers remind people of the black tail-coat of the old-time physician.

Mrs. Havelock was particularly devoted to two families of these birds because she had been watching them sipping honey, fighting, nesting and making love since she married, and came to Content. She was now over fifty, so many generations of these two families had come and gone since the original two pairs had been nicknamed Pyramus and Thisbe and Daphnis and Chloe by her mother-in-law. But successive couples had kept the names, and Mrs. Havelock now sat at her elegant tea service on the broad cool veranda and watched Pyramus, with a fierce ‘tee-tee-tee’, dive-bomb Daphnis who had finished up the honey on his own huge bush of Japanese Hat and had sneaked in among the neighbouring Monkeyfiddle that was Pyramus’s preserve. The two tiny black and green comets swirled away across the fine acres of lawn, dotted with brilliant clumps of hibiscus and bougainvillaea, until they were lost to sight in the citrus groves. They would

soon be back. The running battle between the two families was a game. In this big finely planted garden there was enough honey for all.

Mrs Havelock put down her teacup and took a Patum Peperium sandwich. She said: ‘They really are the most dreadful show-offs.’

Colonel Havelock looked over the top of his *Daily Gleaner*. ‘Who?’

‘Pyramus and Daphnis.’

‘Oh, yes.’ Colonel Havelock thought the names idiotic. He said: ‘It looks to me as if Batista will be on the run soon. Castro’s keeping up the pressure pretty well. Chap at Barclay’s told me this morning that there’s a lot of funk money coming over here already. Said that Belair’s been sold to nominees. One hundred and fifty thousand pounds for a thousand acres of cattle-tick and a house the red ants’ll have down by Christmas! Somebody’s suddenly gone and bought that ghastly Blue Harbour hotel, and there’s even talk that Jimmy Farquharson has found a buyer for his place—leaf-spot and Panama disease thrown in for good measure, I suppose.’

‘That’ll be nice for Ursula. The poor dear can’t stand it out here. But I can’t say I like the idea of the whole island being bought up by these Cubans. But Tim, where do they get all the money from, anyway?’

‘Rackets, union funds, Government money—God knows. The place is riddled with crooks and gangsters. They must want to get their money out of

Cuba and into something else quick. Jamaica's as good as anywhere else now we've got this convertibility with the dollar. Apparently the man who bought Belair just shovelled the money on to the floor of Aschenheim's office out of a suitcase. I suppose he'll keep the place for a year or two, and when the trouble's blown over or when Castro's got in and finished cleaning up he'll put it on the market again, take a reasonable loss and move off somewhere else. Pity, in a way. Belair used to be a fine property. It could have been brought back if anyone in the family had cared.'

'It was ten thousand acres in Bill's grandfather's day. It used to take the busher three days to ride the boundary.'

'Fat lot Bill cares. I bet he's booked his passage to London already. That's one more of the old families gone. Soon won't be anyone left of that lot but us. Thank God Judy likes the place.'

Mrs. Havelock said 'Yes, dear' calmingly and pinged the bell for the tea-things to be cleared away. Agatha, a huge blue-black Negress wearing the old-fashioned white head-cloth that has gone out in Jamaica except in the hinterland, came out through the white and rose drawing-room followed by Fayprince, a pretty young quadroon from Port Maria whom she was training as second housemaid. Mrs. Havelock said: 'It's time we started bottling, Agatha. The guavas are early this year.'

Agatha's face was impassive. She said: 'Yes'm. But we done need more bottles.'

‘Why? It was only last year I got you two dozen of the best I could find at Henriques.’

‘Yes’m. Someone done mash five, six of dose.’

‘Oh dear. How did that happen?’

‘Couldn’t say’m.’ Agatha picked up the big silver tray and waited, watching Mrs. Havelock’s face.

Mrs. Havelock had not lived most of her life in Jamaica without learning that a mash is a mash and that one would not get anywhere hunting for a culprit. So she just said cheerfully: ‘Oh, all right, Agatha. I’ll get some more when I go into Kingston.’

‘Yes’m.’ Agatha, followed by the young girl, went back into the house.

Mrs. Havelock picked up a piece of petit-point and began stitching, her fingers moving automatically. Her eyes went back to the big bushes of Japanese Hat and Monkeyfiddle. Yes, the two male birds were back. With gracefully cocked tails they moved among the flowers. The sun was low on the horizon and every now and then there was a flash of almost piercingly beautiful green. A mocking-bird, on the topmost branch of a frangipani, started on its evening repertoire. The tinkle of an early tree-frog announced the beginning of the short violet dusk.

Content, twenty thousand acres in the foothills of Candlefly Peak, one of the most easterly of the Blue Mountains in the county of Portland, had been given to an early Havelock by Oliver Cromwell as a reward for having been one of the signatories to King Charles's death warrant. Unlike so many other settlers of those and later times the Havelocks had maintained the plantation through three centuries, through earthquakes and hurricanes and through the boom and bust of cocoa, sugar, citrus and copra. Now it was in bananas and cattle, and it was one of the richest and best run of all the private estates in the island. The house, patched up or rebuilt after earthquake or hurricane, was a hybrid—a mahogany-pillared, two-storeyed central block on the old stone foundations flanked by two single-storeyed wings with widely overhung, flat-pitched Jamaican roofs of silver cedar shingles. The Havelocks were now sitting on the deep veranda of the central block facing the gently sloping garden beyond which a vast tumbling jungle vista stretched away twenty miles to the sea.

Colonel Havelock put down his *Gleaner*. 'I thought I heard a car.'

Mrs. Havelock said firmly: 'If it's those ghastly Feddens from Port Antonio, you've simply got to get rid of them. I can't stand any more of their moans about England. And last time they were both quite drunk when they left and dinner was cold.' She got up quickly. 'I'm going to tell Agatha to say I've got a migraine.'

Agatha came out through the drawing-room door. She looked fussed. She was followed closely by three men. She said hurriedly: ‘Gemmun from Kingston’m. To see de Colonel.’

The leading man slid past the housekeeper. He was still wearing his hat, a panama with a short very up-curled brim. He took this off with his left hand and held it against his stomach. The rays of the sun glittered on hair-grease and on a mouthful of smiling white teeth. He went up to Colonel Havelock, his outstretched hand held straight in front of him. ‘Major Gonzales. From Havana. Pleased to meet you, Colonel.’

The accent was the sham American of a Jamaican taxi-driver. Colonel Havelock had got to his feet. He touched the outstretched hand briefly. He looked over the Major’s shoulder at the other two men who had stationed themselves on either side of the door. They were both carrying that new holdall of the tropics—a Pan American overnight bag. The bags looked heavy. Now the two men bent down together and placed them beside their yellowish shoes. They straightened themselves. They wore flat white caps with transparent green visors that cast green shadows down to their cheek-bones. Through the green shadows their intelligent animal eyes fixed themselves on the Major, reading his behaviour.

‘They are my secretaries.’

Colonel Havelock took a pipe out of his pocket and began to fill it. His direct blue eyes took in the sharp clothes, the natty shoes, the glistening

finger-nails of the Major and the blue jeans and calypso shirts of the other two. He wondered how he could get these men into his study and near the revolver in the top drawer of his desk. He said: ‘What can I do for you?’ As he lit his pipe he watched the Major’s eyes and mouth through the smoke.

Major Gonzales spread his hands. The width of his smile remained constant. The liquid, almost golden eyes were amused, friendly. ‘It is a matter of business, Colonel. I represent a certain gentleman in Havana’—he made a throw-away gesture with his right hand. ‘A powerful gentleman. A very fine guy.’ Major Gonzales assumed an expression of sincerity. ‘You would like him Colonel. He asked me to present his compliments and to inquire the price of your property.’

Mrs. Havelock, who had been watching the scene with a polite half-smile on her lips, moved to stand beside her husband. She said kindly, so as not to embarrass the poor man: ‘What a shame, Major. All this way on these dusty roads! Your friend really should have written first, or asked anyone in Kingston or at Government House. You see, my husband’s family have lived here for nearly three hundred years.’ She looked at him sweetly, apologetically. ‘I’m afraid there just isn’t any question of selling Content. There never has been. I wonder where your important friend can possibly have got the idea from.’

Major Gonzales bowed briefly. His smiling face turned back to Colonel Havelock. He said, as if Mrs. Havelock had not opened her mouth: ‘My

gentleman is told this is one of the finest estancias in Jamaica. He is a most generous man. You may mention any sum that is reasonable.'

Colonel Havelock said firmly: 'You heard what Mrs Havelock said. The property is not for sale.'

Major Gonzales laughed. It sounded quite genuine laughter. He shook his head as if he was explaining something to a rather dense child. 'You misunderstand me, Colonel. My gentleman desires this property and no other property in Jamaica. He has some funds, some extra funds, to invest. These funds are seeking a home in Jamaica. My gentleman wishes this to be their home.'

Colonel Havelock said patiently: 'I quite understand, Major. And I am so sorry you have wasted your time. Content will never be for sale in my lifetime. And now, if you'll forgive me. My wife and I always dine early, and you have a long way to go.' He made a gesture to the left, along the veranda. 'I think you'll find this is the quickest way to your car. Let me show you.'

Colonel Havelock moved invitingly, but when Major Gonzales stayed where he was, he stopped. The blue eyes began to freeze.

There was perhaps one less tooth in Major Gonzales's smile and his eyes had become watchful. But his manner was still jolly. He said cheerfully, 'Just one moment, Colonel.' He issued a curt order over his shoulder. Both

the Havelocks noticed the jolly mask slip with the few sharp words through the teeth. For the first time Mrs. Havelock looked slightly uncertain. She moved still closer to her husband. The two men picked up their blue Pan American bags and stepped forward. Major Gonzales reached for the zipper on each of them in turn and pulled. The taut mouths sprang open. The bags were full to the brim with neat solid wads of American money. Major Gonzales spread his arms. ‘All hundred-dollar bills. All genuine. Half a million dollars. That is, in your money, let us say, one hundred and eighty thousand pounds. A small fortune. There are many other good places to live in the world, Colonel. And perhaps my gentleman would add a further twenty thousand pounds to make the round sum. You would know in a week. All I need is half a sheet of paper with your signature. The lawyers can do the rest. Now Colonel,’ the smile was winning, ‘shall we say yes and shake hands on it? Then the bags stay here and we leave you to your dinner.’

The Havelocks now looked at the Major with the same expression—a mixture of anger and disgust. One could imagine Mrs. Havelock telling the story next day. ‘Such a common, greasy little man. And those filthy plastic bags full of money! Timmy was wonderful. He just told him to get out and take the dirty stuff away with him.’

Colonel Havelock’s mouth turned down with distaste. He said: ‘I thought I had made myself clear, Major. The property is not for sale at any price. And I do not share the popular thirst for American dollars. I must now ask you to leave.’ Colonel Havelock laid his cold pipe on the table as if he was preparing to roll up his sleeves.

For the first time Major Gonzales's smile lost its warmth. The mouth continued to grin but it was now shaped in an angry grimace. The liquid golden eyes were suddenly brassy and hard. He said softly: 'Colonel. It is I who have not made myself clear. Not you. My gentleman has instructed me to say that if you will not accept his most generous terms we must proceed to other measures.'

Mrs. Havelock was suddenly afraid. She put her hand on Colonel Havelock's arm and pressed it hard. He put his hand over hers in reassurance. He said through tight lips: 'Please leave us alone and go, Major. Otherwise I shall communicate with the police.'

The pink tip of Major Gonzales's tongue came out and slowly licked along his lips. All the light had gone out of his face and it had become taut and hard. He said harshly. 'So the property is not for sale in your lifetime, Colonel. Is that your last word?' His right hand went behind his back and he clicked his fingers softly, once. Behind him the gun-hands of the two men slid through the opening of their gay shirts above the waistbands. The sharp animal eyes watched the Major's fingers behind his back.

Mrs. Havelock's hand went up to her mouth. Colonel Havelock tried to say yes, but his mouth was dry. He swallowed noisily. He could not believe it. This mangy Cuban crook must be bluffing. He managed to say thickly: 'Yes, it is.'

Major Gonzales nodded curtly. ‘In that case, Colonel, my gentleman will carry on the negotiations with the next owner—with your daughter.’

The fingers clicked. Major Gonzales stepped to one side to give a clear field of fire. The brown monkey-hands came out from under the gay shirts. The ugly sausage-shaped hunks of metal spat and thudded—again and again, even when the two bodies were on their way to the ground.

Major Gonzales bent down and verified where the bullets had hit. Then the three small men walked quickly back through the rose and white drawing-room and across the dark carved mahogany hall and out through the elegant front door. They climbed unhurriedly into a black Ford Consul Sedan with Jamaican number plates and, with Major Gonzales driving and the two gunmen sitting upright in the back seat, they drove off at an easy pace down the long avenue of Royal Palms. At the junction of the drive and the road to Port Antonio the cut telephone wires hung down through the trees like bright lianas. Major Gonzales slalomed the car carefully and expertly down the rough parochial road until he was on the metalled strip near the coast. Then he put on speed. Twenty minutes after the killing he came to the outer sprawl of the little banana port. There he ran the stolen car on to the grass verge beside the road and the three men got out and walked the quarter of a mile through the sparsely lit main street to the banana wharves. The speed-boat was waiting, its exhaust bubbling. The three men got in and the boat zoomed off across the still waters of what an American poetess has called the most beautiful harbour in the world. The anchor chain was already half up on the glittering fifty-ton Chriscraft. She was flying the Stars and Stripes.

The two graceful antennae of the deep-sea rods explained that these were tourists—from Kingston, perhaps, or from Montego Bay. The three men went on board and the speed-boat was swung in. Two canoes were circling, begging. Major Gonzales tossed a fifty-cent piece to each of them and the stripped men dived. The twin diesels awoke to a stuttering roar and the Chriscraft settled her stern down a fraction and made for the deep channel below the Titchfield hotel. By dawn she would be back in Havana. The fisherman and wharfingers ashore watched her go, and went on with their argument as to which of the film-stars holidaying in Jamaica this could have been.

Up on the broad veranda of Content the last rays of the sun glittered on the red stains. One of the doctor birds whirred over the balustrade and hovered close above Mrs. Havelock's heart, looking down. No, this was not for him. He flirted gaily off to his roosting-perch among the closing hibiscus.

There came the sound of someone in a small sports car making a racing change at the bend of the drive. If Mrs. Havelock had been alive she would have been getting ready to say: 'Judy, I'm always telling you not to do that on the corner. It scatters gravel all over the lawn and you know how it ruins Joshua's lawnmower.'

*****

It was a month later. In London, October had begun with a week of brilliant Indian summer, and the noise of the mowers came up from Regent's Park

and in through the wide open windows of M's office. They were motor-mowers and James Bond reflected that one of the most beautiful noises of summer, the drowsy iron song of the old machines, was going for ever from the world. Perhaps today children felt the same about the puff and chatter of the little two-stroke engines. At least the cut grass would smell the same.

Bond had time for these reflections because M seemed to be having difficulty in coming to the point. Bond had been asked if he had anything on at the moment, and he had replied happily that he hadn't and had waited for Pandora's box to be opened for him. He was mildly intrigued because M had addressed him as James and not by his number—007. This was unusual during duty hours. It sounded as if there might be some personal angle to this assignment—as if it might be put to him more as a request than as an order. And it seemed to Bond that there was an extra small cleft of worry between the frosty, damnably clear, grey eyes. And three minutes was certainly too long to spend getting a pipe going.

M swivelled his chair round square with the desk and flung the box of matches down so that it skidded across the red leather top towards Bond. Bond fielded it and skidded it politely back to the middle of the desk. M smiled briefly. He seemed to make up his mind. He said mildly: 'James, has it ever occurred to you that every man in the fleet knows what to do except the commanding admiral?'

Bond frowned. He said: 'It hadn't occurred to me, sir. But I see what you mean. The rest only have to carry out orders. The admiral has to decide on

the orders. I suppose it's the same as saying that Supreme Command is the loneliest post there is.'

M jerked his pipe sideways. 'Same sort of idea. Someone's got to be tough. Someone's got to decide in the end. If you send a havering signal to the Admiralty you deserve to be put on the beach. Some people are religious—pass the decision on to God.' M's eyes were defensive. 'I used to try that sometimes in the Service, but He always passed the buck back again—told me to get on and make up my own mind. Good for one, I suppose, but tough. Trouble is, very few people keep tough after about forty. They've been knocked about by life—had troubles, tragedies, illnesses. These things soften you up.' M looked sharply at Bond. 'How's your coefficient of toughness, James? You haven't got to the dangerous age yet.'

Bond didn't like personal questions. He didn't know what to answer, nor what the truth was. He had not got a wife or children—had never suffered the tragedy of a personal loss. He had not had to stand up to blindness or a mortal disease. He had absolutely no idea how he would face these things that needed so much more toughness than he had ever had to show. He said hesitantly: 'I suppose I can stand most things if I have to and if I think it's right, sir. I mean'—he did not like using such words—'if the cause is—er—sort of just, sir.' He went on, feeling ashamed at himself for throwing the ball back at M: 'Of course it's not easy to know what is just and what isn't. I suppose I assume that when I'm given an unpleasant job in the Service the cause is a just one.'

‘Dammit,’ M’s eyes glittered impatiently. ‘That’s just what I mean! You rely on *me*. You won’t take any damned responsibility yourself.’ He thrust the stem of his pipe towards his chest. ‘I’m the one who has to do that. I’m the one who has to decide if a thing is right or not.’ The anger died out of the eyes. The grim mouth bent sourly. He said gloomily: ‘Oh well, I suppose it’s what I’m paid for. Somebody’s got to drive the bloody train.’ M put his pipe back in his mouth and drew on it deeply to relieve his feelings.

Now Bond felt sorry for M. He had never before heard M use as strong a word as ‘bloody’. Nor had M ever given a member of his staff any hint that he felt the weight of the burden he was carrying and had carried ever since he had thrown up the certain prospect of becoming Fifth Sea Lord in order to take over the Secret Service. M had got himself a problem. Bond wondered what it was. It would not be concerned with danger. If M could get the odds more or less right he would risk anything, anywhere in the world. It would not be political. M did not give a damn for the susceptibilities of any Ministry and thought nothing of going behind their backs to get a personal ruling from the Prime Minister. It might be moral. It might be personal. Bond said: ‘Is there anything I can help over, sir?’

M looked briefly, thoughtfully at Bond, and then swivelled his chair so that he could look out of the window at the high summery clouds. He said abruptly: ‘Do you remember the Havelock case?’

‘Only what I read in the papers, sir. Elderly couple in Jamaica. The daughter came home one night and found them full of bullets. There was some talk of

gangsters from Havana. The housekeeper said three men had called in a car. She thought they might have been Cubans. It turned out the car had been stolen. A yacht had sailed from the local harbour that night. But as far as I remember the police didn't get anywhere. That's all, sir. I haven't seen any signals passing on the case.'

M said gruffly: 'You wouldn't have. They've been personal to me. We weren't asked to handle the case. Just happens,' M cleared his throat: this private use of the Service was on his conscience, 'I knew the Havelocks. Matter of fact I was best man at their wedding. Malta. Nineteen twenty-five.'

'I see, sir. That's bad.'

M said shortly: 'Nice people. Anyway, I told Station C to look into it. They didn't get anywhere with the Batista people, but we've got a good man with the other side—with this chap Castro. And Castro's Intelligence people seem to have the Government pretty well penetrated. I got the whole story a couple of weeks ago. It boils down to the fact that a man called Hammerstein, or von Hammerstein, had the couple killed. There are a lot of Germans well dug in in these banana republics. They're Nazis who got out of the net at the end of the War. This one's ex-Gestapo. He got a job as head of Batista's Counter Intelligence. Made a packet of money out of extortion and blackmail and protection. He was set up for life until Castro's lot began to make headway. He was one of the first to start easing himself out. He cut one of his officers in on his loot, a man called Gonzales, and this man travelled around the Caribbean with a couple of gunmen to protect him and

began salting away Hammerstein's money outside Cuba—put it in real estate and suchlike under nominees. Only bought the best, but at top prices. Hammerstein could afford them. When money didn't work he'd use force—kidnap a child, burn down a few acres, anything to make the owner see reason. Well, this man Hammerstein heard of the Havelocks' property, one of the best in Jamaica, and he told Gonzales to go and get it. I suppose his orders were to kill the Havelocks if they wouldn't sell and then put pressure on the daughter. There's a daughter, by the way. Should be about twenty-five by now. Never seen her myself. Anyway, that's what happened. They killed the Havelocks. Then two weeks ago Batista sacked Hammerstein. May have got to hear about one of these jobs. I don't know. But, anyway, Hammerstein cleared out and took his little team of three with him. Timed things pretty well, I should say. It looks as if Castro may get in this winter if he keeps the pressure up.'

Bond said softly: 'Where have they gone to?'

'America. Right up in the North of Vermont. Up against the Canadian border. Those sort of men like being close to frontiers. Place called Echo Lake. It's some kind of a millionaire's ranch he's rented. Looks pretty from the photographs. Tucked away in the mountains with this little lake in the grounds. He's certainly chosen himself somewhere where he won't be troubled with visitors.'

'How did you get on to this, sir?'

‘I sent a report of the whole case to Edgar Hoover. He knew of the man. I guessed he would. He’s had a lot of trouble with this gun-running from Miami to Castro. And he’s been interested in Havana ever since the big American gangster money started following the casinos there. He said that Hammerstein and his party had come into the States on six months visitors’ visas. He was very helpful. Wanted to know if I’d got enough to build up a case on. Did I want these men extradited for trial in Jamaica? I talked it over here with the Attorney General and he said there wasn’t a hope unless we could get the witnesses from Havana. There’s no chance of that. It was only through Castro’s Intelligence that we even know as much as we do. Officially the Cubans won’t raise a finger. Next Hoover offered to have their visas revoked and get them on the move again. I thanked him and said no, and we left it at that.’

M sat for a moment in silence. His pipe had died and he relit it. He went on: ‘I decided to have a talk with our friends the Mounties. I got on to the Commissioner on the scrambler. He’s never let me down yet. He strayed one of his frontier patrol planes over the border and took a full aerial survey of this Echo Lake place. Said that if I wanted any other co-operation he’d provide it. And now,’ M slowly swiveled his chair back square with the desk, ‘I’ve got to decide what to do next.’

Now Bond realized why M was troubled, why he wanted someone else to make the decision. Because these had been friends of M. Because a personal element was involved, M had worked on the case by himself. And now it had come to the point when justice ought to be done and these people

brought to book. But M was thinking: is this justice, or is it revenge? No judge would take a murder case in which he had personally known the murdered person. M wanted someone else, Bond, to deliver judgment. There were no doubts in Bond's mind. He didn't know the Havelocks or care who they were. Hammerstein had operated the law of the jungle on two defenceless old people. Since no other law was available, the law of the jungle should be visited upon Hammerstein. In no other way could justice be done. If it was revenge, it was the revenge of the community.

Bond said: 'I wouldn't hesitate for a minute, sir. If foreign gangsters find they can get away with this kind of thing they'll decide the English are as soft as some other people seem to think we are. This is a case for rough justice—an eye for an eye.'

M went on looking at Bond. He gave no encouragement, made no comment.

Bond said: 'These people can't be hung, sir. But they ought to be killed.'

M's eyes ceased to focus on Bond. For a moment they were blank, looking inward. Then he slowly reached for the top drawer of his desk on the left-hand side, pulled it open and extracted a thin file without the usual title across it and without the top secret red star. He placed the file squarely in front of him and his hand rummaged again in the open drawer. The hand brought out a rubber stamp and a red-ink pad. M opened the pad, tamped the rubber stamp on it and then carefully, so that it was properly aligned with the top right-hand corner of the docket, pressed it down on the grey cover.

M replaced the stamp and the ink pad in the drawer and closed the drawer. He turned the docket round and pushed it gently across the desk to Bond.

The red sans serif letters, still damp, said: FOR YOUR EYES ONLY.

Bond said nothing. He nodded and picked up the docket and walked out of the room.

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Two days later, Bond took the Friday B.O.A.C. *Comet* to Montreal. He did not care for it. It flew too high and too fast and there were too many passengers. He regretted the days of the old *Stratocruiser*—that fine lumbering old plane that took ten hours to cross the Atlantic. Then one had been able to have dinner in peace, sleep for seven hours in a comfortable bunk, and get up in time to wander down to the lower deck and have that ridiculous B.O.A.C. 'country house' breakfast while the dawn came up and flooded the cabin with the first bright gold of the Western hemisphere. Now it was all too quick. The stewards had to serve everything almost at the double, and then one had a bare two hours snooze before the hundred-mile-long descent from forty thousand feet. Only eight hours after leaving London, Bond was driving a Hertz U-drive Plymouth saloon along the broad Route 17 from Montreal to Ottawa and trying to remember to keep on the right of the road.

The Headquarters of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police are in the Department of Justice alongside Parliament Buildings in Ottawa. Like most Canadian public buildings, the Department of Justice is a massive block of grey masonry built to look stodgily important and to withstand long and hard winters. Bond had been told to ask at the front desk for the Commissioner and to give his name as 'Mr James'. He did so, and a young fresh-faced R.C.M.P. corporal, who looked as if he did not like being kept indoors on a warm sunny day, took him up in the lift to the third floor and handed him over to a sergeant in a large tidy office which contained two girl secretaries and a lot of heavy furniture. The sergeant spoke on an intercom and there was a ten minutes delay during which Bond smoked and read a recruiting pamphlet which made the Mounties sound like a mixture between a dude ranch, Dick Tracy and *Rose Marie*. When he was shown in through the connecting door a tall youngish man in a dark blue suit, white shirt and black tie turned away from the window and came towards him. 'Mr. James?' the man smiled thinly. 'I'm Colonel, let's say—er—Johns.'

They shook hands. 'Come along and sit down. The Commissioner's very sorry not to be here to welcome you himself. He has a bad cold—you know, one of those diplomatic ones.' Colonel 'Johns' looked amused. 'Thought it might be best to take the day off. I'm just one of the help. I've been on one or two hunting-trips myself and the Commissioner fixed on me to handle this little holiday of yours,' the Colonel paused, 'on me only. Right?'

Bond smiled. The Commissioner was glad to help but he was going to handle this with kid gloves. There would be no come-back on his office.

Bond thought he must be a careful and very sensible man. He said: ‘I quite understand. My friends in London didn’t want the Commissioner to bother himself personally with any of this. And I haven’t seen the Commissioner or been anywhere near his headquarters. That being so, can we talk English for ten minutes or so—just between the two of us?’

Colonel Johns laughed. ‘Sure. I was told to make that little speech and then get down to business. You understand, Commander, that you and I are about to connive at various felonies, starting with obtaining a Canadian hunting-licence under false pretences and being an accessory to a breach of the frontier laws, and going on down from there to more serious things. It wouldn’t do anyone one bit of good to have any ricochets from this little lot. Get me?’

‘That’s how my friends feel too. When I go out of here, we’ll forget each other, and if I end up in Sing-Sing that’s my worry. Well, now?’

Colonel Johns opened a drawer in the desk and took out a bulging file and opened it. The top document was a list. He put his pencil on the first item and looked across at Bond. He ran his eye over Bond’s old black and white hound’s-tooth tweed suit and white shirt and thin black tie. He said: ‘Clothes.’ He unclipped a plain sheet of paper from the file and slid it across the desk. ‘This is a list of what I reckon you’ll need and the address of a big second-hand clothing store here in the city. Nothing fancy, nothing conspicuous—khaki shirt, dark brown jeans, good climbing-boots or shoes. See they’re comfortable. And there’s the address of a chemist for walnut

stain. Buy a gallon and give yourself a bath in the stuff. There are plenty of browns in the hills at this time and you won't want to be wearing parachute cloth or anything that smells of camouflage. Right? If you're picked up, you're an Englishman on a hunting-trip in Canada who's lost his way and got across the border by mistake. Rifle. Went down myself and put it in the boot of your Plymouth while you were waiting. One of the new Savage 99Fs, Weatherby 6 x 62 'scope, five-shot repeater with twenty rounds of high-velocity ·250-3,000. Lightest big-game lever action on the market. Only six and a half pounds. Belongs to a friend. Glad to have it back one day, but he won't miss it if it doesn't turn up. It's been tested and it's okay up to five hundred. Gun license,' Colonel Johns slid it over, 'issued here in the city in your real name as that fits with your passport. Hunting-license ditto, but small game only, vermin, as it isn't quite the deer season yet, also driving-license to replace the provisional one I had waiting for you with the Hertz people. Haversack, compass—used ones, in the boot of your car. Oh, by the way,' Colonel Johns looked up from his list, 'you carrying a personal gun?'

'Yes. Walther PPK in a Burns Martin holster.'

'Right, give me the number. I've got a blank license here. If that gets back to me it's quite okay. I've got a story for it.'

Bond took out his gun and read off the number. Colonel Johns filled in the form and pushed it over.

‘Now then, maps. Here’s a local Esso map that’s all you need to get you to the area.’ Colonel Johns got up and walked round with the map to Bond and spread it out. ‘You take this route 17 back to Montreal, get on to 37 over the bridge at St Anne’s and then over the river again on to 7. Follow 7 on down to Pike River. Get on 52 to Stanbridge. Turn right in Stanbridge for Frelighsburg and leave the car in a garage there. Good roads all the way. Whole trip shouldn’t take you more than five hours including stops. Okay? Now this is where you’ve got to get things right.

Make it that you get to Frelighsburg around three a.m. Garage-hand’ll be half asleep and you’ll be able to get the gear out of the boot and move off without him noticing even if you were a double-headed Chinaman.’ Colonel Johns went back to his chair and took two more pieces of paper off the file. The first was a scrap of penciled map, the other a section of aerial photograph. He said, looking seriously at Bond: ‘Now, here are the only inflammable things you’ll be carrying and I’ve got to rely on you getting rid of them just as soon as they’ve been used, or at once if there’s a chance of you getting into trouble. This,’ he pushed the paper over, ‘is a rough sketch of an old smuggling-route from Prohibition days. It’s not used now or I wouldn’t recommend it.’ Colonel Johns smiled sourly. ‘You might find some rough customers coming over in the opposite direction, and they’re apt to shoot and not even ask questions afterwards—crooks, druggers, white-slavers—but nowadays they mostly travel up by Viscount. This route was used for runners between Franklin, just over the Derby Line, and Frelighsburg. You follow this path through the foothills, and you detour Franklin and get into the start of the Green Mountains. There it’s all

Vermont spruce and pine with a bit of maple, and you can stay inside that stuff for months and not see a soul. You get across country here, over a couple of highways, and you leave Enosburg Falls to the West. Then you're over a steep range and down into the top of the valley you want. The cross is Echo Lake and, judging from the photographs, I'd be inclined to come down on top of it from the east. Got it?'

'What's the distance? About ten miles?'

'Ten and a half. Take you about three hours from Frelighsburg if you don't lose your way, so you'll be in sight of the place around six and have about an hour's light to help you over the last stretch.' Colonel Johns pushed over the square of aerial photograph. It was a central cut from the one Bond had seen in London. It showed a long low range of well-kept buildings made of cut stone. The roofs were of slate, and there was a glimpse of graceful bow windows and a covered patio. A dust road ran past the front door and on this side were garages and what appeared to be kennels. On the garden side was a stone flagged terrace with a flowered border, and beyond this two or three acres of trim lawn stretched down to the edge of the small lake. The lake appeared to have been artificially created with a deep stone dam. There was a group of wrought-iron garden furniture where the dam wall left the bank and, half-way along the wall, a diving-board and a ladder to climb out of the lake. Beyond the lake the forest rose steeply up. It was from this side that Colonel Johns suggested an approach. There were no people in the photograph, but on the stone flags in front of the patio was a quantity of expensive-looking aluminum garden furniture and a central glass table with

drinks. Bond remembered that the larger photograph had shown a tennis court in the garden and on the other side of the road the trim white fences and grazing horses of a stud farm. Echo Lake looked what it was—the luxurious retreat, in deep country, well away from atom bomb targets, of a millionaire who liked privacy and could probably offset a lot of his running expenses against the stud farm and an occasional good let. It would be an admirable refuge for a man who had had ten steamy years of Caribbean politics and who needed a rest to recharge his batteries. The lake was also convenient for washing blood off hands.

Colonel Johns closed his now empty file and tore the typewritten list into small fragments and dropped them in the wastepaper basket. The two men got to their feet. Colonel Johns took Bond to the door and held out his hand. He said: ‘Well, I guess that’s all. I’d give a lot to come with you. Talking about all this has reminded me of one or two sniping jobs at the end of the War. I was in the Army then. We were under Monty in Eighth Corps. On the left of the line in the Ardennes. It was much the same sort of country as you’ll be using, only different trees. But you know how it is in these police jobs. Plenty of paper-work and keep your nose clean for the pension. Well, so long and the best of luck. No doubt I’ll read all about it in the papers,’ he smiled, ‘whichever way it goes.’

Bond thanked him and shook him by the hand. A last question occurred to him. He said: ‘By the way, is the Savage single pull or double? I won’t have a chance of finding out and there may not be much time for experimenting when the target shows.’

‘Single pull and it’s a hair-trigger. Keep your finger off until you’re sure you’ve got him. And keep outside three hundred if you can. I guess these men are pretty good themselves. Don’t get too close.’ He reached for the door-handle. His other hand went to Bond’s shoulder. ‘Our Commissioner’s got a motto: “Never send a man where you can send a bullet.” You might remember that. So long, Commander.’

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Bond spent the night and most of the next day at the KO-ZEE Motor Court outside Montreal. He paid in advance for three nights. He passed the day looking to his equipment and wearing in the soft ripple rubber climbing-boots he had bought in Ottawa. He bought glucose tablets and some smoked ham and bread from which he made himself sandwiches. He also bought a large aluminum flask and filled this with three-quarters Bourbon and a quarter coffee. When darkness came he had dinner and a short sleep and then diluted the walnut stain and washed himself all over with the stuff even to the roots of his hair. He came out looking like a Red Indian with blue-grey eyes. Just before midnight he quietly opened the side door into the automobile bay, got into the Plymouth and drove off on the last lap south to Frelighsburg.

The man at the all-night garage was not as sleepy as Colonel Johns had said he would be.

‘Goin’ huntin’, mister?’

You can get far in North America with laconic grunts. Huh, hun and hi! in their various modulations, together with sure, guess so, that so? And nuts! will meet almost any contingency.

Bond, slinging the strap of his rifle over his shoulder, said ‘Hun.’

‘Man got a fine beaver over by Highgate Springs Saturday.’

Bond said indifferently ‘That so?’, paid for two nights and walked out of the garage. He had stopped on the far side of the town, and now he only had to follow the highway for a hundred yards before he found the dirt track running off into the woods on his right. After half an hour the track petered out at a broken-down farmhouse. A chained dog set up a frenzied barking, but no light showed in the farmhouse and Bond skirted it and at once found the path by the stream. He was to follow this for three miles. He lengthened his stride to get away from the dog. When the barking stopped there was silence, the deep velvet silence of woods on a still night. It was a warm night with a full yellow moon that threw enough light down through the thick spruce for Bond to follow the path without difficulty. The springy, cushioned soles of the climbing-boots were wonderful to walk on, and Bond got his second wind and knew he was making good time. At around four o’clock the trees began to thin and he was soon walking through open fields with the scattered lights of Franklin on his right. He crossed a secondary, tarred road, and now there was a wider track through more woods and on his

right the pale glitter of a lake. By five o'clock he had crossed the black rivers of U.S. highways 108 and 120. On the latter was a sign saying ENOSBURG FALLS 1 MI. Now he was on the last lap—a small hunting-trail that climbed steeply. Well away from the highway, he stopped and shifted his rifle and knapsack round, had a cigarette and burned the sketch-map. Already there was a faint paling in the sky and small noises in the forest—the harsh, melancholy cry of a bird he did not know and the rustlings of small animals. Bond visualized the house deep down in the little valley on the other side of the mountain ahead of him. He saw the blank curtained windows, the crumpled sleeping faces of the four men, the dew on the lawn and the widening rings of the early rise on the gunmetal surface of the lake. And here, on the other side of the mountain, was the executioner coming up through the trees. Bond closed his mind to the picture, trod the remains of his cigarette into the ground and got going.

Was this a hill or a mountain? At what height does a hill become a mountain? Why don't they manufacture something out of the silver bark of birch trees? It looks so useful and valuable. The best things in America are chipmunks, and oyster stew. In the evening darkness doesn't really fall, it rises. When you sit on top of a mountain and watch the sun go down behind the mountain opposite, the darkness rises up to you out of the valley. Will the birds one day lose their fear of man? It must be centuries since man has killed a small bird for food in these woods, yet they are still afraid. Who was this Ethan Allen who commanded the Green Mountain Boys of Vermont? Now, in American motels, they advertise Ethan Allen furniture as an

attraction. Why? Did he make furniture? Army boots should have rubber soles like these.

With these and other random thoughts Bond steadily climbed upwards and obstinately pushed away from him the thought of the four faces asleep on the white pillows.

The round peak was below the tree-line and Bond could see nothing of the valley below. He rested and then chose an oak tree, and climbed up and out along a thick bough. Now he could see everything—the endless vista of the Green Mountains stretching in every direction as far as he could see, away to the east the golden ball of the sun just coming up in glory, and below, two thousand feet down a long easy slope of tree-tops broken once by a wide band of meadow, through a thin veil of mist, the lake, the lawns and the house.

Bond lay along the branch and watched the band of pale early morning sunshine creeping down into the valley. It took a quarter of an hour to reach the lake, and then seemed to flood at once over the glittering lawn and over the wet slate tiles of the roofs. Then the mist went quickly from the lake and the target area, washed and bright and new, lay waiting like an empty stage.

Bond slipped the telescopic sight out of his pocket and went over the scene inch by inch. Then he examined the sloping ground below him and estimated ranges. From the edge of the meadow, which would be his only open field of fire unless he went down through the last belt of trees to the edge of the lake,

it would be about five hundred yards to the terrace and the patio, and about three hundred to the diving-board and the edge of the lake. What did these people do with their time? What was their routine? Did they ever bathe? It was still warm enough. Well, there was all day. If by the end of it they had not come down to the lake, he would just have to take his chance at the patio and five hundred yards. But it would not be a good chance with a strange rifle. Ought he to get on down straight away to the edge of the meadow? It was a wide meadow, perhaps five hundred yards of going without cover. It would be as well to get that behind him before the house awoke. What time did these people get up in the morning?

As if to answer him, a white blind rolled up in one of the smaller windows to the left of the main block. Bond could distinctly hear the final snap of the spring roller. Echo Lake! Of course. Did the echo work both ways? Would he have to be careful of breaking branches and twigs? Probably not. The sounds in the valley would bounce upwards off the surface of the water. But there must be no chances taken.

A thin column of smoke began to trickle up straight into the air from one of the left-hand chimneys. Bond thought of the bacon and eggs that would soon be frying. And the hot coffee. He eased himself back along the branch and down to the ground. He would have something to eat, smoke his last safe cigarette and get on down to the firing-point.

The bread stuck in Bond’s throat. Tension was building up in him. In his imagination he could already hear the deep bark of the Savage. He could see

the black bullet lazily, like a slow flying bee, homing down into the valley towards a square of pink skin. There was a light smack as it hit. The skin dented, broke and then closed up again leaving a small hole with bruised edges. The bullet ploughed on, unhurriedly, towards the pulsing heart—the tissues, the blood-vessels, parting obediently to let it through. Who was this man he was going to do this to? What had he ever done to Bond? Bond looked thoughtfully down at his trigger-finger. He crooked it slowly, feeling in his imagination the cool curve of metal. Almost automatically, his left hand reached out for the flask. He held it to his lips and tilted his head back. The coffee and whisky burned a small fire down his throat. He put the top back on the flask and waited for the warmth of the whisky to reach his stomach. Then he got slowly to his feet, stretched and yawned deeply and picked up the rifle and slung it over his shoulder. He looked round carefully to mark the place when he came back up the hill and started slowly off down through the trees.

Now there was no trail and he had to pick his way slowly, watching the ground for dead branches. The trees were more mixed. Among the spruce and silver birch there was an occasional oak and beech and sycamore and, here and there, the blazing Bengal fire of a maple in autumn dress. Under the trees was a sparse undergrowth of their saplings and much dead wood from old hurricanes. Bond went carefully down, his feet making little sound among the leaves and moss-covered rocks, but soon the forest was aware of him and began to pass on the news. A large doe, with two Bambi-like young, saw him first and galloped off with an appalling clatter. A brilliant woodpecker with a scarlet head flew down ahead of him, screeching each

time Bond caught up with it, and always there were the chipmunks, craning up on their hind feet, lifting their small muzzles from their teeth as they tried to catch his scent, and then scampering off to their rock holes with chatterings that seemed to fill the woods with fright. Bond willed them to have no fear, that the gun he carried was not meant for them, but with each alarm he wondered if, when he got to the edge of the meadow, he would see down on the lawn a man with glasses who had been watching the frightened birds fleeing the tree-tops.

But when he stopped behind a last broad oak and looked down across the long meadow to the final belt of trees and the lake and the house, nothing had changed. All the other blinds were still down and the only movement was the thin plume of smoke.

It was eight o'clock. Bond gazed down across the meadow to the trees, looking for one which would suit his purpose. He found it—a big maple, blazing with russet and crimson. This would be right for his clothes, its trunk was thick enough and it stood slightly back from the wall of spruce. From there, standing, he would be able to see all he needed of the lake and the house. Bond stood for a while, plotting his route down through the thick grass and golden-rod of the meadow. He would have to do it on his stomach, and slowly. A small breeze got up and combed the meadow. If only it would keep blowing and cover his passage!

Somewhere not far off, up to the left on the edge of the trees, a branch snapped. It snapped once decisively and there was no further noise. Bond

dropped to one knee, his ears pricked and his senses questing. He stayed like that for a full ten minutes, a motionless brown shadow against the wide trunk of the oak.

Animals and birds do not break twigs. Dead wood must carry a special danger signal for them. Birds never alight on twigs that will break under them, and even a large animal like a deer with antlers and four hooves to manipulate moves quite silently in a forest unless he is in flight. Had these people after all got guards out? Gently Bond eased the rifle off his shoulder and put his thumb on the safe. Perhaps, if the people were still sleeping, a single shot, from high up in the woods, would pass for a hunter or a poacher. But then, between him and approximately where the twig had snapped, two deer broke cover and cantered unhurriedly across the meadow to the left. It was true that they stopped twice to look back, but each time they cropped a few mouthfuls of grass before moving on and into the distant fringe of the lower woods. They showed no fright and no haste. It was certainly they who had been the cause of the snapped branch. Bond breathed a sigh. So much for that. And now to get on across the meadow.

A five-hundred-yard crawl through tall concealing grass is a long and wearisome business. It is hard on knees and hands and elbows, there is a vista of nothing but grass and flower-stalks, and the dust and small insects get into your eyes and nose and down your neck. Bond focused on placing his hands right and maintaining a slow, even speed. The breeze had kept up and his wake through the grass would certainly not be noticeable from the house.

From above, it looked as if a big ground animal—a beaver perhaps, or a woodchuck—was on its way down the meadow. No, it would not be a beaver. They always move in pairs. And yet perhaps it might be a beaver—for now, from higher up on the meadow, something, somebody else had entered the tall grass, and behind and above Bond a second wake was being cut in the deep sea of grass. It looked as if whatever it was would slowly catch up on Bond and that the two wakes would converge just at the next tree-line.

Bond crawled and slithered steadily on, stopping only to wipe the sweat and dust off his face and, from time to time, to make sure that he was on-course for the maple. But when he was close enough for the tree-line to hide him from the house, perhaps twenty feet from the maple, he stopped and lay for a while, massaging his knees and loosening his wrists for the last lap.

He had heard nothing to warn him, and when the soft threatening whisper came from only feet away in the thick grass on his left, his head swiveled so sharply that the vertebrae of his neck made a cracking sound.

‘Move an inch and I’ll kill you.’ It had been a girl’s voice, but a voice that fiercely meant what it said.

Bond, his heart thumping, stared up the shaft of the steel arrow whose blue-tempered triangular tip parted the grass stalks perhaps eighteen inches from his head.

The bow was held sideways, flat in the grass. The knuckles of the brown fingers that held the binding of the bow below the arrow-tip were white. Then there was the length of glinting steel and, behind the metal feathers, partly obscured by waving strands of grass, were grimly clamped lips below two fierce grey eyes against a background of sunburned skin damp with sweat. That was all Bond could make out through the grass. Who the hell was this? One of the guards? Bond gathered saliva back into his dry mouth and began slowly to edge his right hand, his out-of-sight hand, round and up towards his waistband and his gun. He said softly: ‘Who the hell are you?’

The arrow-tip gestured threateningly. ‘Stop that right hand or I’ll put this through your shoulder. Are you one of the guards?’

‘No. Are you?’

‘Don’t be a fool. What are you doing here?’ The tension in the voice had slackened, but it was still hard, suspicious. There was a trace of accent—what was it, Scots? Welsh?

It was time to get to level terms. There was something particularly deadly about the blue arrow-tip. Bond said easily: ‘Put away your bow and arrow, Robina. Then I’ll tell you.’

‘You swear not to go for your gun?’

‘All right. But for God’s sake let’s get out of the middle of this field.’ Without waiting, Bond rose on hands and knees and started to crawl again. Now he must get the initiative and hold it. Whoever this damned girl was, she would have to be disposed of quickly and discreetly before the shooting-match began. God, as if there wasn’t enough to think of already!

Bond reached the trunk of the tree. He got carefully to his feet and took a quick look through the blazing leaves. Most of the blinds had gone up. Two slow-moving coloured maids were laying a large breakfast table on the patio. He had been right. The field of vision over the tops of the trees that now fell sharply to the lake was perfect. Bond unslung his rifle and knapsack and sat down with his back against the trunk of the tree. The girl came out of the edge of the grass and stood up under the maple. She kept her distance. The arrow was still held in the bow but the bow was unpulled. They looked warily at each other.

The girl looked like a beautiful unkempt dryad in ragged shirt and trousers. The shirt and trousers were olive green, crumpled and splashed with mud and stains and torn in places, and she had bound her pale blonde hair with golden-rod to conceal its brightness for her crawl through the meadow. The beauty of her face was wild and rather animal, with a wide sensuous mouth, high cheek-bones and silvery grey, disdainful eyes. There was the blood of scratches on her forearms and down one cheek, and a bruise had puffed and slightly blackened the same cheek-bone. The metal feathers of a quiver full of arrows showed above her left shoulder. Apart from the bow, she carried nothing but a hunting-knife at her belt and, at her other hip, a small brown

canvas bag that presumably carried her food. She looked like a beautiful, dangerous customer who knew wild country and forests and was not afraid of them. She would walk alone through life and have little use for civilization.

Bond thought she was wonderful. He smiled at her. He said softly, reassuringly: ‘I suppose you’re Robina Hood. My name’s James Bond.’ He reached for his flask and unscrewed the top and held it out. ‘Sit down and have a drink of this—firewater and coffee. And I’ve got some biltong. Or do you live on dew and berries?’

She came a little closer and sat down a yard from him. She sat like a Red Indian, her knees splayed wide and her ankles tucked up high under her thighs. She reached for the flask and drank deeply with her head thrown back. She handed it back without comment. She did not smile. She said ‘Thanks’ grudgingly, and took her arrow and thrust it over her back to join the others in the quiver. She said, watching him closely: ‘I suppose you’re a poacher. The deer-hunting season doesn’t open for another three weeks. But you won’t find any deer down here. They only come so low at night. You ought to be higher up during the day, much higher. If you like, I’ll tell you where there are some. Quite a big herd. It’s a bit late in the day, but you could still get to them. They’re up-wind from here and you seem to know about stalking. You don’t make much noise.’

‘Is that what you’re doing here—hunting? Let’s see your licence.’

Her shirt had buttoned-down breast pockets. Without protest she took out from one of them the white paper and handed it over.

The license had been issued in Bennington, Vermont. It had been issued in the name of Judy Havelock. There was a list of types of permit. 'Non-resident hunting' and 'Non-resident bow and arrow' had been ticked. The cost had been $18.50, payable to the Fish and Game Service, Montpelier, Vermont. Judy Havelock had given her age as twenty-five and her place of birth as Jamaica.

Bond thought: 'God Almighty!' He handed the paper back. So that was the score! He said with sympathy and respect: 'You're quite a girl, Judy. It's a long walk from Jamaica. And you were going to take him on with your bow and arrow. You know what they say in China: "Before you set out on revenge, dig two graves." Have you done that, or did you expect to get away with it?'

The girl was staring at him. 'Who are you? What are you doing here? What do you know about it?'

Bond reflected. There was only one way out of this mess and that was to join forces with the girl. What a hell of a business! He said resignedly: 'I've told you my name. I've been sent out from London by, er, Scotland Yard, I know all about your troubles and I've come out here to pay off some of the score and see you're not bothered by these people. In London we think that the

man in that house might start putting pressure on you, about your property, and there's no other way of stopping him.'

The girl said bitterly: 'I had a favourite pony, a Palomino. Three weeks ago they poisoned it. Then they shot my Alsatian. I'd raised it from a puppy. Then came a letter. It said, "Death has many hands. One of these hands is now raised over you." I was to put a notice in the paper, in the personal column, on a particular day. I was just to say, "I will obey. Judy." I went to the police. All they did was to offer me protection. It was people in Cuba, they thought. There was nothing else they could do about it. So I went to Cuba and stayed in the best hotel and gambled big in the casinos.' She gave a little smile. 'I wasn't dressed like this. I wore my best dresses and the family jewels. And people made up to me. I was nice to them. I had to be. And all the while I asked questions. I pretended I was out for thrills—that I wanted to see the underworld and some real gangsters, and so on. And in the end I found out about this man.' She gestured down towards the house. 'He had left Cuba. Batista had found out about him or something. And he had a lot of enemies. I was told plenty about him and in the end I met a man, a sort of high-up policeman, who told me the rest after I had,' she hesitated and avoided Bond's eyes, 'after I had made up to him.' She paused. She went on: 'I left and went to America. I had read somewhere about Pinkerton's, the detective people. I went to them and paid to have them find this man's address.' She turned her hands palm upwards on her lap. Now her eyes were defiant. 'That's all.'

'How did you get here?'

‘I flew up to Bennington. Then I walked. Four days. Up through the Green Mountains. I kept out of the way of people. I’m used to this sort of thing. Our house is in the mountains in Jamaica. They’re much more difficult than these. And there are more people, peasants, about in them. Here no one ever seems to walk. They go by car.’

‘And what were you going to do then?’

‘I’m going to shoot von Hammerstein and walk back to Bennington.’ The voice was as casual as if she had said she was going to pick a wild flower.

From down in the valley came the sound of voices. Bond got to his feet and took a quick look through the branches. Three men and two girls had come on to the patio. There was talk and laughter as they pulled out chairs and sat down at the table. One place was left empty at the head of the table between the two girls. Bond took out his telescopic sight and looked through it. The three men were very small and dark. One of them, who smiled all the time and whose clothes looked the cleanest and smartest, would be Gonzales. The other two were low peasant types. They sat together at the foot of the oblong table and took no part in the talk. The girls were swarthy brunettes. They looked like cheap Cuban whores. They wore bright bathing-dresses and a lot of gold jewelry, and laughed and chattered like pretty monkeys. The voices were almost clear enough to understand, but they were talking Spanish.

Bond felt the girl near him. She stood a yard behind him. Bond handed her the glass. He said: ‘The neat little man is called Major Gonzales. The two at the bottom of the table are gunmen. I don’t know who the girls are. Von Hammerstein isn’t there yet.’ She took a quick look through the glass and handed it back without comment. Bond wondered if she realized that she had been looking at the murderers of her father and mother.

The two girls had turned and were looking towards the door into the house. One of them called out something that might have been a greeting. A short, square, almost naked man came out into the sunshine. He walked silently past the table to the edge of the flagged terrace facing the lawn and proceeded to go through a five-minute programme of physical drill.

Bond examined the man minutely. He was about five feet four with a boxer’s shoulders and hips, but a stomach that was going to fat. A mat of black hair covered his breasts and shoulder-blades, and his arms and legs were thick with it. By contrast, there was not a hair on his face or head and his skull was a glittering whitish yellow with a deep dent at the back that might have been a wound or the scar of a trepanning. The bone-structure of the face was that of the conventional Prussian officer—square, hard and thrusting—but the eyes under the naked brows were close-set and piggish, and the large mouth had hideous lips—thick and wet and crimson. He wore nothing but a strip of black material, hardly larger than an athletic support-belt, round his stomach, and a large gold wrist-watch on a gold bracelet. Bond handed the glass to the girl. He was relieved. Von Hammerstein looked just about as unpleasant as M’s dossier said he was.

Bond watched the girl's face. The mouth looked grim, almost cruel, as she looked down on the man she had come to kill. What was he to do about her? He could see nothing but a vista of troubles from her presence. She might even interfere with his own plans and insist on playing some silly role with her bow and arrow. Bond made up his mind. He just could not afford to take chances. One short tap at the base of the skull and he would gag her and tie her up until it was all over. Bond reached softly for the butt of his automatic.

Nonchalantly the girl moved a few steps back. Just as nonchalantly she bent down, put the glass on the ground and picked up her bow. She reached behind her for an arrow, and fitted it casually into the bow. Then she looked up at Bond and said quietly: 'Don't get any silly ideas. And keep your distance. I've got what's called wide-angled vision. I haven't come all the way here to be knocked on the head by a flat-footed London bobby. I can't miss with this at fifty yards, and I've killed birds on the wing at a hundred. I don't want to put an arrow through your leg, but I shall if you interfere.'

Bond cursed his previous indecision. He said fiercely: 'Don't be a silly bitch. Put that damned thing down. This is man's work. How in hell do you think you can take on four men with a bow and arrow?'

The girl's eyes blazed obstinately. She moved her right foot back into the shooting-stance. She said through compressed, angry lips: 'You go to hell. And keep out of this. It was my mother and father they killed. Not yours. I've already been here a day and a night. I know what they do and I know

how to get Hammerstein. I don't care about the others. They're nothing without him. Now then.' She pulled the bow half taut. The arrow pointed at Bond's feet. 'Either you do what I say or you're going to be sorry. And don't think I don't mean it. This is a private thing I've sworn to do and nobody's going to stop me.' She tossed her head imperiously. 'Well?'

Bond gloomily measured the situation. He looked the ridiculously beautiful wild girl up and down. This was good hard English stock spiced with the hot peppers of a tropical childhood. Dangerous mixture. She had keyed herself up to a state of controlled hysteria. He was quite certain that she would think nothing of putting him out of action. And he had absolutely no defense. Her weapon was silent, his would alert the whole neighbourhood. Now the only hope would be to work with her. Give her part of the job and he would do the rest. He said quietly: 'Now listen, Judy. If you insist on coming in on this thing we'd better do it together. Then perhaps we can bring it off and stay alive. This sort of thing is my profession. I was ordered to do it—by a close friend of your family, if you want to know. And I've got the right weapon. It's got at least five times the range of yours. I could take a good chance of killing him now, on the patio. But the odds aren't quite good enough. Some of them have got bathing-things on. They'll be coming down to the lake. Then I'm going to do it. You can give supporting fire.' He ended lamely: 'It'll be a great help.'

'No.' She shook her head decisively. 'I'm sorry. You can give what you call supporting fire if you like. I don't care one way or the other. You're right about the swimming. Yesterday they were all down at the lake around

eleven. It's just as warm today and they'll be there again. I shall get him from the edge of the trees by the lake. I found a perfect place last night. The bodyguard men bring their guns with them—sort of tommy-gun things. They don't bathe. They sit around and keep guard. I know the moment to get von Hammerstein and I'll be well away from the lake before they take in what's happened. I tell you I've got it all planned. Now then. I can't hang around any more. I ought to have been in my place already. I'm sorry, but unless you say yes straight away there's no alternative.' She raised the bow a few inches.

Bond thought: Damn this girl to hell. He said angrily: 'All right then. But I can tell you that if we get out of this you're going to get such a spanking you won't be able to sit down for a week.' He shrugged. He said with resignation: 'Go ahead. I'll look after the others. If you get away all right, meet me here. If you don't, I'll come down and pick up the pieces.'

The girl unstrung her bow. She said indifferently: 'I'm glad you're seeing sense. These arrows are difficult to pull out. Don't worry about me. But keep out of sight and mind the sun doesn't catch that glass of yours.' She gave Bond the brief, pitying, self-congratulatory smile of the woman who has had the last word, and turned and made off down through the trees.

Bond watched the lithe dark green figure until it had vanished among the tree-trunks, then he impatiently picked up the glass and went back to his vantage-point. To hell with her! It was time to clear the silly bitch out of his mind and concentrate on the job. Was there anything else he could have

done—any other way of handling it? Now he was committed to wait for her to fire the first shot. That was bad. But if he fired first there was no knowing what the hot-headed bitch would do. Bond's mind luxuriated briefly in the thought of what he would do to the girl once all this was over. Then there was movement in front of the house, and he put the exciting thoughts aside and lifted his glass.

The breakfast things were being cleared away by the two maids. There was no sign of the girls or the gunmen. Von Hammerstein was lying back among the cushions of an outdoor couch reading a newspaper and occasionally commenting to Major Gonzales, who sat astride an iron garden chair near his feet. Gonzales was smoking a cigar and from time to time he delicately raised a hand in front of his mouth, leant sideways and spat a bit of leaf out on the ground. Bond could not hear what von Hammerstein was saying, but his comments were in English and Gonzales answered in English. Bond glanced at his watch. It was ten-thirty. Since the scene seemed to be static, Bond sat down with his back to the tree and went over the Savage with minute care. At the same time he thought of what would shortly have to be done with it.

Bond did not like what he was going to do, and all the way from England he had had to keep on reminding himself what sort of men these were. The killing of the Havelocks had been a particularly dreadful killing. Von Hammerstein and his gunmen were particularly dreadful men whom many people around the world would probably be very glad to destroy, as this girl proposed to do, out of private revenge. But for Bond it was different. He had

no personal motives against them. This was merely his job—as it was the job of a pest control officer to kill rats. He was the public executioner appointed by M to represent the community. In a way, Bond argued to himself, these men were as much enemies of his country as were the agents of SMERSH or of other enemy Secret Services. They had declared and waged war against British people on British soil and they were currently planning another attack. Bond's mind hunted round for more arguments to bolster his resolve. They had killed the girl's pony and her dog with two casual sideswipes of the hand as if they had been flies. They …

A burst of automatic fire from the valley brought Bond to his feet. His rifle was up and taking aim as the second burst came. The harsh racket of noise was followed by laughter and hand-clapping. The kingfisher, a handful of tattered blue and grey feathers, thudded to the lawn and lay fluttering. Von Hammerstein, smoke still dribbling from the snout of his tommy-gun, walked a few steps and put the heel of his naked foot down and pivoted sharply. He took his heel away and wiped it on the grass beside the heap of feathers. The others stood round, laughing and applauding obsequiously. Von Hammerstein's red lips grinned with pleasure. He said something which included the word 'crackshot'. He handed the gun to one of the gunmen and wiped his hands down his fat backsides. He gave a sharp order to the two girls, who ran off into the house, then, with the others following, he turned and ambled down the sloping lawn towards the lake. Now the girls came running back out of the house. Each one carried an empty champagne bottle. Chattering and laughing they skipped down after the men.

Bond got himself ready. He clipped the telescopic sight on to the barrel of the Savage and took his stance against the trunk of the tree. He found a bump in the wood as a rest for his left hand, put his sights at 300, and took broad aim at the group of people by the lake. Then, holding the rifle loosely, he leaned against the trunk and watched the scene.

It was going to be some kind of a shooting contest between the two gunmen. They snapped fresh magazines on to their guns and at Gonzales's orders stationed themselves on the flat stone wall of the dam some twenty feet apart on either side of the diving-board. They stood with their backs to the lake and their guns at the ready.

Von Hammerstein took up his place on the grass verge, a champagne bottle swinging in each hand. The girls stood behind him, their hands over their ears. There was excited jabbering in Spanish, and laughter in which the two gunmen did not join. Through the telescopic sight their faces looked sharp with concentration.

Von Hammerstein barked an order and there was silence. He swung both arms back and counted 'Un … Dos ... Tres ...' With the 'tres' he hurled the champagne bottles high into the air over the lake.

The two men turned like marionettes, the guns clamped to their hips. As they completed the turn they fired. The thunder of the guns split the peaceful scene and racketed up from the water. Birds fled away from the trees screeching and some small branches cut by the bullets pattered down into

the lake. The left-hand bottle disintegrated into dust, the right-hand one, hit by only a single bullet, split in two a fraction of a second later. The fragments of glass made small splashes over the middle of the lake. The gunman on the left had won. The smoke-clouds over the two of them joined and drifted away over the lawn. The echoes boomed softly into silence. The two gunmen walked along the wall to the grass, the rear one looking sullen, the leading one with a sly grin on his face. Von Hammerstein beckoned the two girls forward. They came reluctantly, dragging their feet and pouting. Von Hammerstein said something, asked a question of the winner. The man nodded at the girl on the left. She looked sullenly back at him. Gonzales and Hammerstein laughed. Hammerstein reached out and patted the girl on the rump as if she had been a cow. He said something in which Bond caught the words ‘una noche’. The girl looked up at him and nodded obediently. The group broke up. The prize girl took a quick run and dived into the lake, perhaps to get away from the man who had won her favours, and the other girl followed her. They swam away across the lake calling angrily to each other. Major Gonzales took off his coat and laid it on the grass and sat down on it. He was wearing a shoulder holster which showed the butt of a medium-calibre automatic. He watched von Hammerstein take off his watch and walk along the dam wall to the diving-board. The gunmen stood back from the lake and also watched von Hammerstein and the two girls, who were now out in the middle of the little lake and were making for the far shore. The gunmen stood with their guns cradled in their arms and occasionally one of them would glance round the garden or towards the house. Bond thought there was every reason why von Hammerstein had managed to stay alive so long. He was a man who took trouble to do so.

Von Hammerstein had reached the diving-board. He walked along to the end and stood looking down at the water. Bond tensed himself and put up the safe. His eyes were fierce slits. It would be any minute now. His finger itched on the trigger-guard. What in hell was the girl waiting for?

Von Hammerstein had made up his mind. He flexed his knees slightly. The arms came back. Through the telescopic sight Bond could see the thick hair over his shoulder-blades tremble in a breeze that came to give a quick shiver to the surface of the lake. Now his arms were coming forward and there was a fraction of a second when his feet had left the board and he was still almost upright. In that fraction of a second there was a flash of silver against his back and then von Hammerstein's body hit the water in a neat dive.

Gonzales was on his feet, looking uncertainly at the turbulence caused by the dive. His mouth was open, waiting. He did not know if he had seen something or not. The two gunmen were more certain. They had their guns at the ready. They crouched, looking from Gonzales to the trees behind the dam, waiting for an order.

Slowly the turbulence subsided and the ripples spread across the lake. The dive had gone deep.

Bond's mouth was dry. He licked his lips, searching the lake with his glass. There was a pink shimmer deep down. It wobbled slowly up. Von Hammerstein's body broke the surface. It lay head down, wallowing softly.

A foot or so of steel shaft stuck up from below the left shoulder-blade and the sun winked on the aluminum feathers.

Major Gonzales yelled an order and the two tommy-guns roared and flamed. Bond could hear the crash of the bullets among the trees below him. The Savage shuddered against his shoulder and the right-hand man fell slowly forward on his face. Now the other man was running for the lake, his gun still firing from the hip in short bursts. Bond fired and missed and fired again. The man's legs buckled, but his momentum still carried him forward. He crashed into the water. The clenched finger went on firing the gun aimlessly up towards the blue sky until the water throttled the mechanism.

The seconds wasted on the extra shot had given Major Gonzales a chance. He had got behind the body of the first gunman and now he opened up on Bond with the tommy-gun. Whether he had seen Bond or was only firing at the flashes from the Savage he was doing well. Bullets zwipped into the maple and slivers of wood spattered into Bond's face. Bond fired twice. The dead body of the gunman jerked. Too low! Bond reloaded and took fresh aim. A snapped branch fell across his rifle. He shook it free, but now Gonzales was up and running forward to the group of garden furniture. He hurled the iron table on its side and got behind it as two
snap shots from Bond kicked chunks out of the lawn at his heels. With this solid cover his shooting became more accurate, and burst after burst, now from the right of the table and now from the left, crashed into the maple tree while Bond's single shots clanged against the white iron or whined off across the lawn. It was not easy to traverse the telescopic sight quickly from

one side of the table to the other and Gonzales was cunning with his changes. Again and again his bullets thudded into the trunk beside and above Bond. Bond ducked and ran swiftly to the right. He would fire, standing, from the open meadow and catch Gonzales off-guard. But even as he ran, he saw Gonzales dart from behind the iron table. He also had decided to end the stalemate. He was running for the dam to get across and into the woods and come up after Bond. Bond stood and threw up his rifle. As he did so, Gonzales also saw him. He went down on one knee on the dam wall and sprayed a burst at Bond. Bond stood icily, hearing the bullets. The crossed hairs centred on Gonzales's chest. Bond squeezed the trigger. Gonzales rocked. He half got to his feet. He raised his arms and, with his gun still pumping bullets into the sky, dived clumsily face forward into the water.

Bond watched to see if the face would rise. It did not. Slowly he lowered his rifle and wiped the back of his arm across his face.

The echoes, the echoes of much death, rolled to and fro across the valley. Away to the right, in the trees beyond the lake, he caught a glimpse of the two girls running up towards the house. Soon they, if the maids had not already done so, would be on to the State troopers. It was time to get moving.

Bond walked back through the meadow to the lone maple. The girl was there. She stood up against the trunk of the tree with her back to him. Her head was cradled in her arms against the tree. Blood was running down the right arm and dripping to the ground, and there was a black stain high up on

the sleeve of the dark green shirt. The bow and quiver of arrows lay at her feet. Her shoulders were shaking.

Bond came up behind her and put a protective arm across her shoulders. He said softly: ‘Take it easy, Judy. It’s all over now. How bad’s the arm?’

She said in a muffled voice: ‘It’s nothing. Something hit me. But that was awful. I didn’t—I didn’t know it would be like that.’

Bond pressed her arm reassuringly. ‘It had to be done. They’d have got you otherwise. Those were pro killers—the worst. But I told you this sort of thing was man’s work. Now then, let’s have a look at your arm. We’ve got to get going—over the border. The troopers’ll be here before long.’

She turned. The beautiful wild face was streaked with sweat and tears. Now the grey eyes were soft and obedient. She said: ‘It’s nice of you to be like that. After the way I was. I was sort of—sort of wound up.’

She held out her arm. Bond reached for the hunting-knife at her belt and cut off her shirt-sleeve at the shoulder. There was the bruised, bleeding gash of a bullet wound across the muscle. Bond took out his own khaki handkerchief, cut it into three lengths and joined them together. He washed the wound clean with the coffee and whisky, and then took a thick slice of bread from his haversack and bound it over the wound. He cut her shirt-sleeve into a sling and reached behind her neck to tie the knot. Her mouth was inches from his. The scent of her body had a warm animal tang. Bond kissed her

once softly on the lips and once again, hard. He tied the knot. He looked into the grey eyes close to his. They looked surprised and happy. He kissed her again at each corner of the mouth and the mouth slowly smiled. Bond stood away from her and smiled back. He softly picked up her right hand and slipped the wrist into the sling. She said docilely: ‘Where are you taking me?’

Bond said: ‘I’m taking you to London. There’s this old man who will want to see you. But first we’ve got to get over into Canada, and I’ll talk to a friend in Ottawa and get your passport straightened out. You’ll have to get some clothes and things. It’ll take a few days. We’ll be staying in a place called the KO-ZEE Motel.’

She looked at him. She was a different girl. She said softly: ‘That’ll be nice. I’ve never stayed in a motel.’

Bond bent down and picked up his rifle and knapsack and slung them over one shoulder. Then he hung her bow and quiver over the other, and turned and started up through the meadow.

She fell in behind and followed him, and as she walked she pulled the tired bits of golden-rod out of her hair and undid a ribbon and let the pale gold hair fall down to her shoulders.

Risico Chapter Four – For Your Eyes Only

‘In this pizniss is much risico.’

The words came softly through the thick brown moustache. The hard black eyes moved slowly over Bond’s face and down to Bond’s hands which were carefully shredding a paper match on which was printed *Albergo Colombo d’Oro*.

James Bond felt the inspection. The same surreptitious examination had been going on since he had met the man two hours before at the rendezvous in the Excelsior bar. Bond had been told to look for a man with a heavy moustache who would be sitting by himself drinking an Alexandra. Bond had been amused by this secret recognition signal. The creamy, feminine drink was so much cleverer than the folded newspaper, the flower in the buttonhole, the yellow gloves that were the hoary, slipshod call-signs between agents. It had also the great merit of being able to operate alone, without its owner. And Kristatos had started off with a little test. When Bond had come into the bar and looked round there had been perhaps twenty people in the room. None of them had a moustache. But on a corner table at the far side of the tall, discreet room, flanked by a saucer of olives and another of cashew nuts, stood the tall-stemmed glass of cream and vodka. Bond went straight over to the table, pulled out a chair and sat down.

The waiter came. ‘Good evening, sir. Signor Kristatos is at the telephone.’

Bond nodded. ‘A Negroni. With Gordon’s, please.’

The waiter walked back to the bar. ‘Negroni. Uno. Gordon’s.’

‘I am so sorry.’ The big hairy hand picked up the small chair as if it had been as light as a match-box and swept it under the heavy hips. ‘I had to have a word with Alfredo.’

There had been no handshake. These were old acquaintances. In the same line of business, probably. Something like import and export. The younger one looked American. No. Not with those clothes. English.

Bond returned the fast serve. ‘How’s his little boy?’

The black eyes of Signor Kristatos narrowed. Yes, they had said this man was a professional. He spread his hands. ‘Much the same. What can you expect?’

‘Polio is a terrible thing.’

The Negroni came. The two men sat back comfortably, each one satisfied that he had to do with a man in the same league. This was rare in ‘The Game’. So many times, before one had even started on a tandem assignment like this, one had lost confidence in the outcome. There was so often, at least in Bond’s imagination, a faint smell of burning in the air at such a rendezvous. He knew it for the sign that the fringe of his cover had already

started to smoulder. In due course the smouldering fabric would burst into flames and he would be *brûlé*. Then the game would be up and he would have to decide whether to pull out or wait and get shot at by someone. But at this meeting there had been no fumbling.

Later that evening, at the little restaurant off the Piazza di Spagna called the Colomba d'Oro, Bond was amused to find that he was still on probation. Kristatos was still watching and weighing him, wondering if he could be trusted. This remark about the risky business was as near as Kristatos had so far got to admitting that there existed any business between the two of them. Bond was encouraged. He had not really believed in Kristatos. But surely all these precautions could only mean that M's intuition had paid off—that Kristatos knew something big.

Bond dropped the last shred of match into the ashtray. He said mildly: 'I was once taught that any business that pays more than ten per cent or is conducted after nine o'clock at night is a dangerous business. The business which brings us together pays up to one thousand per cent and is conducted almost exclusively at night. On both counts it is obviously a risky business.' Bond lowered his voice. 'Funds are available. Dollars, Swiss francs, Venezuelan bolivars—anything convenient.'

'That makes me glad. I have already too much lire.' Signor Kristatos picked up the folio menu. 'But let us feed on something. One should not decide important pizniss on a hollow stomach.'

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A week earlier M had sent for Bond. M was in a bad temper. ‘Got anything on, 007?’

‘Only paper-work, sir.’

‘What do you mean, only paper-work?’ M jerked his pipe towards his loaded in-tray. ‘Who hasn’t got paper-work?’

‘I meant nothing active, sir.’

‘Well, say so.’ M picked up a bundle of dark red files tied together with tape and slid them so sharply across the desk that Bond had to catch them. ‘And here’s some more paper-work. Scotland Yard stuff mostly—their narcotics people. Wads from the Home Office and the Ministry of Health, and some nice thick reports from the International Opium Control people in Geneva. Take it away and read it. You’ll need today and most of tonight. Tomorrow you fly to Rome and get after the big men. Is that clear?’

Bond said that it was. The state of M’s temper was also explained. There was nothing that made him more angry than having to divert his staff from their primary duty. This duty was espionage, and when necessary sabotage and subversion. Anything else was a misuse of the Service and of Secret Funds which, God knows, were meagre enough.

‘Any questions?’ M’s jaw stuck out like the prow of a ship. The jaw seemed to tell Bond to pick up the files and get the hell out of the office and let M move on to something important.

Bond knew that a part of all this—if only a small part—was an act. M had certain bees in his bonnet. They were famous in the Service, and M knew they were. But that did not mean that he would allow them to stop buzzing. There were queen bees, like the misuse of the Service, and the search for true as distinct from wishful intelligence, and there were worker bees. These included such idiosyncrasies as not employing men with beards, or those who were completely bilingual, instantly dismissing men who tried to bring pressure to bear on him through family relationships with members of the Cabinet, mistrusting men or women who were too ‘dressy’, and those who called him ‘sir’ off-duty; and having an exaggerated faith in Scotsmen. But M was ironically conscious of his obsessions, as, thought Bond, a Churchill or a Montgomery were about theirs. He never minded his bluff, as it partly was, being called on any of them. Moreover, he would never have dreamed of sending Bond out on an assignment without proper briefing.

Bond knew all this. He said mildly: ‘Two things, sir. Why are we taking this thing on, and what lead, if any, have Station I got towards the people involved in it?’

M gave Bond a hard, sour look. He swiveled his chair sideways so that he could watch the high, scudding October clouds through the broad window. He reached out for his pipe, blew through it sharply, and then, as if this

action had let off the small head of steam, replaced it gently on the desk. When he spoke, his voice was patient, reasonable. ‘As you can imagine, 007, I do not wish the Service to become involved in this drug business. Earlier this year I had to take you off other duties for a fortnight so that you could go to Mexico and chase off that Mexican grower. You nearly got yourself killed. I sent you as a favour to the Special Branch. When they asked for you again to tackle this Italian gang I refused. Ronnie Vallance went behind my back to the Home Office and the Ministry of Health. The Ministers pressed me. I said that you were needed here and that I had no one else to spare. Then the two Ministers went to the P.M.’ M paused. ‘And that was that. I must say the P.M. was very persuasive. Took the line that heroin, in the quantities that have been coming in, is an instrument of psychological warfare—that it saps a country’s strength. He said he wouldn’t be surprised to find that this wasn’t just a gang of Italians out to make big money—that subversion and not money was at the back of it.’ M smiled sourly. ‘I expect Ronnie Vallance thought up that line of argument. Apparently his narcotics people have been having the devil of a time with the traffic—trying to stop it getting a hold on the teenagers as it has in America. Seems the dance halls and the amusement arcades are full of peddlers. Vallance’s Ghost Squad have managed to penetrate back up the line to one of the middle-men, and there’s no doubt it’s all coming from Italy, hidden in Italian tourists’ cars. Vallance has done what he can through the Italian police and Interpol, and got nowhere. They get so far back up the pipeline, arrest a few little people, and then, when they seem to be getting near the centre, there’s a blank wall. The inner ring of distributors are too frightened or too well paid.’

Bond interrupted. ‘Perhaps there’s protection somewhere, sir. That Montesi business didn’t look so good.’

M shrugged impatiently. ‘Maybe, maybe. And you’ll have to watch out for that too, but my impression is that the Montesi case resulted in a pretty extensive clean-up. Anyway, when the P.M. gave me the order to get on with it, it occurred to me to have a talk with Washington. C.I.A. were very helpful. You know the Narcotics Bureau have a team in Italy. Have had ever since the War. They’re nothing to do with C.I.A.—run by the American Treasury Department, of all people. The American Treasury control a so-called Secret Service that looks after drug smuggling and counterfeiting. Pretty crazy arrangement. Often wonder what the F.B.I. must think of it. However.’ M slowly swivelled his chair away from the window. He linked his hands behind his head and leaned back, looking across the desk at Bond. ‘The point is that the C.I.A. Rome Station works pretty closely with this little narcotics team. Has to, to prevent crossed lines and so on. And C.I.A.—Alan Dulles himself, as a matter of fact—gave me the name of the top narcotics agent used by the Bureau. Apparently he’s a double. Does a little smuggling as cover. Chap called Kristatos. Dulles said that of course he couldn’t involve his people in any way and he was pretty certain the Treasury Department wouldn’t welcome their Rome Bureau playing too closely with us. But he said that, if I wished, he would get word to this Kristatos that one of our, er, best men would like to make contact with a view to doing business. I said I would much appreciate that, and yesterday I got word that the rendezvous is fixed for the day after tomorrow.’ M

gestured towards the files in front of Bond. ‘You’ll find all the details in there.’

There was a brief silence in the room. Bond was thinking that the whole affair sounded unpleasant, probably dangerous and certainly dirty. With the last quality in mind, Bond got to his feet and picked up the files. ‘All right, sir. It looks like money. How much will we pay for the traffic to stop?’

M let his chair tip forward. He put his hands flat down on the desk, side by side. He said roughly: ‘A hundred thousand pounds. In any currency. That’s the P.M.’s figure. But I don’t want you to get hurt. Certainly not picking other people’s coals out of the fire. So you can go up to another hundred thousand if there’s bad trouble. Drugs are the biggest and tightest ring in crime.’ M reached for his in-basket and took out a file of signals. Without looking up he said: ‘Look after yourself.’

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Signor Kristatos picked up the menu. He said: ‘I do not beat about bushes, Mr Bond. How much?’

‘Fifty thousand pounds for one hundred per cent results.’

Kristatos said indifferently: ‘Yes. Those are important funds. I shall have melon with prosciutto ham and a chocolate ice-cream. I do not eat greatly at night. These people have their own Chianti. I commend it.’

The waiter came and there was a brisk rattle of Italian. Bond ordered Tagliatelli Verdi with a Genoese sauce which Kristatos said was improbably concocted of basil, garlic and fir-cones.

When the waiter had gone, Kristatos sat and chewed silently on a wooden toothpick. His face gradually became dark and glum as if bad weather had come to his mind. The black, hard eyes that glanced restlessly at everything in the restaurant except Bond, glittered. Bond guessed that Kristatos was wondering whether or not to betray somebody. Bond said encouragingly: ‘In certain circumstances, there might be more.’

Kristatos seemed to make up his mind. He said: ‘So?’ He pushed back his chair and got up. ‘Forgive me. I must visit the toletta.’ He turned and walked swiftly towards the back of the restaurant.

Bond was suddenly hungry and thirsty. He poured out a large glass of Chianti and swallowed half of it. He broke a roll and began eating, smothering each mouthful with deep yellow butter. He wondered why rolls and butter are delicious only in France and Italy. There was nothing else on his mind. It was just a question of waiting. He had confidence in Kristatos. He was a big, solid man who was trusted by the Americans. He was probably making some telephone call that would be decisive. Bond felt in

good spirits. He watched the passers-by through the plate-glass window. A man selling one of the Party papers went by on a bicycle. Flying from the basket in front of the handle-bars was a pennant. In red on white it said: PROGRESSO?—SI! AVVENTURI?—NO! Bond smiled. That was how it was. Let it so remain for the rest of the assignment.

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On the far side of the square, rather plain room, at the corner table by the caisse, the plump fair-haired girl with the dramatic mouth said to the jovial good-living man with the thick rope of spaghetti joining his face to his plate: ‘He has a rather cruel smile. But he is very handsome. Spies aren’t usually so good-looking. Are you sure you are right, mein Täubchen?’

The man’s teeth cut through the rope. He wiped his mouth on a napkin already streaked with tomato sauce, belched sonorously and said: ‘Santos is never wrong about these things. He has a nose for spies. That is why I chose him as the permanent tail for that bastard Kristatos. And who else but a spy would think of spending an evening with the pig? But we will make sure.’ The man took out of his pocket one of those cheap tin snappers that are sometimes given out, with paper hats and whistles, on carnival nights. It gave one sharp click. The maître d’hôtel, on the far side of the room, stopped whatever he was doing and hurried over.

‘Si, padrone.’

The man beckoned. The maître d'hôtel leant over and received the whispered instructions. He nodded briefly, walked over to a door near the kitchens marked UFFICIO, and went in and closed the door behind him.

Phase by phase, in a series of minute moves, an exercise that had long been perfected was then smoothly put into effect. The man near the *caisse* munched his spaghetti and critically observed each step in the operation as if it had been a fast game of chess.

The maître d'hôtel came out of the door marked UFFICIO, hurried across the restaurant and said loudly to his No. 2: 'An extra table for four. Immediately.' The No. 2 gave him a direct look and nodded. He followed the maître d'hôtel over to a space adjoining Bond's table, clicked his fingers for help, borrowed a chair from one table, a chair from another table and, with a bow and an apology, the spare chair from Bond's table. The fourth chair was being carried over from the direction of the door marked UFFICIO by the maître d'hôtel. He placed it square with the others, a table was lowered into the middle and glass and cutlery were deftly laid. The maître d'hôtel frowned. 'But you have laid a table for four. I said three—for three people.' He casually took the chair he had himself brought to the table and switched it to Bond's table. He gave a wave of the hand to dismiss his helpers and everyone dispersed about their business.

The innocent little flurry of restaurant movement had taken about a minute. An innocuous trio of Italians came into the restaurant. The maître d'hôtel

greeted them personally and bowed them to the new table, and the gambit was completed.

Bond had hardly been conscious of it. Kristatos returned from whatever business he had been about, their food came and they got on with the meal.

While they ate they talked about nothing—the election chances in Italy, the latest Alfa Romeo, Italian shoes compared with English. Kristatos talked well. He seemed to know the inside story of everything. He gave information so casually that it did not sound like bluff. He spoke his own kind of English with an occasional phrase borrowed from other languages. It made a lively mixture. Bond was interested and amused. Kristatos was a tough insider—a useful man. Bond was not surprised that the American Intelligence people found him good value.

Coffee came. Kristatos lit a thin black cigar and talked through it, the cigar jumping up and down between the thin straight lips. He put both hands flat on the table in front of him. He looked at the table-cloth between them and said softly: ‘This pizniss. I will play with you. To now I have only played with the Americans. I have not told them what I am about to tell you. There was no requirement. This machina does not operate with America. These things are closely regulated. This machine operates only with England. Yes? Capito?’

‘I understand. Everyone has his own territory. It’s the usual way in these things.’

‘Exact. Now, before I give you the informations, like good commercials we make the terms. Yes?’

‘Of course.’

Signor Kristatos examined the table-cloth more closely. ‘I wish for ten thousand dollars American, in paper of small sizes, by tomorrow lunch-time. When you have destroyed the machina I wish for a further twenty thousand.’ Signor Kristatos briefly raised his eyes and surveyed Bond’s face. ‘I am not greedy. I do not take all your funds, isn’t it?’

‘The price is satisfactory.’

‘Bueno. Second term. There is no telling where you get these informations from. Even if you are beaten.’

‘Fair enough.’

‘Third term. The head of this machina is a bad man.’ Signor Kristatos paused and looked up. The black eyes held a red glint. The clenched dry lips pulled away from the cigar to let the words out. ‘He is to be destrutto—killed.’

Bond sat back. He gazed quizzically at the other man who now leaned slightly forward over the table, waiting. So the wheels had now shown

within the wheels! This was a private vendetta of some sort. Kristatos wanted to get himself a gunman. And he was not paying the gunman, the gunman was paying him for the privilege of disposing of an enemy. Not bad! The fixer was certainly working on a big fix this time—using the Secret Service to pay off his private scores. Bond said softly: 'Why?'

Signor Kristatos said indifferently: 'No questions catch no lies.'

Bond drank down his coffee. It was the usual story of big syndicate crime. You never saw more than the tip of the iceberg. But what did that matter to him? He had been sent to do one specific job. If his success benefited others, nobody, least of all M, could care less. Bond had been told to destroy the machine. If this unnamed man was the machine, it would be merely carrying out orders to destroy the man. Bond said: 'I cannot promise that. You must see that. All I can say is that if the man tries to destroy me, I will destroy him.'

Signor Kristatos took a toothpick out of the holder, stripped off the paper and set about cleaning his finger-nails. When he had finished one hand he looked up. He said: 'I do not often gamble on incertitudes. This time I will do so because it is you who are paying me, and not me you. Is all right? So now I will give you the informations. Then you are alone—solo. Tomorrow night I fly to Karachi. I have important pizniss there. I can only give you the informations. After that you run with the ball and—' he threw the dirty toothpick down on the table—'Che sara, sara.'

‘All right.’

Signor Kristatos edged his chair nearer to Bond. He spoke softly and quickly. He gave specimen dates and names to document his narrative. He never hesitated for a fact and he did not waste time on irrelevant detail. It was a short story and a pithy one. There were two thousand American gangsters in the country—Italian-Americans who had been convicted and expelled from the United States. These men were in a bad way. They were on the blackest of all police lists and, because of their records, their own people were wary of employing them. A hundred of the toughest among them had pooled their funds and small groups from this elite had moved to Beirut, Istanbul, Tangier and Macao—the great smuggling centres of the world. A further large section acted as couriers, and the bosses had acquired, through nominees, a small and respectable pharmaceutical business in Milan. To this centre the outlying groups smuggled opium and its derivatives. They used small craft across the Mediterranean, a group of stewards in an Italian charter airline and, as a regular weekly source of supply, the through carriage of the Orient Express in which whole sections of bogus upholstery were fitted by bribed members of the train cleaners in Istanbul. The Milan firm—Pharmacia Colomba S.A.—acted as a clearing-house and as a convenient centre for breaking down the raw opium into heroin. Thence the couriers, using innocent motor-cars of various makes, ran a delivery service to the middle-men in England.

Bond interrupted. ‘Our Customs are pretty good at spotting that sort of traffic. There aren’t many hiding-places in a car they don’t know about. Where do these men carry the stuff?’

‘Always in the spare wheel. You can carry twenty thousand pounds worth of heroin in one spare wheel.’

‘Don’t they ever get caught—either bringing the stuff in to Milan or taking it on?’

‘Certainly. Many times. But these are well-trained men. And they are tough. They never talk. If they are convicted, they receive ten thousand dollars for each year spent in prison. If they have families, they are cared for. And when all goes well they make good money. It is a co-operative. Each man receives his tranche of the brutto. Only the chief gets a special tranche.’

‘All right. Well, who is this man?’

Signor Kristatos put his hand up to the cheroot in his mouth. He kept the hand there and spoke softly from behind it. ‘Is a man they call “The Dove”, Enrico Colombo. Is the padrone of this restaurant. That is why I bring you here, so that you may see him. Is the fat man who sits with a blonde woman. At the table by the cassa. She is from Vienna. Her name is Lisl Baum. A luxus whore.’

Bond said reflectively: ‘She is, is she?’ He did not need to look. He had noticed the girl, as soon as he had sat down at the table. Every man in the restaurant would have noticed her. She had the gay, bold, forthcoming looks the Viennese are supposed to have and seldom do. There was a vivacity and a charm about her that lit up her corner of the room. She had the wildest possible urchin cut in ash-blonde, a pert nose, a wide laughing mouth and a black ribbon round her throat. James Bond knew that her eyes had been on him at intervals throughout the evening. Her companion had seemed just the type of rich, cheerful, good-living man she would be glad to have as her lover for a while. He would give her a good time. He would be generous. There would be no regrets on either side. On the whole, Bond had vaguely approved of him. He liked cheerful, expansive people with a zest for life. Since he, Bond, could not have the girl, it was at least something that she was in good hands. But now? Bond glanced across the room. The couple were laughing about something. The man patted her cheek and got up and went to the door marked UFFICIO and went through and shut the door. So this was the man who ran the great pipeline into England. The man with M’s price of a hundred thousand pounds on his head. The man Kristatos wanted Bond to kill. Well, he had better get on with the job. Bond stared rudely across the room at the girl. When she lifted her head and looked at him, he smiled at her. Her eyes swept past him, but there was a half smile, as if for herself, on her lips, and when she took a cigarette out of her case and lit it and blew the smoke straight up towards the ceiling there was an offering of the throat and the profile that Bond knew were for him.

It was nearing the time for the after-cinema trade. The maître d'hôtel was supervising the clearing of the unoccupied tables and the setting up of new ones. There was the usual bustle and slapping of napkins across chair-seats and tinkle of glass and cutlery being laid. Vaguely Bond noticed the spare chair at his table being whisked away to help build up a near-by table for six. He began asking Kristatos specific questions—the personal habits of Enrico Colombo, where he lived, the address of his firm in Milan, what other business interests he had. He did not notice the casual progress of the spare chair from its fresh table to another, and then to another, and finally through the door marked UFFICIO. There was no reason why he should.

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When the chair was brought into his office, Enrico Colombo waved the maître d'hôtel away and locked the door behind him. Then he went to the chair and lifted off the squab cushion and put it on his desk. He unzipped one side of the cushion and withdrew a Grundig tape-recorder, stopped the machine, ran the tape back, took it off the recorder and put it on a playback and adjusted the speed and volume. Then he sat down at his desk and lit a cigarette and listened, occasionally making further adjustments and occasionally repeating passages. At the end, when Bond's tinny voice said 'She is, is she?' and there was a long silence interspersed with background noises from the restaurant, Enrico Colombo switched off the machine and sat looking at it. He looked at it for a full minute. His face showed nothing but acute concentration on his thoughts. Then he looked away from the machine and into nothing and said softly, out loud: 'Son-a-beech.' He got

slowly to his feet and went to the door and unlocked it. He looked back once more at the Grundig, said ‘Son-a-beech’ again with more emphasis and went out and back to his table.

Enrico Colombo spoke swiftly and urgently to the girl. She nodded and glanced across the room at Bond. He and Kristatos were getting up from the table. She said to Colombo in a low, angry voice: ‘You are a disgusting man. Everybody said so and warned me against you. They were right. Just because you give me dinner in your lousy restaurant you think you have the right to insult me with your filthy propositions’—the girl’s voice had got louder. Now she had snatched up her handbag and had got to her feet. She stood beside the table directly in the line of Bond’s approach on his way to the exit.

Enrico Colombo’s face was black with rage. Now he, too, was on his feet. ‘You goddam Austrian beech——’

‘Don’t dare insult my country, you Italian toad.’ She reached for a half-full glass of wine and hurled it accurately in the man’s face. When he came at her it was easy for her to back the few steps into Bond who was standing with Kristatos politely waiting to get by.

Enrico Colombo stood panting, wiping the wine off his face with a napkin. He said furiously to the girl: ‘Don’t ever show your face inside my restaurant again.’ He made the gesture of spitting on the floor between them, turned and strode off through the door marked UFFICIO.

The maître d'hôtel had hurried up. Everyone in the restaurant had stopped eating. Bond took the girl by the elbow. 'May I help you find a taxi?'

She jerked herself free. She said, still angry: 'All men are pigs.' She remembered her manners. She said stiffly: 'You are very kind.' She moved haughtily towards the door with the men in her wake.

There was a buzz in the restaurant and a renewed clatter of knives and forks. Everyone was delighted with the scene. The maître d'hôtel, looking solemn, held open the door. He said to Bond: 'I apologize, Monsieur. And you are very kind to be of assistance.' A cruising taxi slowed. He beckoned it to the pavement and held open the door.

The girl got in. Bond firmly followed and closed the door. He said to Kristatos through the window: 'I'll telephone you in the morning. All right?' Without waiting for the man's reply he sat back in the seat. The girl had drawn herself away into the farthest corner. Bond said: 'Where shall I tell him?'

'Hotel Ambassadori.'

They drove a short way in silence. Bond said: 'Would you like to go somewhere first for a drink?'

'No thank you.' She hesitated. 'You are very kind, but tonight I am tired.'

‘Perhaps another night.’

‘Perhaps, but I go to Venice tomorrow.’

‘I shall also be there. Will you have dinner with me tomorrow night?’

The girl smiled. She said: ‘I thought Englishmen were supposed to be shy. You are English, aren’t you? What is your name? What do you do?’

‘Yes, I’m English. My name’s Bond—James Bond. I write books—adventure stories. I’m writing one now about drug smuggling. It’s set in Rome and Venice. The trouble is that I don’t know enough about the trade. I am going round picking up stories about it. Do you know any?’

‘So that is why you were having dinner with that Kristatos. I know of him. He has a bad reputation. No. I don’t know any stories. I only know what everybody knows.’

Bond said enthusiastically: ‘But that’s exactly what I want. When I said “stories” I didn’t mean fiction. I meant the sort of high-level gossip that’s probably pretty near the truth. That sort of thing’s worth diamonds to a writer.’

She laughed. ‘You mean that … diamonds?’

Bond said: ‘Well, I don’t earn all that as a writer, but I’ve already sold an option on this story for a film, and if I can make it authentic enough I daresay they’ll actually buy the film.’ He reached out and put his hand over hers in her lap. She did not take her hand away. ‘Yes, diamonds. A diamond clip from Van Cleef. Is it a deal?’

Now she took her hand away. They were arriving at the Ambassadori. She picked up her bag from the seat beside her. She turned on the seat so that she faced him. The commissionaire opened the door and the light from the street turned her eyes into stars. She examined his face with a certain seriousness. She said: ‘All men are pigs, but some are lesser pigs than others. All right. I will meet you. But not for dinner. What I may tell you is not for public places. I bathe every afternoon at the Lido. But not at the fashionable plage. I bathe at the Bagni Alberoni, where the English poet Byron used to ride his horse. It is at the tip of the peninsula. The Vaporetto will take you there. You will find me there the day after tomorrow—at three in the afternoon. I shall be getting my last sunburn before the winter. Among the sand-dunes. You will see a pale yellow umbrella. Underneath it will be me.’ She smiled. ‘Knock on the umbrella and ask for Fräulein Lisl Baum.’

She got out of the taxi. Bond followed. She held out her hand. ‘Thank you for coming to my rescue. Good night.’

Bond said: ‘Three o’clock then. I shall be there. Good night.’

She turned and walked up the curved steps of the hotel. Bond looked after her thoughtfully, and then turned and got back into the taxi and told the man to take him to the Nazionale. He sat back and watched the neon signs ribbon past the window. Things, including the taxi, were going almost too fast for comfort. The only one over which he had any control was the taxi. He leant forward and told the man to drive more slowly.

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The best train from Rome to Venice is the Laguna express that leaves every day at midday. Bond, after a morning that was chiefly occupied with difficult talks with his London Headquarters on Station I's scrambler, caught it by the skin of his teeth. The Laguna is a smart, streamlined affair that looks and sounds more luxurious than it is. The seats are made for small Italians and the restaurant car staff suffer from the disease that afflicts their brethren in the great trains all over the world—a genuine loathing for the modern traveler and particularly for the foreigner. Bond had a gangway seat over the axle in the rear aluminum coach. If the seven heavens had been flowing by outside the window he would not have cared. He kept his eyes inside the train, read a jerking book, spilled Chianti over the table-cloth and shifted his long, aching legs and cursed the Ferrovie Italiane dello Stato.

But at last there was Mestre and the dead straight finger of rail across the eighteenth-century aquatint into Venice. Then came the unfailing shock of the beauty that never betrays and the soft swaying progress down the Grand Canal into a blood-red sunset, and the extreme pleasure—so it seemed—of

the Gritti Palace that Bond should have ordered the best double room on the first floor.

That evening, scattering thousand-lira notes like leaves in Vallombrosa, James Bond sought, at Harry's Bar, at Florian's, and finally upstairs in the admirable Quadri, to establish to anyone who might be interested that he was what he had wished to appear to the girl—a prosperous writer who lived high and well. Then, in the temporary state of euphoria that a first night in Venice engenders, however high and serious the purpose of the visitor, James Bond walked back to the Gritti and had eight hours dreamless sleep.

May and October are the best months in Venice. The sun is soft and the nights are cool. The glittering scene is kinder to the eyes and there is a freshness in the air that helps one to hammer out those long miles of stone and terrazza and marble that are intolerable to the feet in summer. And there are fewer people. Although Venice is the one town in the world that can swallow up a hundred thousand tourists as easily as it can a thousand—hiding them down its side-streets, using them for crowd scenes on the piazzas, stuffing them into the vaporetti—it is still better to share Venice with the minimum number of packaged tours and Lederhosen.

Bond spent the next morning strolling the back-streets in the hope that he would be able to uncover a tail. He visited a couple of churches—not to admire their interiors but to discover if anyone came in after him through the main entrance before he left by the side door. No one was following him. Bond went to Florian's and had an Americano and listened to a couple of

French culture-snobs discussing the imbalance of the containing façade of St Mark's Square. On an impulse, he bought a postcard and sent it off to his secretary who had once been with the Georgian Group to Italy and had never allowed Bond to forget it. He wrote: 'Venice is wonderful. Have so far inspected the railway station and the Stock Exchange. Very aesthetically satisfying. To the Municipal Waterworks this afternoon and then an old Brigitte Bardot at the Scala Cinema. Do you know a wonderful tune called "O Sole Mio"? It's v. romantic like everything here. JB.'

Pleased with his inspiration, Bond had an early luncheon and went back to his hotel. He locked the door of his room and took off his coat and ran over the Walther PPK. He put up the safe and practised one or two quick draws and put the gun back in the holster. It was time to go. He went along to the landing-stage and boarded the twelve-forty vaporetto to Alberoni, out of sight across the mirrored lagoons. Then he settled down in a seat in the bows and wondered what was going to happen to him.

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From the jetty at Alberoni, on the Venice side of the Lido peninsula, there is a half-mile dusty walk across the neck of land to the Bagni Alberoni facing the Adriatic. It is a curiously deserted world, this tip of the famous peninsula. A mile down the thin neck of land the luxury real estate development has petered out in a scattering of cracked stucco villas and bankrupt housing projects, and here there is nothing but the tiny fishing village of Alberoni, a sanatorium for students, a derelict experimental station

belonging to the Italian Navy and some massive weed-choked gun emplacements from the last war. In the no man's land in the centre of this thin tongue of land is the Golf du Lido, whose brownish undulating fairways meander around the ruins of ancient fortifications. Not many people come to Venice to play golf, and the project is kept alive for its snob appeal by the grand hotels of the Lido. The golf-course is surrounded by a high wire fence hung at intervals, as if it protected something of great value or secrecy, with threatening Vietatos and Prohibitos. Around this wired enclave, the scrub and sand-hills have not even been cleared of mines, and amongst the rusting barbed wire are signs saying MINAS. PERICOLO DI MORTE beneath a roughly stencilled skull and cross-bones. The whole area is strange and melancholy and in extraordinary contrast to the gay carnival world of Venice less than an hour away across the lagoons.

Bond was sweating slightly by the time he had walked the half-mile across the peninsula to the *plage*, and he stood for a moment under the last of the acacia trees that had bordered the dusty road to cool off while he got his bearings. In front of him was a rickety wooden archway whose central span said BAGNI ALBERONI in faded blue paint. Beyond were the lines of equally dilapidated wooden cabins, and then a hundred yards of sand and then the quiet blue glass of the sea. There were no bathers and the place seemed to be closed, but when he walked through the archway he heard the tinny sound of a radio playing Neapolitan music. It came from a ramshackle hut that advertised Coca-Cola and various Italian soft drinks. Deckchairs were stacked against its walls and there were two pedallos and a child's half-inflated sea-horse. The whole establishment looked so derelict that Bond

could not imagine it doing business even at the height of the summer season. He stepped off the narrow duck-boards into the soft, burned sand and moved round behind the huts to the beach. He walked down to the edge of the sea. To the left, until it disappeared in the autumn heat haze, the wide empty sand swept away in a slight curve towards the Lido proper. To the right was half a mile of beach terminating in the sea-wall at the tip of the peninsula. The sea-wall stretched like a finger out into the silent mirrored sea, and at intervals along its top were the flimsy derricks of the octopus fishermen. Behind the beach were the sand-hills and a section of the wire fence surrounding the golf-course. On the edge of the sand-hills, perhaps five hundred yards away, there was a speck of bright yellow.

Bond set off towards it along the tide-line.

'Ahem.'

The hands flew to the top scrap of bikini and pulled it up. Bond walked into her line of vision and stood looking down. The bright shadow of the umbrella covered only her face. The rest of her—a burned cream body in a black bikini on a black and white striped bath-towel—lay offered to the sun.

She looked up at him through half-closed eyelashes. 'You are five minutes early and I told you to knock.'

Bond sat down close to her in the shade of the big umbrella. He took out a handkerchief and wiped his face. 'You happen to own the only palm tree in

the whole of this desert. I had to get underneath it as soon as I could. This is the hell of a place for a rendezvous.'

She laughed. 'I am like Greta Garbo. I like to be alone.'

'Are we alone?'

She opened her eyes wide. 'Why not? You think I have brought a chaperone?'

'Since you think all man are pigs ...'

'Ah, but you are a gentleman pig,' she giggled. 'A milord pig. And anyway, it is too hot for that kind of thing. And there is too much sand. And besides this is a business meeting, no? I tell you stories about drugs and you give me a diamond clip. From Van Cleef. Or have you changed your mind?'

'No. That's how it is. Where shall we begin?'

'You ask the questions. What is it you want to know?' She sat up and pulled her knees to her between her arms. Flirtation had gone out of her eyes and they had become attentive, and perhaps a little careful.

Bond noticed the change. He said casually, watching her: 'They say your friend Colombo is a big man in the game. Tell me about him. He would make a good character for my book—disguised, of course. But it's the detail

I need. How does he operate, and so on? That's not the sort of thing a writer can invent.'

She veiled her eyes. She said: 'Enrico would be very angry if he knew that I had told any of his secrets. I don't know what he would do to me.'

'He will never know.'

She looked at him seriously. 'Lieber Mr Bond, there is very little that he does not know. And he is also quite capable of acting on a guess. I would not be surprised'—Bond caught her quick glance at his watch—'if it had crossed his mind to have me followed here. He is a very suspicious man.' She put her hand out and touched his sleeve. Now she looked nervous. She said urgently: 'I think you had better go now. This has been a great mistake.'

Bond openly looked at his watch. It was three-thirty. He moved his head so that he could look behind the umbrella and back down the beach. Far down by the bathing-huts, their outlines dancing slightly in the heat haze, were three men in dark clothes. They were walking purposefully up the beach, their feet keeping step as if they were a squad.

Bond got to his feet. He looked down at the bent head. He said drily: 'I see what you mean. Just tell Colombo that from now on I'm writing his life-story. And I'm a very persistent writer. So long.' Bond started running up the sand towards the tip of the peninsula. From there he could double back down the other shore to the village and the safety of people.

Down the beach the three men broke into a fast jog-trot, elbows and legs pounding in time with each other as if they were long-distance runners out for a training spin. As they jogged past the girl, one of the men raised a hand. She raised hers in answer and then lay down on the sand and turned over—perhaps so that her back could now get its toasting, or perhaps because she did not want to watch the man-hunt.

Bond took off his tie as he ran and put it in his pocket. It was very hot and he was already sweating profusely. But so would the three men be. It was a question who was in better training. At the tip of the peninsula, Bond clambered up on to the sea-wall and looked back. The men had hardly gained, but now two of them were fanning out to cut round the edge of the golf-course boundary. They did not seem to mind the danger notices with the skulls and cross-bones. Bond, running fast down the wide sea-wall, measured angles and distances. The two men were cutting across the base of the triangle. It was going to be a close call.

Bond's shirt was already soaked and his feet were beginning to hurt. He had run perhaps a mile. How much farther to safety? At intervals along the sea-wall the breeches of antique cannon had been sunk in the concrete. They would be mooring-posts for the fishing-fleets sheltering in the protection of the lagoons before taking to the Adriatic. Bond counted his steps between two of them. Fifty yards. How many black knobs to the end of the wall—to the first houses of the village? Bond counted up to thirty before the line vanished into the heat haze. Probably another mile to go. Could he do it, and

fast enough to beat the two flankers? Bond's breath was already rasping in his throat. Now even his suit was soaked with sweat and the cloth of his trousers was chafing his legs. Behind him, three hundred yards back, was one pursuer. To his right, dodging among the sand-dunes and converging fast, were the other two. To his left was a twenty-foot slope of masonry to the green tide ripping out into the Adriatic.

Bond was planning to slow down to a walk and keep enough breath to try and shoot it out with the three men, when two things happened in quick succession. First he saw through the haze ahead a group of spear-fishermen. There were about half a dozen of them, some in the water and some sunning themselves on the sea-wall. Then, from the sand-dunes came the deep roar of an explosion. Earth and scrub and what might have been bits of a man fountained briefly into the air, and a small shock-wave hit him. Bond slowed. The other man in the dunes had stopped. He was standing stock-still. His mouth was open and a frightened jabber came from it. Suddenly he collapsed on the ground with his arms wrapped round his head. Bond knew the signs. He would not move again until someone came and carried him away from there. Bond's heart lifted. Now he had only about two hundred yards to go to the fishermen. They were already gathering into a group, looking towards him. Bond summoned a few words of Italian and rehearsed them. 'Mi Ingles. Prego, dove il carabinieri.' Bond glanced over his shoulder. Odd, but despite the witnessing spear-fishers, the man was still coming on. He had gained and was only about a hundred yards behind. There was a gun in his hand. Now, ahead, the fishermen had fanned out across Bond's path. They had harpoon guns held at the ready. In the centre

was a big man with a tiny red bathing-slip hanging beneath his stomach. A green mask was slipped back on to the crown of his head. He stood with his blue swim-fins pointing out and his arms akimbo. He looked like Mr. Toad of *Toad Hall* in Technicolor. Bond's amused thought died in him stillborn. Panting, he slowed to a walk. Automatically his sweaty hand felt under his coat for the gun and drew it out. The man in the centre of the arc of pointing harpoons was Enrico Colombo.

Colombo watched him approach. When he was twenty yards away, Colombo said quietly: 'Put away your toy, Mr Bond of the Secret Service. These are CO_2 harpoon guns. And stay where you are. Unless you wish to make a copy of Mantegna's St Sebastian.' He turned to the man on his right. He spoke in English. 'At what range was that Albanian last week?'

'Twenty yards, padrone. And the harpoon went right through. But he was a fat man—perhaps twice as thick as this one.'

Bond stopped. One of the iron bollards was beside him. He sat down and rested the gun on his knee. It pointed at the centre of Colombo's big stomach. He said: 'Five harpoons in me won't stop one bullet in you, Colombo.'

Colombo smiled and nodded, and the man who had been coming softly up behind Bond hit him once hard in the base of the skull with the butt of his Luger.

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When you come to from being hit on the head the first reaction is a fit of vomiting. Even in his wretchedness Bond was aware of two sensations—he was in a ship at sea, and someone, a man, was wiping his forehead with a cool wet towel and murmuring encouragement in bad English. ‘Is okay, amigo. Take him easy. Take him easy.’

Bond fell back on his bunk, exhausted. It was a comfortable small cabin with a feminine smell and dainty curtains and colours. A sailor in a tattered vest and trousers—Bond thought he recognized him as one of the spear-fishermen—was bending over him. He smiled when Bond opened his eyes. ‘Is better, yes? Subito okay.’ He rubbed the back of his neck in sympathy. ‘It hurts for a little. Soon it will only be a black. Beneath the hair. The girls will see nothing.’

Bond smiled feebly and nodded. The pain of the nod made him screw up his eyes. When he opened them the sailor shook his head in admonition. He brought his wrist-watch close up to Bond’s eyes. It said seven o’clock. He pointed with his little finger at the figure nine. ‘Mangiare con Padrone, Si?’

Bond said: ‘Si.’

The man put his hand to his cheek and laid his head on one side. ‘Dormire.’

Bond said ‘Si’ again and the sailor went out of the cabin and closed the door without locking it.

Bond got gingerly off the bunk and went over to the wash-basin and set about cleaning himself. On top of the chest of drawers was a neat pile of his personal belongings. Everything was there except his gun. Bond stowed the things away in his pockets, and sat down again on the bunk and smoked and thought. His thoughts were totally inconclusive. He was being taken for a ride, or rather a sail, but from the behaviour of the sailor it did not seem that he was regarded as an enemy. Yet a great deal of trouble had been taken to make him prisoner and one of Colombo’s men had even, though inadvertently, died in the process. It did not seem to be just a question of killing him. Perhaps this soft treatment was the preliminary to trying to make a deal with him. What was the deal—and what was the alternative?

At nine o’clock the same sailor came for Bond and led him down a short passage to a small, blowzy saloon, and left him. There was a table and two chairs in the middle of the room, and beside the table a nickel-plated trolley laden with food and drinks. Bond tried the hatchway at the end of the saloon. It was bolted. He unlatched one of the portholes and looked out. There was just enough light to see that the ship was about two hundred tons and might once have been a large fishing-vessel. The engine sounded like a single diesel and they were carrying sail. Bond estimated the ship’s speed at six or seven knots. On the dark horizon there was a tiny cluster of yellow lights. It seemed probable that they were sailing down the Adriatic coast.

The hatchway bolt rattled back. Bond pulled in his head. Colombo came down the steps. He was dressed in a sweat-shirt, dungarees and scuffed sandals. There was a wicked, amused gleam in his eyes. He sat down in one chair and waved to the other. ‘Come, my friend. Food and drink and plenty of talk. We will now stop behaving like little boys and be grown-up. Yes? What will you have—gin, whisky, champagne? And this is the finest sausage in the whole of Bologna. Olives from my own estate. Bread, butter, Provelone—that is smoked cheese—and fresh figs. Peasant food, but good. Come. All that running must have given you an appetite.’

His laugh was infectious. Bond poured himself a stiff whisky and soda, and sat down. He said: ‘Why did you have to go to so much trouble? We could have met without all these dramatics. As it is you have prepared a lot of grief for yourself. I warned my chief that something like this might happen—the way the girl picked me up in your restaurant was too childish for words. I said that I would walk into the trap to see what it was all about. If I am not out of it again by tomorrow midday, you’ll have Interpol as well as the Italian police on top of you like a load of bricks.’

Colombo looked puzzled. He said: ‘If you were ready to walk into the trap, why did you try and escape from my men this afternoon? I had sent them to fetch you and bring you to my ship, and it would all have been much more friendly. Now I have lost a good man and you might easily have had your skull broken. I do not understand.’

‘I didn’t like the look of those three men. I know killers when I see them. I thought you might be thinking of doing something stupid. You should have used the girl. The men were unnecessary.’

Colombo shook his head. ‘Lisl was willing to find out more about you, but nothing else. She will now be just as angry with me as you are. Life is very difficult. I like to be friends with everyone, and now I have made two enemies in one afternoon. It is too bad.” Colombo looked genuinely sorry for himself. He cut a thick slice of sausage, impatiently tore the rind off it with his teeth and began to eat. While his mouth was still full he took a glass of champagne and washed the sausage down with it. He said, shaking his head reproachfully at Bond: ‘It is always the same, when I am worried I have to eat. But the food that I eat when I am worried I cannot digest. And now you have worried me. You say that we could have met and talked things over—that I need not have taken all this trouble.’ He spread his hands helplessly. ‘How was I to know that? By saying that, you put the blood of Mario on my hands. I did not tell him to take a short cut through that place.’ Colombo pounded the table. Now he shouted angrily at Bond. ‘I do not agree that this was all my fault. It was your fault. Yours only. You had agreed to kill me. How does one arrange a friendly meeting with one’s murderer? Eh? Just tell me that.’ Colombo snatched up a long roll of bread and stuffed it into his mouth, his eyes furious.

‘What the hell are you talking about?’

Colombo threw the remains of the roll on the table and got to his feet, holding Bond's eyes locked in his. He walked sideways, still gazing fixedly at Bond, to a chest of drawers, felt for the knob of the top drawer, opened it, groped and lifted out what Bond recognized as a tape-recorder playback machine. Still looking accusingly at Bond, he brought the machine over to the table. He sat down and pressed a switch.

When Bond heard the voice he picked up his glass of whisky and looked into it. The tinny voice said: 'Exact. Now, before I give you the informations, like good commercials we make the terms. Yes?' The voice went on: 'Ten thousand dollars American ... There is no telling where you get these informations from. Even if you are beaten ... The head of this machina is a bad man. He is to be destrutto—killed.' Bond waited for his own voice to break through the restaurant noises. There had been a long pause while he thought about the last condition. What was it he had said? His voice came out of the machine, answering him. 'I cannot promise that. You must see that. All I can say is that if the man tries to destroy me, I will destroy him.'

Colombo switched off the machine. Bond swallowed down his whisky. Now he could look up at Colombo. He said defensively: 'That doesn't make me a murderer.'

Colombo looked at him sorrowfully. 'To me it does. Coming from an Englishman. I worked for the English during the War, in *the Resistance*. I have the King's Medal.' He put his hand in his pocket and threw the silver

Freedom medal with the red, white and blue striped ribbon on to the table. ‘You see?’

Bond obstinately held Colombo’s eyes. He said: ‘And the rest of the stuff on that tape? You long ago stopped working for the English. Now you work against them, for money.’

Colombo grunted. He tapped the machine with his forefinger. He said impassively: ‘I have heard it all. It is lies.’ He banged his fist on the table so that the glasses jumped. He bellowed furiously: ‘It is lies, lies. Every word of it.’ He jumped to his feet. His chair crashed down behind him. He slowly bent and picked it up. He reached for the whisky bottle and walked round and poured four fingers into Bond’s glass. He went back to his chair and sat down and put the champagne bottle on the table in front of him. Now his face was composed, serious. He said quietly: ‘It is not all lies. There is a grain of truth in what that bastard told you. That is why I decided not to argue with you. You might not have believed me. You would have dragged in the police. There would have been much trouble for me and my comrades. Even if you or someone else had not found reason to kill me, there would have been scandal, ruin. Instead I decided to show you the truth—the truth you were sent to Italy to find out. Within a matter of hours, tomorrow at dawn, your mission will have been completed.’ Colombo clicked his fingers. ‘Presto—like that.’

Bond said: ‘What part of Kristatos’s story is not lies?’

Colombo's eyes looked into Bond's, calculating. Finally he said: 'My friend, I am a smuggler. That part is true. I am probably the most successful smuggler in the Mediterranean. Half the American cigarettes in Italy are brought in by me from Tangier. Gold? I am the sole supplier of the black valuta market. Diamonds? I have my own purveyor in Beirut with direct lines to Sierra Leone and South Africa. In the old days, when these things were scarce, I also handled aureomycin and penicillin and such medicines. Bribery at the American base hospitals. And there have been many other things—even beautiful girls from Syria and Persia for the houses of Naples. I have also smuggled out escaped convicts. But,' Colombo's fist crashed on the table, 'drugs, heroin, opium, hemp—no! Never! I will have nothing to do with these things. These things are evil. There is no sin in the others.' Colombo held up his right hand. 'My friend, this I swear to you on the head of my mother.'

Bond was beginning to see daylight. He was prepared to believe Colombo. He even felt a curious liking for this greedy, boisterous pirate who had so nearly been put on the spot by Kristatos. Bond said: 'But why did Kristatos put the finger on you? What's he got to gain?'

Colombo slowly shook a finger to and fro in front of his nose. He said: 'My friend, Kristatos is Kristatos. He is playing the biggest double game it is possible to conceive. To keep it up—to keep the protection of American Intelligence and their Narcotics people—he must now and then throw them a victim—some small man on the fringe of the big game. But with this English problem it is different. That is a huge traffic. To protect it, a big

victim was required. I was chosen—by Kristatos, or by his employers. And it is true that if you had been vigorous in your investigations and had spent enough hard currency on buying information, you might have discovered the story of my operations. But each trail towards _me_ would have led you further away from the truth. In the end, for I do not underestimate your Service, I would have gone to prison. But the big fox you are after would only be laughing at the sound of the hunt dying away in the distance.'

'Why did Kristatos want you killed?'

Colombo looked cunning. 'My friend, I know too much. In the fraternity of smugglers, we occasionally stumble on a corner of the next man's business. Not long ago, in this ship, I had a running fight with a small gunboat from Albania. A lucky shot set fire to their fuel. There was only one survivor. He was persuaded to talk. I learnt much, but like a fool I took a chance with the minefields and set him ashore on the coast north of Tirana. It was a mistake. Ever since then I have had this bastard Kristatos after me. Fortunately,' Colombo grinned wolfishly, 'I have one piece of information he does not know of. And we have a rendezvous with this piece of information at first light tomorrow—at a small fishing-port just north of Ancona, Santa Maria. And there,' Colombo gave a harsh, cruel laugh, 'we shall see what we shall see.'

Bond said mildly: 'What's your price for all this? You say my mission will have been completed tomorrow morning. How much?'

Colombo shook his head. He said indifferently: ‘Nothing. It just happens that our interests coincide. But I shall need your promise that what I have told you this evening is between you and me and, if necessary, your Chief in London. It must never come back to Italy. Is that agreed?’

‘Yes. I agree to that.’

Colombo got to his feet. He went to the chest of drawers and took out Bond’s gun. He handed it to Bond. ‘In that case, my friend, you had better have this, because you are going to need it. And you had better get some sleep. There will be rum and coffee for everyone at five in the morning.’ He held out his hand. Bond took it. Suddenly the two men were friends. Bond felt the fact. He said awkwardly ‘All right, Colombo,’ and went out of the saloon and along to his cabin.

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The *Colombina* had a crew of twelve. They were youngish, tough-looking men. They talked softly among themselves as the mugs of hot coffee and rum were dished out by Colombo in the saloon. A storm lantern was the only light—the ship had been darkened—and Bond smiled to himself at the Treasure Island atmosphere of excitement and conspiracy. Colombo went from man to man on a weapon inspection. They all had Lugers, carried under the jersey inside the trouser-band, and flick-knives in the pocket. Colombo had a word of approval or criticism for each weapon. It struck Bond that Colombo had made a good life for himself—a life of adventure

and thrill and risk. It was a criminal life—a running fight with the currency laws, the State tobacco monopoly, the Customs, the police—but there was a whiff of adolescent rascality in the air which somehow changed the colour of the crime from black to white—or at least to grey.

Colombo looked at his watch. He dismissed the men to their posts. He dowsed the lantern and, in the oyster light of dawn, Bond followed him up to the bridge. He found the ship was close to a black, rocky shore which they were following at reduced speed. Colombo pointed ahead. 'Round that headland is the harbour. Our approach will not have been observed. In the harbour, against the jetty, I expect to find a ship of about this size unloading innocent rolls of newsprint down a ramp into a warehouse. Round the headland, we will put on full speed and come alongside this ship and board her. There will be resistance. Heads will be broken. I hope it is not shooting. We shall not shoot unless they do. But it will be an Albanian ship manned by a crew of Albanian toughs. If there is shooting, you must shoot well with the rest of us. These people are enemies of your country as well as mine. If you get killed, you get killed. Okay?'

'That's all right.'

As Bond said the words, there came a ting on the engine-room telegraph and the deck began to tremble under his feet. Making ten knots, the small ship rounded the headland into the harbour.

It was as Colombo had said. Alongside a stone jetty lay the ship, its sails flapping idly. From her stern a ramp of wooden planks sloped down towards the dark mouth of a ramshackle corrugated iron warehouse, inside which burned feeble electric lights. The ship carried a deck cargo of what appeared to be rolls of newsprint, and these were being hoisted one by one on to the ramp whence they rolled down under their own momentum through the mouth of the warehouse. There were about twenty men in sight. Only surprise would straighten out these odds. Now Colombo's craft was fifty yards away from the other ship, and one or two of the men had stopped working and were looking in their direction. One man ran off into the warehouse. Simultaneously Colombo issued a sharp order. The engines stopped and went into reverse. A big searchlight on the bridge came on and lit the whole scene brightly as the ship drifted up alongside the Albanian trawler. At the first hard contact, grappling-irons were tossed over the Albanian's rail fore and aft, and Colombo's men swarmed over the side with Colombo in the lead.

Bond had made his own plans. As soon as his feet landed on the enemy deck, he ran straight across the ship, climbed the far rail and jumped. It was about twelve feet to the jetty and he landed like a cat, on his hands and toes, and stayed for a moment, crouching, planning his next move. Shooting had already started on deck. An early shot killed the searchlight and now there was only the grey, luminous light of dawn. A body, one of the enemy, crunched to the stone in front of him and lay spread-eagled, motionless. At the same time, from the mouth of the warehouse, a light machine-gun started up, firing short bursts with a highly professional touch. Bond ran towards it

in the dark shadow of the ship. The machine-gunner saw him and gave him a burst. The bullets zipped round Bond, clanged against the iron hull of the ship and whined off into the night. Bond got to the cover of the sloping ramp of boards and dived forward on his stomach. The bullets crashed into the wood above his head. Bond crept forward into the narrowing space. When he had got as close as he could, he would have a choice of breaking cover either to right or left of the boards. There came a series of heavy thuds and a swift rumble above his head. One of Colombo's men must have cut the ropes and sent the whole pile of newsprint rolls down the ramp. Now was Bond's chance. He leapt out from under cover—to the left. If the machine-gunner was waiting for him, he would expect Bond to come out firing on the right. The machine-gunner was there, crouching up against the wall of the warehouse. Bond fired twice in the split second before the bright muzzle of the enemy weapon had swung through its small arc. The dead man's finger clenched on the trigger and, as he slumped, his gun made a brief Catherine-wheel of flashes before it shook itself free from his hand and clattered to the ground.

Bond was running forward towards the warehouse door when he slipped and fell headlong. He lay for a moment, stunned, his face in a pool of black treacle. He cursed and got to his hands and knees and made a dash for cover behind a jumble of the big newsprint rolls that had crashed into the wall of the warehouse. One of them, sliced by a burst from the machine-gun, was leaking black treacle. Bond wiped as much of the stuff off his hands and face as he could. It had the musty sweet smell that Bond had once smelled in Mexico. It was raw opium.

A bullet whanged into the wall of the warehouse not far from his head. Bond gave his gun-hand a last wipe on the seat of his trousers and leapt for the warehouse door. He was surprised not to be shot at from the interior as soon as he was silhouetted against the entrance. It was quiet and cool inside the place. The lights had been turned out, but it was now getting brighter outside. The pale newsprint rolls were stacked in orderly ranks with a space to make a passage-way down the centre. At the far end of the passage-way was a door. The whole arrangement leered at him, daring him. Bond smelled death. He edged back to the entrance and out into the open. The shooting had become spasmodic. Colombo came running swiftly towards him, his feet close to the ground as fat men run. Bond said peremptorily: 'Stay at this door. Don't go in or let any of your men in. I'm going round to the back.' Without waiting for an answer he sprinted round the corner of the building and down along its side.

The warehouse was about fifty feet long. Bond slowed and walked softly to the far corner. He flattened himself against the corrugated iron wall and took a swift look round. He immediately drew back. A man was standing up against the back entrance. His eyes were at some kind of a spyhole. In his hand was a plunger from which wires ran under the bottom of the door. A car, a black Lancia Granturismo convertible with the hood down, stood beside him, its engine ticking over softly. It pointed inland along a deeply tracked dust road.

The man was Kristatos.

Bond knelt. He held his gun in both hands for steadiness, inched swiftly round the corner of the building and fired one shot at the man's feet. He missed. Almost as he saw the dust kick up inches off the target, there was the rumbling crack of an explosion and the tin wall hit him and sent him flying.

Bond scrambled to his feet. The warehouse had buckled crazily out of shape. Now it started to collapse noisily like a pack of tin cards. Kristatos was in the car. It was already twenty yards away, dust fountaining up from the traction on the rear wheels. Bond stood in the classic pistol-shooting pose and took careful aim. The Walther roared and kicked three times. At the last shot, at fifty yards, the figure crouched over the wheel jerked backwards. The hands flew sideways off the wheel. The head craned briefly into the air and slumped forward. The right hand remained sticking out as if the dead man was signaling a right-hand turn. Bond started to run up the road, expecting the car to stop, but the wheels were held in the ruts and, with the weight of the dead right foot still on the accelerator, the Lancia tore onwards in its screaming third gear. Bond stopped and watched it. It hurried on along the flat road across the burned-up plain and the cloud of white dust blew gaily up behind. At any moment Bond expected it to veer off the road, but it did not, and Bond stood and saw it out of sight into the early morning mist that promised a beautiful day.

Bond put his gun on safe and tucked it away in the belt of his trousers. He turned to find Colombo approaching him. The fat man was grinning

delightedly. He came up with Bond and, to Bond's horror, threw open his arms, clutched Bond to him and kissed him on both cheeks.

Bond said: 'For God's sake, Colombo.'

Colombo roared with laughter. 'Ah, the quiet Englishman! He fears nothing save the emotions. But me,' he hit himself in the chest, 'me, Enrico Colombo, loves this man and he is not ashamed to say so. If you had not got the machine-gunner, not one of us would have survived. As it is, I lost two of my men and others have wounds. But only half a dozen Albanians remain on their feet and they have escaped into the village. No doubt the police will round them up. And now you have sent that bastard Kristatos motoring down to hell. What a splendid finish to him! What will happen when the little racing-hearse meets the main road? He is already signalling for the right-hand turn on to the autostrada. I hope he will remember to drive on the right.' Colombo clapped Bond boisterously on the shoulder. 'But come, my friend. It is time we got out of here. The cocks are open in the Albanian ship and she will soon be on the bottom. There are no telephones in this little place. We will have a good start on the police. It will take them some time to get sense out of the fishermen. I have spoken to the head man. No one here has any love for Albanians. But we must be on our way. We have a stiff sail into the wind and there is no doctor I can trust this side of Venice.'

Flames were beginning to lick out of the shattered warehouse, and there was billowing smoke that smelled of sweet vegetables. Bond and Colombo walked round to windward. The Albanian ship had settled on the bottom and

her decks were awash. They waded across her and climbed on board the *Colombina*, where Bond had to go through some more handshaking and backslapping. They cast off at once and made for the headland guarding the harbour. There was a small group of fishermen standing by their boats that lay drawn up on the beach below a huddle of stone cottages. They made a surly impression, but when Colombo waved and shouted something in Italian most of them raised a hand in farewell, and one of them called back something that made the crew of the *Colombina* laugh. Colombo explained: 'They say we were better than the cinema at Ancona and we must come again soon.'

Bond suddenly felt the excitement drain out of him. He felt dirty and unshaven, and he could smell his own sweat. He went below and borrowed a razor and a clean shirt from one of the crew, and stripped in his cabin and cleaned himself. When he took out his gun and threw it on the bunk he caught a whiff of cordite from the barrel. It brought back the fear and violence and death of the grey dawn. He opened the porthole. Outside, the sea was dancing and gay, and the receding coastline, that had been black and mysterious, was now green and beautiful. A sudden delicious scent of frying bacon came down-wind from the galley. Abruptly Bond pulled the porthole to and dressed and went along to the saloon.

Over a mound of fried eggs and bacon washed down with hot sweet coffee laced with rum, Colombo dotted the i's and crossed the t's.

‘This we have done, my friend,’ he said through crunching toast. ‘That was a year’s supply of raw opium on its way to Kristatos’s chemical works in Naples. It is true that I have such a business in Milan and that it is a convenient depot for some of my wares. But it fabricates nothing more deadly than cascara and aspirin. For all that part of Kristatos’s story, read Kristatos instead of Colombo. It is he who breaks the stuff down into heroin and it is he who employs the couriers to take it to London. That huge shipment was worth perhaps a million pounds to Kristatos and his men. But do you know something, my dear James? It cost him not one solitary cent. Why? Because it is a gift from Russia. The gift of a massive and deadly projectile to be fired into the bowels of England. The Russians can supply unlimited quantities of the charge for the projectile. It comes from their poppy-fields in the Caucasus, and Albania is a convenient entrepôt. But they have not the apparatus to fire this projectile. The man Kristatos created the necessary apparatus, and it is he, on behalf of his masters in Russia, who pulls the trigger. Today, between us, we have destroyed, in half an hour, the entire conspiracy. You can now go back and tell your people in England that the traffic will cease. You can also tell them the truth—that Italy was not the origin of this terrible underground weapon of war. That it is our old friends the Russians. No doubt it is some psychological warfare section of their Intelligence apparatus. That I cannot tell you. Perhaps, my dear James,’ Colombo smiled encouragingly, ‘they will send you to Moscow to find out. If that should happen, let us hope you will find some girl as charming as your friend Fräulein Lisl Baum to put you on the right road to the truth.’

‘What do you mean “my friend”? She’s yours.’

Colombo shook his head. ‘My dear James, I have many friends. You will be spending a few more days in Italy writing your report, and no doubt,’ he chuckled, ‘checking on some of the things I have told you. Perhaps you will also have an enjoyable half an hour explaining the facts of life to your colleagues in American Intelligence. In between these duties you will need companionship—someone to show you the beauties of my beloved homeland. In uncivilized countries, it is the polite custom to offer one of your wives to a man whom you love and wish to honour. I also am uncivilized. I have no wives, but I have many such friends as Lisl Baum. She will not need to receive any instructions in this matter. I have good reason to believe that she is awaiting your return this evening.’ Colombo fished in his trousers pocket and tossed something down with a clang on the table in front of Bond. ‘Here is the good reason.’ Colombo put his hand to his heart and looked seriously into Bond’s eyes. ‘I give it to you from my heart. Perhaps also from hers.’

Bond picked the thing up. It was a key with a heavy metal tag attached. The metal tag was inscribed *Albergo Danielli. Room 68*.

Postscript – The Film For Your Eyes Only

The film *For Your Eyes Only* was perhaps one of the best films starring Roger Moore as James Bond. Prior to taking up this role, Sir Roger Moore played Simon Templar in the British Television series *The Saint*. I rather like the old black and white *The Saint* series and sometimes I download an episode or two and watch it at night.

The film *For Your Eyes Only* is a well written story made up of a number of vignettes written by Fleming. Several stories from the original novel are incorporated in the film script, with some modifications and a few vignettes from other Fleming novels find their way into the film as well.

The two vignettes *For Your Eyes Only* and *Risico* are used as the main story lines in the film. If you recall, in the short story *For Your Eyes Only* Bond avenges the murder of M's closest friends, the Havelocks, by a group of Cubans. Their death is also avenged by the Havelock daughter, as well as by James Bond who happens upon the Havelock girl just as Bond is about to kill her parent's Cuban assassin using a cross bow. In the short story *Risico* Bond investigates a drug-smuggling operation run in the Mediterranean with ties in Italy and Great Britain, with ties to the Soviets. In short story there is mention of Greek islands, smugglers and Albanians.

I have already outlined the Corfu Channel angle to this story. The film in fact begins with a naval mine sinking of a Royal Navy intelligence gathering ship the St. Georges disguised as a fishing trawler. The ship was equipped

with a super-secret strategic targeting encryption machine, the ATAC system (Automatic Targeting Attack Communicator) which the Soviets want to acquire. There is a race to find the sunken ship and recover the ATAC machine. It is a pure Cold War fight between good and evil.

Such a story is reminiscent of many clandestine operations in both the First and Second World War involving the recovery from the ocean floor of top secret materials, including encryption machines and war material.

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For instance, in the First World War these was the recovery of the German Imperial Navy's code books from the ship the *SMS Magdeburg* after an engagement with Russian cruisers off the entrance to the Gulf of Finland on August 26th, 1914. Three entire sets of naval codes were captured off the *SMS Magdeburg* by the Russian Imperial navy and one set shared with the Royal Navy. The secret would get out when Winston Churchill wrote about it in his history of the First World War.

> "At the beginning of September, 1914, the German light cruiser *Magdeburg* was wrecked in the Baltic. The body of a drowned German under-officer was picked up by the Russians a few hours later, and clasped in his bosom by arms rigid in death, were the cypher and signal books of the German Navy and the minutely squared maps of the North Sea and Heligoland Bight. On September 6 the Russian Naval attaché came to see me. He had received a message from

> Petrograd telling him what had happened, and that the Russian Admiralty with the aid of the cypher and signal books had been able to decode portions at least of the German naval messages. The Russians felt that as the leading naval Power, the British Admiralty ought to have these books and charts. If we would send a vessel to Alexandrov, the Russian officers in charge of the books would bring them to England. We lost no time in sending a ship, and late on an October afternoon Prince Louis [of Battenberg, First Sea Lord] and I received from the hands of our loyal allies these sea-stained priceless documents."

The story as to how these documents were used by the Royal Navy in the First World War has been told elsewhere. During the First World War the RN also sent divers to U-boat wrecks in the English Channel and around the UK to try to recover the U-boat ciphers. They were modestly successful.

In the Second World War there were greater successes in lifting secret materials from naval wrecks. It is still governed by the Official Secrets Act but I can tell you that the Australian Navy managed to dive on a Japanese submarine early in the war and recover the Imperial Japanese Navy's JN25 code materials, which they shared with the British and the Americans. This was some weeks prior to Pearl Harbor.

In the film *For Your Eyes Only* there is the use of diving equipment and mini-submarines to effect the salvage from the wreck of the St. Georges of the super-secret encryption machine. There is also a battle between mini-

submarines. During the war there was a clandestine battle under the waves between Italian and Royal Navy frogmen and mini-submariners that saw the Italians successfully attack and cripple RN battleships in Alexandria harbor as well as naval and maritime ships in Gibraltar harbor. I will provide more background about Ian Fleming's role in this clandestine war in the next book in *The Best of Ian Fleming* series when we look at the novel *Thinderball*.

Ian Fleming was involved in a number of clandestine operations to acquire, by hook or by crook, the code and cipher materials of Germany and their Axis allies in Europe (including the Italians), similar materials from the French Armed Forces (before and after their Armistice) as well as the code and cipher materials of Axis sympathisers like the Spaniards and Several south American countries.

For instance there was an operation organized by him to seize a German Navy weather ship in the North Sea, a successful operation that gave the allies a three month peek into German Naval messages and allowed the allies to begin to turn back the tide in the battle of the Atlantic.

In one of the yet secret histories of the Second World War, the Spaniards ran a spy ring for their German and Japanese allies in North America and in Great Britain during the war. They also penetrated the allied atomic secrets as early as 1942. One of Ian Fleming's area of expertise was in Spain and his OPERATION GOLDENEYE was to keep a close watch on the Spaniards and to keep them out of the war and out of Gibraltar. Fleming's OPERATION GOLDENEYE files are still classified.

The most publicized espionage operation undertaken by the Royal Navy against Spain during the war was OPERATION MINCEMEAT where fake plans to invade Greece were washed ashore on the Spanish coastline using a cadaver of a fake Royal Marine officer. This clandestine operation became public in the middle 1950's and it has become one of the classic stories of wartime espionage. Of course ... it goes without saying who the idea for OPERATION MINCEMEAT came from. I will provide more background to this operation in a subsequent book of *The Best of Ian Fleming* series.

In the film *For Your Eyes Only* a vignette from a previous Fleming novel is used when Bond and the heroine are to be towed behind a yacht, drowned and fed to the sharks. If you have read the previous Bond novels you will recognize the vignette from the final part of the novel *Live and Let Die*.

The film *For Your Eyes Only* was released in June, 1981with an international cast including Roger Moore as 007, Carole Bouquet as Melina Havelock (the Havelock daughter), Julian Glover as the arch villain Kristatos, Topol as Columbo (Bond's eventual allie), as well as a string of minor actors.

The film would bring in around $ 195 million and would be one of Moore's seven playing of the Bond role.

Being a reserve Royal Canadian Naval Officer at the time I rather enjoyed the naval character to the film *For Your Eyes Only*. It was one of the retired

naval officers I met at a naval mess dinner who told me about the Corfu Channel incident and this being the pre-internet era I had to do a little historical detective work to find the particulars of the 1946 incident.

Then I went back and re-read *For Your Eyes Only*, before seeing the film a second time, this time in my naval uniform in Victoria, BC (up the road from Esquimalt, BC the West Coast naval base of the Royal Canadian Navy). As it would happen, when I tried to buy my ticket the lovely young lady in the ticket kiosk smiled and gave me a pass into the theater, on the proviso we met for coffee after the show. We met for coffee and well we enjoyed some summer pleasure walking together and picnicking at Beaconsfield Park in Victoria.

In terms of the Bond films that came out in the 1980's *For Your Eyes Only* was one of the Bond films I saw for the first time in the theaters. There would be four other Bond films (plus *Never Say Never Again* starring an older Sean Connery from 1983).

Although it is not considered one of the classic Bond films, I have a certain fondness for *For Your Eyes Only*.

Tradecraft

Where Ignorance Is Bliss … It's Folly To Be Wise! by Ian Ogilvie

Royal Air Force (retired)

{Disclaimer from the Editor: Ian Ogilvie's statements of fact and analysis do not necessarily reflect the official views of any government, past or present, including those of Russia and the former Soviet Union as well as the government of the Canada, or the United States, the United Kingdom or Australia.}

I'll be recounting here my 'non-spy' related experiences from London to Vancouver, via Moscow and New York. I apologize but I do digress from time to time, but will always return to the principal subject matter.



Australia's former Moscow Embassy (Now Ambassador's Residence)

Illumined By Spies

Having only recently learnt a lot about the mid-fifties spy scandals in the UK, including from the three main Kim Philby books, I now better

understand the possible reasons for a lot of the things I experienced during, and after, my two-plus years in Moscow, 1959-62. Those were the years immediately after the escape to Moscow of Donald MacLean and Guy Burgess, while Kim Philby cooled his heels in Beirut, before arriving in Moscow the year after I left. During the years I spent in the RAF and at London University's School of Slavonic Studies, all that 'UK spy stuff' was at its peak, although I wasn't aware of it at the time.

Why I May Have Been Followed So Extensively

In November 1959, on the front page of the UK's The Times newspaper, there was an ad for someone with knowledge of Russian and accounting to join the Embassy of Australia in Moscow (above). At that time I was one of two management trainees with Kleinwort Benson & Co, a private merchant bank in The City of London. My attention to the ad was drawn by the other trainee, who was probably glad to get rid of the competition, especially as I spoke German and got on well with the managing director's secretary from Hamburg!

The ad had been inserted by the High Commission of Australia in London, and was probably seen by the UK's KGB 'Resident'. If he didn't see the ad, then it is likely that he was made aware of my visa application. My age, 25, would have indicated that I had just come out of one of the armed services. Two years of military service were obligatory at that time. My knowledge of Russian and service background might have indicated a possible GCHQ (Government Communications Head Quarters) connection.

I might have come to the attention of Soviet Intelligence another way: In Berlin from time to time, where I was stationed 1956-58 monitoring Soviet air force communications, I had to take the prior day's intercept material to Tempelhof Airport for personal delivery to a British European Airways (BEA) captain … for onward delivery to GCHQ in Cheltenham, UK. I would be in uniform and guarded by "Rock Apes" (RAF Regiment) with machine guns as we and their boots clanked through the terminal in full view of early morning departing passengers. That could have been in my 'dossier' somewhere in Moscow.

Australian-Soviet relations were a little 'special' at the time I arrived in Moscow. Australia had just been invited/allowed to re-establish its embassy in Moscow, having been thrown out some years prior due to the Petrov affair. Vladimir Petrov was a KGB agent who had defected in Canberra together with his wife, Evdokia, as well as with a lot of agent and other important information. The KGB succeeded in capturing and taking him aboard an Aeroflot airliner, only to have Aussies storm the plane and retrieve him. It would appear that Evdokia was able to remain in Australia also. A need for Australian wheat, wool and meat were said to have been the main reasons for the Soviets re-admitting an Aussie ambassador.

So, when I duly arrived in Moscow in December 1959 to join the Australian embassy, my 'security-risk-rating' as far as the KGB was concerned is unlikely to have been minimal, given the 'Cheltenham Connection'. Also, I

didn’t have an Australian diplomatic passport, but an Official one, and, of course, I was not an Australian, so I didn’t fit the profile norm.

Sharing Quarters with Mr Burgess



Initially, on arrival in Moscow, I was billeted in the Ukraine Hotel.

Little did I know at the time that one of my fellow guests was none other than Guy Burgess. I learnt that from an interview he gave to a UK journalist.

Operation Reunion

My primary job in Moscow was to run "Operation Reunion" for Ambassador Keith Waller (Whether or not that is the ambassador’s spouse to his left, below, I can’t say. I do remember that Mrs Waller was tall, but the face escapes me now).

Operation Reunion was a programme under which Australian residents who had managed to escape the Soviet Union and dependent territories during World War II could invite relatives left behind in the Soviet Union to join them in Australia.



Communicating with disheartened, if not terrified, simple and often elderly people in the Soviet provinces in the early 60's was no easy matter. They had to be encouraged to approach the local OVIR police station, the obligatory first step in the immigration process; and to keep on visiting that police station every six months – as was their legal right, even when they had been rejected several times.

Part of the difficulty was to explain to them their rights, such as they were; to help them realize when the local police station was not following procedure; and to do all that without appearing to interfere in the internal affairs of the USSR. I did exchange notes on procedure and other matters with my British, Canadian and US colleagues doing the same work.

During my farewell meeting with Ambassador Waller, I was very pleased to hear him tell me that I had been able to get more Soviet citizens out of the USSR to join their relatives in Australia than my Canadian, UK or US counterparts combined. The latter were all more senior than I, being career diplomats of First or Second Secretary rank. Thanks to good Soviet schooling, the handwritten letters from exit visa applicants were not difficult to read, but my US et al counterparts ‘commands of Russian, particularly (hand) written Russian, was not as good as mine, and that was one of the reasons why they delegated all correspondence in that area to their Soviet staff who, for obvious reasons, shrank from taking an aggressive position, in writing, on behalf of the people trying to get exit visas, knowing full well, of course, that the KGB read everything that went in and out of our little

chancellery – probably the stables in another epoch – there in the rear courtyard of the embassy.

For my part, I read all the original correspondence related to Operation Reunion. I tried to understand the nature of the bureaucratic runarounds to which those elderly babushkas and prospective emigrants were being subjected; dictated replies in English; and checked and otherwise contested the translations. My Soviet translator, Svetlana, who owed her job to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, was concerned from time to time that my explanations might cause her problems with her 'authorities'. Like everything else, it was personal involvement, the personal touch that made the difference.

Greg Clark, the young Australian diplomat who followed me at the embassy in Kropotkinsky Pereulok, says in his writings that Svet made no secret, at least to him, that she was there to report on our doings, but not to the KGB, as we might have assumed, but to her real employer, The Ministry of Foreign Affairs.



Another responsibility in Moscow included helping our non-Russian speaking ambassador keep up to date on what the media were reporting. Every weekday morning, we would assemble for 'morning prayers' in Ambassador Waller's spacious office. First Secretary Richard (Dick) Woolcott (Right) would go first with what he had found of interest in Pravda, and I would follow with some 'odnako' paragraphs from Izvestia

(the odnako, ‘however’, paragraph was where we would learn of the problems being experienced by this or that sector of the economy). I cannot remember whether the gossip picked up at receptions, cocktail parties and dinners preceded or followed the press reviews, but they were usually the most interesting part of ‘morning prayers’.

Another duty was interpreting as needed, and runs to Customs to clear inbound supplies, including something I initiated – containers of frozen food shipped overnight on ‘The Red Arrow’ from the Stockmann department store in neighbouring Helsinki. Prior to that, we had had frozen and other food flown in from Copenhagen, but the Helsinki variant turned out to be less expensive.

Then there was interpreting for Ambassador Waller when Dick Woolcott was otherwise engaged, as well as for visiting Australian officials, including Lord Richard Casey and his wife Maie. Lord Casey was on a farewell visit prior to becoming Australia’s next Governor-General.

The only other Russian speaker in the embassy at that time being Dick Woolcott, Ambassador Waller did me the honour of appointing me the Caseys guide and interpreter on their trip to Leningrad. If we were followed, I wasn’t aware of it. It was, in fact, unusual for ambassadors and their ilk to be followed at that time – as opposed to military attaches, who were followed all the time, obviously!

The Scythian Gold

The highlight of that Leningrad visit for me was being taken down to the vaults of The Hermitage Museum and shown the Scythian Gold. I couldn't help noticing how close the intricate designs of the Gold resembled those of ancient Irish and Scottish designs. To this day, I'm inclined to believe a legend which holds that the Celts of Scotland, Ireland, Wales, Cornwall, Brittany and Galicia got there, having traversed North Africa en route from Southern Russia.

At about the same time, June 1961, Ambassador Waller, one of Australia's most respected diplomats, was made a Commander of the Order of the British Empire whilst on post in the USSR, becoming also a Knight Bachelor in 1968 during his time as Ambassador to the United States of America. In 1970, Sir Keith Waller was appointed Secretary of the Department of External Affairs (later Department of Foreign Affairs), retiring from the public service in 1974 on his 60th birthday.

It's Folly To Be Wise!

Coming back to 'where ignorance is bliss', it is now said that it was no secret that the Yanks and the Brits liked to use Commonwealth nationals in Moscow for their various spy stunts, when using their own people would attract attention. So that could have been one reason why, as will be seen below, this non-Aussie, 'Official' member of the embassy staff was subjected to so much surveillance.

In that regard, there was the Penkovsky spy affair still in the air at that time. Oleg Penkovsky had been a top level Soviet official whose inside reports on Soviet military plans and thinking had been the intelligence coup of the century (he had since been uncovered and executed). Several senior US and UK officials in Moscow had been expelled for their involvement in that affair; the Brits for providing the people to check out Penkovsky's information drops. In the eyes of the Russians, Australia too could well have been part of that tight Anglo-Saxon nexus for spy activities against the USSR.



Where I lived

I believe I cribbed that from Greg Clark (http://gregoryclark.net/lifestory/page2/page2.html) who, writing about associating with regular Soviet citizens, noted that he was caught in the dilemma that all Russian-speaking Western diplomats had to face in Moscow. Namely, there was no point learning the language and studying the system unless one went out to meet and talk to Russians. However, in so

doing, one was bound to become a target for KGB attention. Entrapment, followed by messy expulsion, could easily be the end result. Besides, as Greg notes, the Soviets' propaganda had already told them that all diplomats sent by the West to work in Moscow, the Russian-speaking ones especially, had to be anti-Soviet and latent spies to begin with. Otherwise we would not have been sent. For them, we Russian-speakers were small and very expendable fish.

Just Checking

I lived in a flat at Dom 45, Leninsky Prospect (Above), not too far from Moscow University (MGU). The compound, with only one obvious entrance/exit, housed both foreigners and Soviets in what by Moscow standards at that time was fairly reasonable comfort. As was the case for most of the embassy's non-Russian personnel, our arrivals/departures from the embassy/our apartments were reported by the police at the entrance to the embassy and our apartment complex.

Shortly after arriving home, I would receive a 'wrong number' check-up call, to which I would respond with an obscenity, such as suggesting that the male caller go and do something not nice to his mother!

It was customary for the junior diplomatic staffs of the Australian, British, Canadian and US embassies to socialise in clubs housed on the grounds of those embassies, as well as to offer hospitality to one another in their apartments. I believe that I did visit the US club once – to play mindless

tombola, and the UK only a couple of times – to play darts. Given my diplomatic rank, or lack thereof, I was not ‘dinner party’ fodder.

Out And About In Moscow



Usually, I went about Moscow on my own, shopping, sight-seeing, visiting art galleries and museums and The Bolshoi. Getting tickets for that ballet shrine, or any other theatre, concert hall or museum posed no problems for Moscow’s diplomatic crowd. We did have to pay, of course, but virtually nothing.

I would usually take my Swiss 8mm Bolex cine camera with me on my Moscow outings during the second half of my time in Moscow lending, no doubt, to my ‘need-to-observe ratio’. Somewhat of a rarity in those days, the Bolex was the equivalent of today’s camera-cellphones.

Visiting the GUM department store on Red Square, I would, occasionally see a couple of big black ZIL limousines with Nikita Khruschev therein, heading for one of the entrances to The Kremlin. Whether or not I tried to ‘Bolex’ them, I don’t recall.

My Cuba Moment!

My favourite restaurant was Aragvi, a Georgian restaurant under the shadow of the Yuri Dolgoruky statue on Pushkin Square. I particularly liked

Aragvi's thick, creamy chicken soup and splayed grilled, garlic chicken – Tsiplyata Tabaka.

Probably early on, I had to 'pull rank' at Aragvi. I had arrived early, before some guest or other I was entertaining, only to be told by a group of waitresses idling by the entrance that all the tables were taken – there wasn't a single person in the restaurant! I declined to accept that demarche, observing that the restaurant was totally empty at that moment . . . and went to a table, where I proceeded to right the chairs round the table. It was the practice then to fold chairs into tables to indicate that the table was reserved. All the chairs on all the tables were like that – with not a customer in sight. I sat down: was shortly joined by my guests or guest, I've forgotten now. Apparently reluctant to make more of an issue of the matter, we were finally provided with menus. I look back on that as my 'Cuba Moment'!

The Tushino Air Show

I made good use of my Bolex when I visited the Tushino Air Show with Alan, my brother, in 1961, I believe it was. We weren't diplomats, so we were not in the diplomatic enclosure, where everybody had to surrender their cameras, but out in the field, joyfully filming whatever passed overhead. I wasn't stopped, so I suppose that Alan and I had slipped through the security cordon, the 'goons' main objective that day being to render the diplomatic types harmless.

I had brought Alan – I think that he would have been only about 12 at the time – to Moscow from our him in East Kilbride outside of Glasgow for a little summer holiday. Alas, Alan was left mainly on his own during the week, as I had to work, but I would see him at lunchtimes, as well as sightsee with him at weekends.

I was aware of being followed from time to time, but that didn't bother me in Moscow. Out of town was another matter, but more anon. In Moscow, I was approached from time to time by 'stilyagi' wishing to purchase jeans, records et al, one of which I took back to my flat. I was told later in London by my hoped-to-be Soviet contact that there was a lot he knew about me that could be used against me, should that become necessary.

Another, Franz, a bold, swash-buckling character, used to waylay foreigners going for their mail in the Central Post Office on Gorky Street.

It was outside the Post Office that I first witnessed the phenomenon of somebody talking to his sleeve. That would have been 1960 – early days for electronics miniaturisation, I would have thought: so the KGB was right up there in the forefront of that field.

Coming back to Franz, I know that I sold him and his team some things, although I don't remember what. In order to 'connect' we had to go through an elaborate bee-dance round the post office.

That may not have been enough to put off the authorities, however, as, back in London, reading Izvestia in bed one night, the back page, I remember, I learnt that he had been exiled to a labour camp in Siberia!

Travel Insurance!

At that time, when Western diplomats et al stationed in Moscow travelled within the USSR, we were supposed to do our touring with someone from our own embassy, or from one of the other related missions. Because of being 'neither fish nor flesh', I used to pretend that I was indeed going with a friendly ally, but that was usually, probably always, not the case. All in all, during my two years plus in Moscow, I visited some 20 towns and cities in the USSR, from Archangel in the north to Kharkov in the south and Lvov in the west. I was always followed on those trips – alone, and with my cine camera. So that made it de rigueur for the 'goons' as we called them, to come go along for the ride. The plus was that I never needed to worry about getting too lost, or having an accident, as help would always be there!

Foreign embassy staff couldn't (or weren't supposed to) buy air or train travel tickets themselves, or make hotel reservations. That all was to be done through the UPDK – Directorate for the Servicing of the Diplomatic Corps. So, if it were train travel, then the conductor expected me, and I would be shown to an empty compartment, shortly to be joined by a single 'fellow traveler'. He would usually be joined, and it was always a he in my case, by up to four goons in the immediately adjoining compartment. They were my

‘send-off kommanda’. When I duly arrived in Kiev, Kharkov or wherever, I was delivered to the ‘arrival kommanda’.

One amusing incident in that regard comes to mind: on the way into Kharkov by cab from the airport, followed by the arrival kommanda in the usual black Volga automobile, we came to a traffic light in the middle of nowhere. The poor Volga driver chose to pull up alongside, rather than behind. There was no other traffic to be seen. I started to wave mischievously, causing the black leather jackets to turn their backs on me! I probably even turned my camera on them. I don’t remember.

Amateurs To The Fore

In the provinces, my fellow-traveler train companion or assigned sleuth was apparently not usually a career security person, but a local Komsomol, with instructions just to observe me and, of course, report back … but ‘not to touch’! Knowing that I would not be running any risk, and wishing to vent my irritation, I would usually give these poor guys a hard time, such as withholding permission to smoke.

In train travel, I was always alone in the compartment until joined by my fellow traveler. I would sit by the window, with my back to the direction of travel: my ‘companion’, to be sociable would sit opposite, so facing the direction of travel – and the steam locomotive! At some point, after refusing permission to smoke, I would pull down the window, causing the Komsomol

ingénue to be covered with soot from the engine's smoke. Mean, I know, but I wished to show that I wasn't going to allow myself to be intimidated.

After much banter about who I was and who he was, and being accused of being there to spy on me, the young man on the Lvov-Chernovitsi train, for example, said, well, maybe, but how did he know who I was. Fair question, I would answer.

I would cause additional confusion by, when the tea lady offered me some from the samovar at the end of the carriage, I would thank her and observe loudly, in Russian, that there seemed to be more Chekisti (goons) on board than passengers . . . while indicating the huddled types in the adjoining compartment pretending to play chess and ignoring what I'd just said. The poor woman didn't know what to reply or which way to turn, while the goons in leather jackets in the next compartment continued playing chess or whatever, pretending not to have heard my perfectly good Russian.

All of that, it is safe to presume, was reported back to Moscow. So, if I was not eventually deemed a security risk, I was almost definitely regarded as a 'little shit'! I'd love to know what that might be in Russian - Vкусок дерьма?

The Tell-Tail Coattails

Once after visiting Pskov and its famous monastery on the border of Estonia, I decided to go for a walk outside the town and soon found myself going up

a road with fields on my right and a wood on my left. Half way up a bit of a hill, I saw, as I expected, a figure in a raincoat emerging from the village behind me. There wasn't another soul in sight, and no cover. I continued up the hill, and decided to go into the wood on my left. Almost immediately, I found myself face-to-face with a wooden structure. A kind of a fort, I thought. It was square, or circular: I don't remember which. I went off in one direction, probably to the right – only to come face-to-face with a young guy in a mackintosh. He panicked and went back the way he came. I also retraced my steps, exiting the wood.

Standing in the road, looking for my shadow, I noticed smoke coming from behind a tree at the edge of the wood, and then coattails wafted out by the wind, all of which I joyfully, and maliciously, proceeded to film with my Bolex.

Another time, I was on a hilltop outside Uzhgorod with some students who wished to show me the first Sputnik transiting. Whether I was followed then, I don't know as I wasn't aware of it – or maybe the students stood in for that!

Strangely, or maybe the KGB had other fish to fry at that moment, I wasn't aware of being followed when I got off the train in deepest Ukraine to wander about Novgorod Volynsk and Zhitomir. Or maybe I didn't file a flight plan (!) and the powers that be weren't aware of my intention to leave the train! I don't recall. What I was doing in those two places was hoping to identify and film where my London Russian-language coach, Yelena

Ludvikovna Kaczmarek, grew up. I believe that I did find the house, but whether I was ever able to show the film to Yelena Ludvikovna, I don't recall. I'm beholden to Yelena for my love for Lermontov and Pushkin. We used to read passages from their works during my lessons. I still have a little compendium of the works of Alexander Sereiyevich given me by Yelena Ludvikovna.

The Kiev Connection

Then there were the two Kiev students I befriended: emerging from the Intourist hotel in Kiev one morning in 1960, I think it was, and scanning the scene for my shadow, I noticed two young guys stage left. Now that I think of it, they seemed to be waiting for me. They, Alyosha Danilich and Vitaly Shostakovsky (?), approached me saying that they would like to practice their English. I warned them that they would be observed. They refused to believe that. I asked them if they could recommend a nice place for lunch. They suggested the restaurant in a stadium on the other side of the River Dnieper. After lunch, I pointed out the person I believed was following us. That didn't seem to bother them.

When Alyosha and Vitaly visited me in Moscow, we did some sightseeing together – VDNK, and they came back to my flat. Instead of talking there, however, I took them into the fire stair well, where we sat and talked.

Years later, with the help of his mother, I reconnected with Alyosha and his wife in Budapest where he was stationed as a lieutenant (English Interpreter)

in the Red Army. Following that meeting, we agreed to meet again the following day before I left town. That meeting was ‘intercepted’ by a Soviet security officer, Ali Azizov, whom I had known in London. Looking back, Ali definitely knew where and when I was due to meet Alyosha . . . and maybe Alyosha did too!

I didn’t think like that at that time. Instead, I was very concerned for Alyosha’s wellbeing as a result of his meeting with me. So, over a long lunch which I hosted, I tried to convince Ali that he should speak to Alyosha’s battalion commander, informing him that my meeting that morning with Alyosha was just a friendly reunion, nothing nefarious. Ali consistently declined to do so, but I wouldn’t end the lunch until I had Ali’s word that he would convey that message to Alyosha’s superior officer. For some forty years I wondered whether Alyosha had gotten into trouble as a result of meeting me, only to be told two years ago on reconnecting in Kiev that nothing negative had happened to him as a result of our meeting in Budapest, but it was a quick, matter of fact reply which now makes me wonder! His reply to that, not unimportant question did seem a little offhand.

Before parting with Ali and Alyosha, Ali made me promise to meet somewhere that evening. I’ve forgotten where. Some hotel, I think. I panicked. Rushed to the British Embassy. Was taken into the ‘safe’ room, such as we had in the Australian Embassy. I was ordered to get out of the country as fast as possible. I rushed back to where I was staying privately. Packed quickly and departed even faster. I took a wrong turn in my mad dash for the frontier with Austria, finding myself and my mini Riley Elf in

the middle of a field at one point! Wow, was I relieved when I finally crossed into Austria. That's not my Elf below, but my little Riley was exactly the same.



It was a little unusual at that time for a Western journalist – I was working for Reuter then – to meet with an officer in the Red Army so, as I said, I was concerned all those years about what may have happened to Alyosha. I cannot help wondering what would have happened to a young officer in the US Army after meeting with a TASS correspondent in Washington, even if it were only an innocent meeting of two friends.

Tell that to the FBI!

Back in London

On my return to London, with a bulging bank account, Moscow living expenses having been minimal and not having had to pay taxes for more than two years, I was able to buy a small, 2-bedroom flat in a quiet East London backwater, plump in the middle of what would become the location of the 2012 Summer Olympics. Not only was I able to furnish it, from floor to ceiling, but from the best furniture store in the capital.

In London, I was taken on by Reuter as a management trainee, probably because of my languages, French, German and Russian at that time. Before very long, however, I found myself editor of East-West Trade News, a weekly newsletter of 4-6 pages which, in those days, was printed and mailed to subscribers. I had to do everything, including reading all the foreign trade information coming into the office by teleprinter and otherwise, selecting, interviewing on the telephone and in person, tasking Reuter correspondents overseas for information, and composing the end result. The office had subscriptions to East Bloc media: I read the Soviet and East German, and Kurt Weisskopf, a colleague, the other.

I was fortunate in having a great mentor, Eric Hawes, a one-time school teacher. He was a kindly fellow, the perfect teacher. I would show him what I had produced: I would sit me beside him, and he would proceed to go through my ‘copy’, the technical term in the trade, and before I knew it, and without any unkind words, he had more or less rewritten my article. I assume that I became ‘independent’ in due course, to the extent that I eventually became bored after a couple of years, hankering for new pastures. One does need a little attention, a pat on the head from time to time. Alas, I experienced neither rebuke nor commendation.

Whitehall Called!

Back to the non-spy business and the not too unpleasant duty of accepting invitations to receptions at the Bulgarian, Czech, East German, Soviet and other such embassies, where I would zero in on the commercial diplomats

seeking information for my newsletter. Extra-curricular lunches and dinners with German, Polish and Soviet diplomats followed, with the result that I was soon on my way to a little office in Whitehall, instructed to do so by my boss, Bernard Gagin!! That was my second MI5 'invitation' and the most serious, as it turned out.

The first invitation resulted from an amateurish surveillance operation. One fine morning, leaving my flat for my job in Fleet Street, I had to pass around the front of a car parked on the other side of our little side street. In so doing, much to my surprise – and consternation! – I saw that the a man sitting in the seat under my nose was holding a picture of me in his hands – the very moment as I passed by and looked down into the car.

Probably flustered, I continued the few yards to the corner en route to the tube station – stopped, and went back around the corner. A man had emerged from the car, apparently the one who had been holding my picture in his hand, because it was from that side of the car. As soon as he saw me, he set off in the opposite direction. I followed. Very shortly, he turned into a little lane, a cul-de-sac! When he got to the end, and could go no further, not more than 50-60 yards from me as I recall, he turned and looked at me, as I stood at the entrance to the lane and looked back at him. My eyes went automatically to his shoes – and I told myself that he was Russian. How wrong I was!

Those Misleading Shoes

In Moscow, I had become accustomed to seeing the gaze of oncoming pedestrians fall to my shoes, that being one way at the time of identifying foreigners. Convinced that I was still ‘a person of interest’ to the KGB, I hot-footed it to the only friendly security contact I had in London at the time, namely the security officer in Australia House. I don’t remember how late I was for work, if at all, as Australia House is just at the other end of Fleet Street and the Reuter building.

I duly reported to the security officer, whose name I’ve forgotten, that I was being followed by the KGB! A few days later, I received a telephone call inviting me to an address in Whitehall, opposite Downing Street. There I was informed that it was not a KGB guy but a British spook whom I had backed into a dead-end lane. So much for the toecap-less, dirty shoes he was wearing!

The explanation: in those days and, who knows, still, diplomats, journalists and others, back home from stays in Communist countries, were routinely kept under surveillance by their own security services for some six months in order to determine whether or not they had been ‘turned’ while abroad. That was the end of the matter for that moment, but somebody must have had egg on his face as a result of the amateurish manner in which it had been handled.

Now the second Whitehall visit I was ordered to make by Bernard Gagin. Up a winding stair to a kind of garret, I was told that some of the diplomats with whom I was socializing were security officers and that, consequently, I

was henceforth obliged to report on those meetings to my ‘case’ officer, whose name I’ve fortunately forgotten. I don’t remember if I was intimidated, but I know that I was incensed: I was a ‘journalist’, and, as such, I did not intend to compromise my sources!

Back at 85 Fleet Street, on reporting back to Bernard Gagin, I don’t remember what I told him about complying with the MI5 instruction to report on my meetings with Communist-Bloc commercial diplomats. I was probably told that I had to, or else. Nevertheless, I believe that I had no intention of following those instructions. I was a journalist, after all, so I couldn’t possibly compromise my sources. Consequently, I determined to only pretend to comply. I let it be known in telephone calls with friends how I felt about those ‘creeps’ in Whitehall, in the full knowledge that my telephone was probably tapped.

As It Turned Out!

I did, nevertheless, meet from time to time with my MI5 case guy, basically, I suppose, reporting on whom I’d seen and what we’d talked about. At one point, I was told that the Soviet cultural attaché I had been lunching, Ali Azizov, was an intelligence officer. I didn’t wish to believe that at the time, as I enjoyed his company, as well as that of his wife, Masha. As Ali was not a commercial diplomat, I viewed our lunches as purely private, social occasions. He and Masha had even joined me on a visit to my sister and brother-in-law and their family in Leicester. Ali soon gave up trying to feed me his line about how great life was in the USSR, after I observed that I had

actually lived there for two years, and that there was no point in throwing sand in my eves - *Metats pesok v glaza*.

In trying to resist the idea that Ali was an intelligence officer and not the cultural attaché he claimed to be, I pointed out to my MI5 guy that if I paid for one lunch, then Ali paid for the next. No matter, said the MI5 guy, he had to account for the expense, so those meetings were 'official' and not private.

It seems silly now, and it was, but I was still an idealistic 27-year old, very much enjoying the glamour of my new career as a Fleet Street journalist, courting the senior executives of the big UK companies doing business with Russia et al, as well as with their customers, in order to get 'scoops' for my newsletter . . . and I did have some great scoops. One in particular was when I was quasi held in a major UK boardroom, actually with a senior executive's hand on my shoulder, so that I couldn't get away to publish my story until some senior UK politician – I think it was the PM, had been able to get out of Washington, DC. My story was about the supply of large-diameter gas pipes to the USSR by a UK company – an embargo 'no-no' in the eyes of the US administration at that time.

As it turned out, alas, my case MI5 guy was right, and I was very wrong. As the manner in which Ali and I met became increasingly complicated, and Ali's questions became ever more personnel, I realised that he was compiling what I later heard referred to as a 'character profile'. Still, that did not deter me – on the contrary. Once I realised what the game was about, I

entered into it with gusto, thinking that I was clever enough to divine what was behind some of Ali's questions . . . and deflect them with dead-end or otherwise inconsequential replies.

No I Won't!

That little charade came to an unhappy, at least for me, end when, at our last meeting in a fish restaurant on the Brompton Road, near Harrods, the mailed fist was shown. Ali had been attempting for some time to get me to write some report or other for him. Any report, it seemed, only that it be something from me to him in writing – by all means on a trade or commercial subject … but I kept finding excuses for not doing so, or otherwise procrastinating.

I came up with a suggestion at the fish restaurant dinner that he should propose to Moscow that the USSR copy Morocco and start supplying natural gas to Europe. Morocco had recently started shipping natural gas to Europe in large LNG tankers, and I suggested that the Soviet Union build a pipeline to Klaipeda and do likewise. Ali jumped on that, requesting that I produce a paper for him incorporating just that suggestion. I demurred, probably pleading that I just would not have the time to do so before I left for New York. It was at that moment that the friendly mask was dropped and I was told that his people knew what I had been up to in Moscow – nothing specific indicated – but it was clearly a threat. I realised that it was such, so agreed to produce the report but, needless to say, never did … before being

‘up, up and away’ by BA to The New World . . . with my ‘case history’ following behind, but more anon.

Off To The Big Apple

To digress and background a bit, I left Reuter after a couple of years, not because of Ali complicating my life, as far as I can recall, but because I was bored. I duly completed my little newsletter every Thursday, generally hearing neither criticism nor compliment from Bernard Gagin or anybody else there. So, I joined Universal News Services, London, as International Editor, and later the London office of AP-Dow Jones as a desk editor. AP-DJ was at that time building up to become a competitor to Reuters economic services, and I was duly transferred to the company’s New York headquarters. That was where I was going when I said do-svidanya to Ali – although it wasn’t going to be a total goodbye that aspect of my life, as I would discover before too long.

It was, in fact, my second trip to New York. Sometime in 1961, it must have been, I left Moscow for some R&R, going home first to East Kilbride, which is about one hour out of Glasgow by bus and where my father worked in the Rolls-Royce aero engine plant. That was when I was to purchase the kilt outfit I now associate with Guy Burgess. I later wore it when I accompanied Ambassador and Mrs Waller to a production of Shakespeare’s Macbeth in The Bolshoi put on by a visiting troupe from London’s Old Vic Theatre. I was later to learn from a BBC documentary that Burgess had inveigled himself into the theatre via the stage door, probably with the assistance of

his KGB handler, in an attempt to socialise with the visiting Brits. He appears to have failed in that endeavor.



Back to that first trip to New York. I purchased a ticket from UPDK, in roubles, so for almost nothing, to visit my favourite cousin, Irene, and her husband, Denis Darlington, in New York, where he was passenger manager for the Cunard White Star Line.

I had flown to and from New York from Prestwick Airport, south of Glasgow, in a BOAC Britannia turboprop jet airliner (Right) – stretched out for sleeping on the way there, as I recall, across a lot of empty seats in the back of the plane.



I assume that I was met at JFK by Denis, to be taken to their lovely house on Staten Island. One day I visited Denis in his office in the Cunard Building on Lower Broadway, only yards from where I would later work in the Dow Jones building on Wall Street. From there, Denis took me to one of the passenger

piers on the Hudson River and where I was taken aboard RMS Queen Mary (Left)for lunch in the main dining room (Below-Left).



That visit was doubly special for me, because my father had put me on his shoulders in September 1938 to view the launching of her sister ship, RMS Queen Elizabeth, from the John Brown Shipyard in Clydebank, Scotland.

I was later, sometime in the early 1940's, to see the Queen Elizabeth emerge, painted battleship grey, from one bank of fog and disappear into another, as she made her way out of the Firth of Clyde en route, doubtless, to pick up troops from the USA.

At the time, I happened to be in a rowing boat off the town of Kirn, accompanying a friend of the family doing some fishing.

Enter the FBI

So, once anchored in New York in early 1969, I think it was, and once again plying my journalistic trade as a 'foreign' editor with AP-Dow Jones on Wall Street, I did become aware in due time that I was once again being followed, but was it the KGB or the CIA?! Also, there were some suspicious telephone calls. In due time, I found myself in an empty office in the FBI

building in mid-town Manhattan. Well, not completely empty - there was a table and two chairs. I was invited to take one and an agent took the other, while a second agent stood. Part of the intimidation set-up, I presume. The table was empty but for a humungous file bursting at the seams, all of nearly 9-10 inches tall. If it were all about me, I would have been justified in feeling intimidated, pleased or proud, or all three but, of course, it was just a ploy to intimidate me, someone told me later.

Anyway, it transpired that MI5, I assume, had been kind enough to provide their US colleagues with some information regarding yours truly, no doubt dealing with my time in Moscow and association with dubious East Bloc types while in London. I really don't recall any of their questions. Subsequently, however, there was a problem to be overcome in seeking to become a US citizen. I had to hire a specialist lawyer in Washington, DC, to deal with that problem but, in the end, everything worked out and I duly became a US citizen – despite the fact that I still retained my UK citizenship, somewhat unusual in those days.

Anything You Can Do, I Can Do Better!

Probably bored again with desk work, I left AP-DJ after some years to join a financial public relations firm, Bass & Co, and, when I realised that I could probably do that work just as well on my own, and for foreign companies, I left and set up John A Ogilvie & Associates Inc, having squirreled away some $13,000 in savings to enable me to do so. That would have been around 1975.

I probably continued to be a ‘person of interest’ for the FBI after my company was acquired by the Edelman public relations firm. Richard Edelman, the owner’s son, saw the foreign accounts I had as a quick way of getting his primarily product and marketing public relations company at the time into financial public relations as well as pr for foreign companies.

Two of the accounts I took with me to Edelman were very ‘foreign’, and probably not the ones in which Richard was most interested, namely the German Democratic Republic Ministry of Foreign Trade, the GDR Chamber of Commerce and Interwerbung, the former East German state monopoly advertising and pr agency, on all of whose behalf I worked during 10 years serving a large number of East German enterprises such as Carl Zeiss Jena and the Leipzig Trade Fair in the city of that name in East Germany.

My Emil Jannings



My visits to East Germany were undoubtedly noticed by the FBI, so it was no surprise that they resulted in an unsolicited addition, on my part at least, to the unit of which I was head. He was Eric,

but I can't remember his last name at the moment.

Eric was a dead ringer for the corpulent professor in the old Marlene Dietrich black and white movie, Blue Angel. Eric would get into the office ahead of everybody else in the morning; he knew all the water fountain gossip; and, standing on the other side of my desk, could read material there – upside-down!

I felt no resentment and enjoyed the relationship. It was that cat-and-mouse game again. If there were any stakes to be considered, or about which to be concerned, I wasn't aware of them. Eric and the FBI were just doing their job. So, let them get on with it – no skin off my nose!, as long as we could get our jobs done to the best of our abilities.

Eric and I often lunched together. He fancied himself as a 'Kremlinologist', and would discuss current affairs in that part of the world. I constantly charged him with being a CIA plant which, he usually denied, with a grin, but he was good fun, well educated, including stints at the Sorbonne in Paris and Heidelberg University. When I eventually left Edelman, Eric had, apparently to leave also, mission accomplished?

I later learned that he had gone to live in Charlottesville, VA, i e CIA headquarters and where The Red October was directed to make port in a creek nearby.

Vancouver

In seeing me leave New York to take up residence in Vancouver, the FBI probably did CSIS the same favour MI5 had done them: it was just like the 'Old Days' in the Soviet Union, one 'Kommanda' would pass me onto another 'Kommanda' as I moved around!

So it was no surprise that, after a couple of visits to Vladivostok, and the setting up in 1994 of the Vancouver-Vladivostok Trade Association … I should receive a visit in my home from a CSIS agent. That was altogether a more courteous way of approaching me – 'the Canadian way', as opposed to the summons to that intimidating, interrogation room in Manhattan.

Not surprisingly, CSIS was interested in learning about the people who were attending our VVTA lunches and other events. I really don't remember any of their questions, except that they seemed to have an interest in our very first member, a Czech, or was he Slovak, who visited Pacific Russia regularly for the purpose of selling Canadian forestry equipment.

What was interesting, if somewhat amusing, is that I found myself dealing with a string of young neophyte Canadian intelligence sleuths – they were recent recruits to a just-formed counter intelligence unit in Vancouver. After a couple of years of very pleasant chats over lunch delivered to the room in some swanky mid-town hotel, I was 'pensioned off' with a First Nations letter opener, or is it called a paper knife? I was no longer needed – I was hurt!!

Keeping Tabs

The FBI, or some relation thereof, didn't apparently wish to completely lose sight of me once I moved north of the border. In completing the legal work related to the registration of the VVTA as a BC company, my lawyer introduced me to the then chair of the Vancouver Board of Trade, Jill Bodkin. Jill had recently led a trade mission to Vladivostok, together with Jane Frost, a Vancouver Port Authority commissioner. I was most grateful that such a prominent member of Vancouver and BC's business community did agree to be the first chair of the VVTA, especially as I was a complete newcomer to Vancouver, knowing absolutely nobody here other than my lawyers and family.

I don't recall when, but it would have to have been in the mid 90's, Jill hosted a lunch at which I was to meet one Brewster C Denny, founder of the University of Washington State's Graduate School of Public Affairs, and former Lieutenant Governor of the State of New York. I assume that the WA media had covered the Vancouver business community's attempts to jump-start trade with the newly opened up Vladivostok and Pacific Russia in general. Brewster had undoubtedly consumed that coverage and 'passed it along'. To whom he was beholden, intelligence-wise, I don't know, but I choose to see him as an intelligence stringer, like Eric in New York, that being the journalistic term for someone who functions as a journalist from time-to-time, but is not a full-time member of the media in question.

I believe it was a pleasant lunch and that I was duly quietly quizzed by Brewster on what I was doing Russia-wise. Then – should I have been

surprised? - Brewster invited me to write him a paper! Déjà vu - That fish restaurant in London and Ali's demand that I write a paper for him!

To be honest, I can't remember what the paper was to be about, probably what I saw as the prospects for BC's fishing, forestry and mining companies in Pacific Russia, that being my 'religion' at that time. The paper was duly completed and delivered, and no more was heard of it or him.

Brewster was a member of a think-tank called then the Twentieth Century Fund, subsequently The Century Foundation, with headquarters in New York City and an office in Washington, DC. It describes itself as a non profit, public policy research institution committed to the belief that the prosperity and security of the United States depends on a mix of effective government, open democracy, and free markets!

It's Not Over Until It's Over!

So, today, am I finally of no further interest to the Three Letter Men and their cohorts? That's probably not the case, especially if, as I might, make a farewell visit to some friends in Vladivostok. My visa application would probably cause some lights to start flashing in at least two places in Ottawa. Then, later, should I decide to visit family in the UK, would MI5 start dusting off my file?



I might even motor down to Cheltenham to have a good look at my old 'control

centre', namely Spaceship GCHQ, just to enable them to justify their keep!

It's Over!

Vancouver, December 2020

The Rote Drei: Getting Behind the 'Lucy' Myth

CIA HISTORICAL REVIEW PROGRAM
RELEASE IN FULL
22 SEPT 93

~~SECRET~~

By Mark A. Tittenhofer

The reasons for re-examining the 25 years old matter of the Rote Drei and Rudolph Roessler—the "Lucy" of the Soviet espionage operation in Switzerland during World War 11—are not simple.* To be sure, *Studies* reviewers have pointed out that much of the public literature on the subject is unreliable. Concern for historical rectitude alone, however, would not justify the expenditure of our time and effort. The profession of intelligence may owe some duty to Clio, but it cannot be said to be the general one of cleansing all confusions and deliberate disinformation from the public record about intelligence matters.

Apart from the possible substantive benefits of clearing up the story of the Red Three and its members, however, there are certain concrete circumstances surrounding it that ought to attract our notice. The first is that it continues to be treated as a matter of some contemporary concern in certain interesting quarters. The second is that the Soviets evidently think it

is important. With regard to the first point, it is perhaps sufficient to recall that the 20th of July movement against Hitler—from which much of the Rote Drei's best information emanated—remains the object of deeply divided public feelings in both Germanies to this day. Moreover, for different reasons the Rote Drei is, as we shall see, regarded with considerable sensitivity elsewhere on the Continent, particularly in Switzerland.

Yet it is Moscow's attitude that is most striking. Readers of *Studies in Intelligence* will recall Louis Thomas' recent essay on the career of the Hungarian collector of cartographic intelligence, Alexander Rado, [1] in which we were reminded that Rado was resident director of the Soviet apparatus in Switzerland while the Rote Drei was operating. Rado has publicly indicated the intention to publish a personal memoir that will lay to rest the "stab in the back" theory of the Nazi debacle. Thomas correctly infers that this curious announcement must have had some direct relationship to thinking in Moscow. We are therefore surely right to believe that we are to hear more about the Rote Drei, and that we would be wise to equip ourselves in advance with the appropriate intellectual baggage. Whatever Rado places on the record is likely to be elaborately confusing.

The Radio Messages Examined

Any useful, accurate account of the Rote Drei must start with the radio traffic exchanged between the Center in Moscow and the network in Switzerland. The first question is quantitative: how many messages did the

traffic contain? [2] Wilhelm F. Flicke, a German cryptanalyst who worked on the traffic during the war, estimated the total at some 5,500, about five a day for three years. This estimate is not unreasonable. When Edmond and Olga Hamel, two of the Rote Drei operators, were arrested by the Swiss police on 9 October 1943, a total of 129 messages was found in their flat. A comparison of these with those in other holdings has shown that 40 appear elsewhere and 89 are unique. The 40 matching messages were all transmitted between 3 September and 5 October 1943. If it is assumed that the remaining 89 were also sent to Moscow during the same period, as seems probable, then it can also be surmised that 129 is the average number of transmissions per month. There have been a number of claims that the Red Three network was functioning before the war, and that Lucy, as Rudolf Roessler was called, gave Moscow advance warning of Hitler's attack. The traffic proves, however, that Sissy (Rachel Duebendorfer) did not establish a clandestine association with Taylor (Christian Schneider) and Lucy until the late summer of 1942. Our best estimate of the life-span of the Rote Drei operation—that is, the period during which the Swiss net exchanged W/T communications with Moscow—is 33 months, from August 1941 to May 1944. If 129 was a typical month's total, the sum of all messages sent was about 4,250. [3] For the reasons given in the footnote below, 5,000 seems an acceptable estimate of the total volume.

From various sources we have pulled together 437 messages that appear authentic. [4] This collection, unfortunately, contains only 8 per cent of the presumed total. For this reason we are obliged to be circumspect when drawing from the traffic any quantitative conclusions. What is more

important, the riddles resolved by the 8 per cent are cause to believe that the remaining mysteries, or most of them, could be solved with the aid of the missing 92 per cent.

This account of the Rote Drei is drawn chiefly from the radio messages. Supplementary research in classified files has yielded additional information. Although there are still gaps in our knowledge, we can at least present the first account of the Red Three that is not based chiefly on speculation, fantasy, and falsification.

Our collection of messages contains references to 55 sources. Most of them, of course, are listed only by a cover name. Of these 55 we can identify 15 with certainty and make educated guesses about 16 more. The remaining 24 appear rarely and inconspicuously. We also know the identities of some persons associated with the Rote Drei who do not appear in the traffic.

Digging out the facts and telling the story would have been decidedly easier if so much misinformation about the subject had not been published in the past. Even the name "The Red Three," a German appellation based on the number of transmitters or operators serving the network, is misleading, because at times there were four and even five.

Vera and the Beginnings of the Red Three

The story of the Rote Drei begins with Maria Josefovna Poliakova, a highly intelligent Russian Jewess and a dedicated Communist, born about 1910.

When she was 21, she was a very active member of the central committee of the Komsomol. She was recruited at that time by the IVth Department of the Soviet General Staff. Her aliases were Mildred, Gisela, and Vera. She was fluent in German, French, and English. Her brother, father, and husband were all executed in Communist purges; yet her devotion to the cause was unshaken.

In 1936-1937 she headed the Soviet military intelligence network in Switzerland. She made a quick trip back in 1941, when she ordered certain changes in the command structure of the Rote Drei. But mostly she spend the war years in Moscow, where she specialized on the Rote Drei operation. (She was not the "Director," however. All of the messages from Moscow to Switzerland were signed "Director," an indicator showing that they came from the Center. It is probable that Poliakova was the originator of many of these; her informal, fervent, Marxian style is distinctive. But this tone is often replaced by that of superiors who are much more authoritative and brusque.) At the end of 1944, when the Swiss operation had ended, Poliakova, then a major, became chief of the GRU's Spanish section. Foote suggests that she was purged less than two years later. "The Director and Vera were removed from their posts and replaced in about May 1946. I never saw them again, nor were they ever mentioned. The Centre has only one penalty for failure." [5]

Sonia

Foote also recounts that in Switzerland he was first directed by a lady whom he calls "Sonia." Her true name was Ursula Maria Hamburger, née Kuczynski. She was born on 15 May 1907 in Berlin, one of four sisters. [6] She also had a brother, Professor Juergin Kuczynski, who introduced Klaus Fuchs to Soviet intelligence officers. Ursula and Rudolf Hamburger were Red Army espionage agents in Shanghai in 1930-1935. She went to Switzerland in the latter 1930's, travelling alone because her husband had been ordered to stay in China. In 1939 her position was jeopardized by the arrest of Franz Obermanns, a German Communist with false Finnish documents and a transmitter. On 23 February 1940 she married Leon Charles Beurton, an Englishman whom Foote called "Bill Philips." Beurton, a veteran of the Spanish Civil War, was recruited for Soviet espionage by Brigette Lewis, who turned him over to her sister Ursula on 13 February 1939. Ursula Hamburger trained both Beurton and Foote in W/T. The marriage to Beurton gave Ursula British citizenship, and she left Switzerland for England in December 1940. Her husband remained in Switzerland, where he trained Edmond Hamel in operating a W/T set. In July 1942, provided with a British passport in the name of Miller and the blessings of the Red Army Staff, Beurton went via Portugal to England and his Ursula. In 1947 the Beurtons left England hurriedly for East Berlin.

Sissy and Paul

A third person of importance in the swaddling days of the Red Three was also a woman, Rachel Duebendorfer. Born on 18 July 1901 in Danzig, she became an active Soviet agent in 1920. Soon thereafter she married one Curt

Caspari, and on 8 July 1922 she gave birth to a daughter, Tamara, who eventually married a Frenchman and who helped her mother with the housework, as did her husband, by serving as a Rote Drei courier. In the late 1930's Rachel contracted a marriage of convenience with a Swiss citizen named Duebendorfer. [7] She took up residence in Bern, where she lived as the common-law wife of a German Communist named Paul Boettcher, alias Paul, alias Hans Saalbach. Boettcher was born on 2 May 1891 in Leipzig. Before fleeing Germany he had been a member of the Central Committee of the Communist Party, Minister of Finance in Leipzig, and editor-in-chief of the *Arbeiterzeitung* in Leipzig. Escaping to Switzerland from Germany after the Nazis came to power, he was twice expelled from Swiss territory, in 1941 and 1944, but managed to survive. Sissy not only took him into her flat but also gave him the papers of her Swiss husband, whose identity Boettcher assumed. Boettcher, Duebendorfer, Tamara Vigier (née Caspari), Roessler, and Christian Schneider were all arrested in May 1944. [8] Neither Sissy nor Paul was present in the courtroom on 22-23 October, 1945, when a Swiss military court sentenced each to two years. Both had escaped to France in July of that year. Boettcher went back to Saxony and in 1947 became editor of the *Leipziger Volkszeitung*. For a time he was a professor of Russian in Halle. By 1958 he was again an editor in Leipzig. Sissy's fate is not known to us.

In our collection of W/T messages Sissy appears 28 times between 8 October 1942 and 28 November 1943. These are the highlights:

8 October 1942, Director to Dora (Alexander Rado) for Sissy:

"You must learn a code and receive additional instruction. ... Your new people Marius and Taylor are not bad workers, but one must always control them and keep them busy."

Two characteristics of this message are interesting. The first is that Sissy is the only one of Rado's sources to whom the Center directed messages by name and through Rado. Later, as is noted below, Moscow even eliminated Rado, the resident director, from the communications channel for certain messages, which were sent to Sissy in her own code. The second important element in this message is its reference to Taylor (Christian Schneider) as a new source. As we shall see, Taylor was first recruited by Sissy in the summer of 1942. Because Lucy reported only through Taylor, this fact means that Moscow received no messages from Lucy and his sub-sources until that time. (Foote claimed that Lucy's material began going to the Center in early 1941 and that he warned the Russians of Hitler's impending attack some two weeks in advance. Others, including Accoce and Quet, [9] have copied the claim. But the traffic proves it false.)

20 November 1942. The Director instructed Dora to have Sissy determine and report the identities of the sources in the Lucy-Taylor group.

12 January 1943. Before this date Sissy had sent her first message in her own code, because the Center answered, "We greet your first telegram. Try to work attentively and to be careful when working. Destroy immediately all notes and working papers."

The ordinary traffic continued to be channeled through Rado. But on 23 April 1943 Moscow sent its second message in Sissy's code, this one addressed to her and to Paul. [10] It read as follows:

"1. Dear friends, since the summer of 1942 you have worked with the Taylor-Lucy group, which has provided us with a great deal of varied material, some of it valuable. But despite the long cooperation this group remains wholly unclarified for us. ...

"2. Determine and inform us by radio: exact reports on Taylor, Lucy, Werther, Anna, Olga. Especially important is a personality sketch of Lucy. Who is he, what is his name, what were his circumstances earlier and what are they now, for what motives does he work for others and for us? ...

"3. Answer this telegram in your own code. You do not need to inform Albert of our telegram or of your answer. He has received directions, as well as telegrams coming directly from Sissy, without sending queries back [i.e., to Moscow]. ...

"4. To Sissy only. We send you the title of a new book for your code; buy it; we shall give you instructions about how to work according to the book. Albert is not to know about the new book. It is called `Tempete sur la Maison'. ...

"5. How are you? What is Mara doing? Greetings to her and both of you from Gisela. "

Although Sissy and Paul had their own code, it appears that they did not have their own radio operator at this time and had to go through Rado; hence Moscow's assurances that Rado was not being curious or testy but rather was

accepting this traffic, in a code that he could not read, without demur. Gisela was one of three code names for Maria Josefovna Poliakova, the other two being Vera and Mildred. Mara was Sissy's daughter, Tamara Vigier. [11]

18 May 1943, Dora to Director:

"Sissy has just reported that Maurice has been arrested by German authorities. She fears that the Gestapo will thus come across her trail. Maurice knows Sissy's true name. I have initiated discrete inquiries and shall report further."

24 May 1943, Director to Dora:

"Sissy is to let us know immediately: how did she learn of Maurice's arrest and to what extent can his arrest be dangerous for her?

4 July 1943, Director to Dora:

"We have been able to determine, just in the past few days, that the courier from France, who was supposed to pick up the money from Jim, was arrested; and in his place a Gestapo agent came to Jim and, it appears, followed him to his apartment and in this way was able to learn his name. At the same time but independently in this event, Maurice was arrested in France. ... For the time being, you must break off your connection with Sissy completely. ... She can be persuaded that it is in Taylor's interest to have a connection with someone else for a while. ... Try to convince Sissy. Tell that

it will be for only three months. ... Sissy could say it is because of Paul, who is under observation. ... She should keep her apartment absolutely clean and, above all else, not say a word too much. ... It is best that Paul not sleep in the apartment."

It has been suggested that "Maurice" was Maurice Emile Aenis-Haenslin, born 20 September 1893 in St. Denis, France. Aenis-Haenslin, a Swiss citizen and an engineer, was a member of the Central Committee of the Swiss Communist Party and later joined the French CP. He was involved in courier and funding activity on behalf of Soviet intelligence during World War II. There are conflicting reports about the date of Maurice's arrest by the Germans, one account dating it 1943, another 1942. The latter is both more detailed and less derivative. It is therefore concluded that the Maurice who knew Sissy and whom the Germans arrested in France may have been someone other than Aenis-Haenslin, who was released from a German concentration camp in Brandenburg in response to a Swiss demand.

At any rate, the traffic continued to mention Maurice and to reveal conflicting views about his arrest. On 8 July 1943 Poliakova repeated to Sissy, in the latter's code, some of the instructions radioed to Dora four days earlier. [12] She directed Sissy to leave Bern and go to Tessin (Ticino) or a spa for two or three months. Taylor and Lucy were to be turned over to someone else.

Sissy's Fight with Moscow

Sissy's reaction was unambiguous. On 8 July 1943 Dora sent Director the following:

"Sissy and her man do not believe that the story has anything to do with Maurice and the Gestapo. They believe that the man who asked about them came from the Center and just handled himself clumsily. They assume that the Center wants in this way to take away the Taylor group, and in such a manner that 1 too shall know nothing about it."

Presumably there were further exchanges, with Moscow insisting that Sissy identify Lucy and his sources and that she turn them over to Dora or someone else and with Sissy adamantly refusing, but these are not in our collection. On 16 August 1943, however, the Center sent Sissy, via Dora, a stern message which substituted the formal second person for the intimate and which appears to have been drawn up not by Poliakova but by her superiors:

"Dear Sissy,

"We, the Center, which has its people everywhere and can determine what is happening in other countries and around you, have told you clearly and explicitly that we have hard evidence that the Gestapo knows that you work for us and will try to uncover your connections into Germany. You, however, deny this possibility and interpret it as an attempt to take the Taylor group away from you. You must understand, inasmuch as you assume this position, that you know nothing of the danger which threatens you and Taylor's people, especially those in Germany. Your behavior is

frivolous and irresponsible. We demand that you recognize the seriousness of the situation and place full confidence in our statements. We repeat: the Gestapo knows that you have or had a connection with us and will attempt all possible provocations. ..."

But Sissy stayed tough. On 22 September 1943 Dora radioed to Director,

"In answer to your No. 157 and No. 158. Many thanks for your advice. I am myself convinced that much more could be gotten out of the Lucy group. However, I have no direct contact with this group, as you know, and every time that I try to intensify the group's activity I encounter in Sissy and her man [13] a resistance that I do not understand. I remind you that when I noted the possibilities of this group a year ago, I had to hold with Sissy discussions that continued for months before she was prepared to take it over and use it. ... Sissy and her man ... say that they cannot transmit criticisms to Taylor and Lucy because both would consider it an insult and would stop working. In accordance with your advice, I wrote Lucy a very friendly letter, but Sissy declared that Taylor could not pass it on because Lucy, beyond doubt, is already doing everything that he can. Apparently Sissy and her man view the letter as an attempt by the Center or by me to set up a direct contact with the Lucy group. ... Your telegram was handed over to Paul. ... Again he boasted in such a way that I had a hard time of it controlling myself. lie refuses to come to Geneva for meetings. ... Again I beg you to release me from further contact with Paul. ... [who] tried to establish contact for the transmission of his material through Pierre and Ignatz. ..."

In other words, Sissy and Paul still had no radio operator of their own but did not want to turn over their encoded messages to Dora for transmission by Edward (Edmond Hamel) and Maud (Edmond's wife. Olga), by Rosa (Margarete Bolli), or by Jim (Alexander Foote). One report identifies Pierre as Roger Vauthey of Lausanne, supposedly a courier or cut-out between Rado and "Mario" in France. Foote, however, in a private interview held in 1953, said that Pierre and Vita were Pierre Nicole and his wife. Our own view is that Pierre was indeed Pierre Nicole but that Vita was Tamara Vigier. Pierre Nicole, born in 1911, served as a cut-out between the Rote Drei and the Swiss Labor Party, which was extremely left-wing though not officially Communist. The head of this party was Pierre's father, Leon, born in 1897 in Montcherend, Vaud. Leon Nicole had recruited several members of the Rote Drei on behalf of the GRU. He and Pierre were in touch with Dora, Sissy, and Jim. The identity of Ignatz is not known. He could have been Leon Nicole or any one of several other Swiss Communists.

By 5 November 1943 the danger signs had multiplied, and Moscow feared that Rado might be arrested, leaving the Center cut off from Lucy's information. It therefore repeated the proposal that Sissy and Jim be placed in direct contact, so that if anything happened to Dora, Jim could still maintain the flow of intelligence. On 10 November Dora replied that Jim was in serious danger. The reason, although the cited message does not say so, was that Edmond and Olga Hamel had been arrested by the Swiss police on or about 8 October 1943, as had another W/T operator, Margarete Bolli.[14]

On 28 November 1943 the Director instructed Dora to tell Sissy and Pakbo to work independently for a time. The most important information was to go through Jim. What Moscow obviously did not know was that Jim had been arrested eight days earlier.

Dora

The fourth key personality in the Red Three was Alexander Rado, the Hungarian cartographer who took over the direction of the net from Maria Poliakova and who assumed contact with Ursula Hamburger's sources after she left Switzerland for England at the end of 1940. Rado's story is well-known and is retold here only in the barest outline. He was born 1 September 1899 in Upjest, Hungary. It is almost certain that he was already working for Soviet military intelligence when he left Paris for Geneva in 1936. Rado and Ursula Hamburger worked independently of each other until the fall of France in June 1940 because Rado had been able until then to send his reports to Moscow via microfilm carried by couriers to Paris. When the Germans occupied France, Moscow ordered Hamburger to make contact with Rado and place the transmitter of her new husband, Leon Charles Beurton, at Rado's disposal. Hamburger had trained both Foote and Beurton in operating a transmitter, and they in turn trained the Hamels and Margarete Bolli. In 1941 Moscow resolved a struggle for power by subordinating Duebendorfer to Rado. (One report has Poliakova going to Switzerland for the purpose.) But Rado's authority was not absolute, and the fact that the Center gave Duebendorfer a code of her own and sometimes by-passed Rado

when communicating with Sissy shows that the Soviets did not intend to let Rado consolidate his position completely.

Dora, a simple anagram for Rado, is the sender or recipient of almost all the Rote Drei messages. The only exceptions are those sent or received directly by Sissy and those sent by Albert or by the Center but mentioning Albert in the text. There is no doubt that Albert, like Dora, is Rado; but efforts to find a pattern or significance in Rado's choice of cover name for a particular message have not been successful. Albert, like Dora, sends standard OB messages. The shift in names does not indicate a parallel shift in transmitters, because both "Dora" and "Albert" messages were found at their flat when the Hamels were arrested. The possibility that "Dora" is Rado as chief of the Rote Drei and "Albert" is Rado as an individual disintegrates when checked against the traffic. Flicke postulated a secretary who as Albert signed messages for Rado when be was away; but no one else ever heard of such a secretary, and Dora and Albert messages were sometimes transmitted on the same day. So the mystery is unsolved.

All concerned should be aware that Foote—who disliked Rado—minimized his role in the Rote Drei, attacked his personal integrity on dubious grounds, and erroneously believed him executed in the USSR, whereas in fact Rado is flourishing as a cartographer in Hungary and Foote is dead.

By the beginning of 1941, then, Ursula Beurton, née Hamburger, was in England; the desk chief for the operation, Poliakova, was in Moscow; Rado was in Geneva as the chief Red Three member in Switzerland; and Sissy and

her friend Paul were in Bern (not Geneva, where Foote [15] erroneously places them).

Dora had two other key sources who, like Sissy, provided him with intelligence from sub-sources. But Sissy was more important than either of them, for one reason only: Lucy and his sub-sources.

The cut-out between Lucy and Sissy was Taylor, whose true name was Christian Schneider.

Lucy and Taylor

The Center thought highly of Taylor, chiefly because Moscow misunderstood his role. The first reference to him in our holdings is in a message sent by the Director to Dora on 8 October 1942. The message terms him a new source, although in fact he was merely a go-between. On 20 October 1942 the Director told Dora to identify Taylor's sources, not knowing that the sources "belonged" to Lucy, not Taylor. Another Moscow to Dora message, sent the same day, refers to "Taylor's information" about OKW (German High Command) plans. A week later Moscow again asked for the identities of Taylor's sources. In December 1942 and January 1943 the Center began to speak of Taylor and Lucy jointly. By February 1943 the Center's follow-up questions were directed to Lucy, with scant mention of Taylor. That the Soviets continued to overestimate Taylor's importance is nevertheless evident in a Director-to-Dora message of 6 October 1943 which suggested that the work of the Lucy-Taylor group might be continued after

the war ended and which promised Taylor an income for life if he agreed. Perhaps Sissy misrepresented to Moscow the insignificant role that Taylor actually had, perhaps she merely kept stubbornly silent about such facts, or perhaps she misunderstood the true situation because she was in touch only with Taylor and not with Lucy.

In only one sense was Lucy important. If Rudolf Roessler had not been living in Switzerland during the second world war, his sources in Germany might have found it troublesome or even impossible to get their reports into Soviet hands. In fact, they might not have cared much one way or the other about Soviet reception of their material, as long as it went to the Western allies. But as was pointed out in the recent review of Accoce and Quet, [16] the widely accepted story that Lucy was a master spy is nothing but a myth. As we have seen, the Center tried to eliminate Sissy and put Dora in direct contact with Taylor and Lucy. If this maneuver had succeeded, it is probable that Dora would have been instructed to pressure Lucy to divulge his sources, whose identities Moscow had already requested again and again. And if Lucy had yielded, then the truth would have been apparent: Lucy's true function was no different from that of Taylor. Both were mere cut-outs. What made Lucy and Taylor important and what made Sissy important was a small band of Germans, Lucy's sources.

Lucy's Sources in World War II

The record clearly shows that Lucy had four important sources: [17] Werther, Teddy, Olga, and Anna. Of the 332 messages from Dora to Director of

which there are copies in our holdings, Werther is the source of 69 (21 percent), Teddy of 31 (10 percent), Olga of 26 (8 percent), and Anna of 11 (3 1/2 percent). These four were probably not the only sources reporting to Lucy; Lucy was not the only source reporting to Sissy; and Sissy was not the only principal agent funneling reports from a network to Rado. Yet these four persons produced 421/2 percent of the total traffic from Switzerland to Moscow. [18]

We do not know the identities of any of them. We can, however, dismiss the theory of Foote and some later writers that these cover names merely referred to the source's access rather than his identity, so that Werther stood for Wehrmacht, Olga for Oberkommando der Luftwaffe, Anna for the Auswertige Amt (Foreign Office), etc. There is nothing in the traffic to support this theory, which seems to be based on speculation only. All Rote Drei code names for which true identities have been established were designators of individuals *per se*, not of types of cover or access.

Despite the printed assertions to the contrary, Rudolf Roessler *did* divulge the identity of his sources, or at least of some of them. Three and a half years before his death he provided identifying information about four of his chief sources to a trusted friend. They were, said Lucy, (1) a German major (whom he did not name) who had been the chief of the Abwehr before Admiral Wilhelm Canaris assumed command; (2) Hans Bernd Gisevius; (3) Carl Goerdeler; and (4) "General Boelitz, deceased."

General Hans Oster

Lucy's confidant garbled the first identification and may have done the same with the fourth. Canaris took charge of the Abwehr on 1 January 1935. His predecessor was not a major but another admiral, Conrad Patzig. But Hans Oster was a major in the Abwehr at that time, and he remained in the service, in which he served as the chief of staff and also as the heart of the 20th of July group which conspired to overthrow and assassinate Hitler.

Hans Bernd Gisevius [19] said that he first met Oster sometime between August 1933 and April 1934. "At that time he was ... setting up the war ministry's counter-intelligence organization ... known ... as the Abwehr."

A number of commentators have noted how well-informed Oster was. His knowledge of state secrets extended even to those held by the bitterest enemies of the Abwehr, the Gestapo and the Nazi security service, called the SD (for *Sicherheitsdienst*).

"Oster was able, generally speaking through his contacts with Graf [Wolf Heinrich von] Helldorf, the Berlin Prefect of Police, and with [Arthur] Nebe, the *Reichskriminaldirektor* ...to learn quickly what was going on in the entourage of Hitler and Goering and also in the Gestapo headquarters in the Prinz-Albrecht-Strasse." [20]

The fact that Oster was prepared to provide Germany's enemies with information which was of crucial importance, even though they lacked the power to make full use of it, is also well-established. Even Accoce and Quet,

[21] despite their denigration of the 20th of July group, concede that Oster told Colonel J. G. Sas, the Dutch military attaché in Berlin, that Germany intended to invade Norway. Abshagen [22] reported that Oster gave Sas this warning on 3 April 1940 for relay to Norway and also told Sas of the invasion of Holland before the event. In fact, Oster had begun to send specific, factual warnings to the West as early as 1938.

The man who had become a major in 1929, a lieutenant colonel in 1935, a colonel in 1939, and a major general in 1942 was unswerving in his detestation of German fascism and in his conviction that morality necessitated action. As time passed and Hitler's power grew, Oster became convinced that the plots to eradicate the Nazis through the internal intervention of German armed forces would fail because of the waverings of the German generals. He warned the West because he recognized that Hitler could not be brought down inside the Reich until he had been defeated on the battlefields.

Most contemporary German historians boggle at this point. They write in detail about the 20th of July conspiracy but gloss over the fact that from 1938 until his discharge from the Abwehr on 31 March 1944, [23] when he was placed under house arrest in Schnaditz, near Leipzig, Oster was furnishing vital information to Germany's foes and was therefore—at least in Nazi eyes—engaged in high treason.

How did Oster obtain information? Gisevius [24] said, "Oster ... had formed a circle around himself ... he utilized the potentialities of the Albwehr so

cannily that he was able to establish a whole network of confidential agents. ... Oster seemed to be organizing an intelligence service of his own, within the counter-intelligence service. ... One of the most important of his activities was to install his own confidential agents in the most diverse positions." And Oster was on intimate conspiratorial terms with such persons as General Ludwig Beck (who, with Oster, sent Dr. Josef Mueller to the Vatican for peace negotiations with the British, negotiations at which the Pope presided); General Georg Thomas, head of the Economics and Armaments Branch of the OKW; Generals Fritz Thiele and Erich Fellgiebel, respectively chiefs of communications for the Army and the OKW; and General Friedrich Olbricht, chief of the Allgemeine Heeresamt and permanent deputy to the commander-in-chief of the Home Army. These men, and others like them, were active members of the conspiracy; most of them were executed by the Nazis. And they were in a position to have direct access to precisely the kind of information reported by Lucy's sources.

How did the information reach Lucy? Here too we can only speculate. A biographic summary of Oster in the International Biographic Archives [25] includes the following: "In addition to his military duties Oster was simultaneously the technical center of the anti-Hitler resistance in the Army. He spared neither effort nor risk to set up connections between military and civilian resistance groups."

Gisevius [26] adds, "He once described to me in one sentence his own conception of his function within the Resistance movement. He was standing at his desk looking down pensively at the four or five telephones whose

secret circuits connected him with the most diverse authorities. 'This is what I am,' he said. 'I facilitate communications for everyone everywhere.' "

Oster had the entire communications network of the Abwehr at his disposal, and he used it to support the anti-Nazi cause. Abshagen [27] comments, "The so-called 'A-net' (consisting of independent lines of communication at the disposal of the Abwehr only) would ensure that the `conspirators' only would be able to transmit news and orders." He adds, "The *Abwehr* organization was the nerve-centre from which lines led to the General Staff, to General [Erwin] von Witzleben ... to Schacht, to Goerdeler, to Beck ... to [Baron Ernst von] Weizsaecker [then Under-Secretary of State and formerly Minister in Bern] and through him to a group of diplomats abroad. ..." [28]

As was noted earlier in this study, the timing of Rote Drei messages would have permitted sending almost all of the traffic through Abwehr courier channels from Germany to Switzerland. We know that Gisevius had access at least twice and sometimes three times a week to a courier pouch from the Foreign Office in Berlin to the German Embassy in Bern. At least every other day Gisevius was also served by an OKW courier as the result of a procedure instituted by Oster. And for urgent messages Oster or a cohort could safely use an Abwehr telephone. How the Abwehr's lines were shielded against Gestapo and SD monitoring is not known, at least by this writer; but that they were so shielded is demonstrated by the conspirators' uninhibited use of telephones and the survival of the group until 20 July 1944.

In brief, even if Lucy had not listed "Canaris' predecessor," Gisevius, and Carl Goerdeler, all key figures in the 20th of July group, as having been among his sources, the characteristics of the Lucy messages and of their transmission from Germany to Switzerland suggest that Werther and the others probably had Abwehr communications channels at their disposal. There seems to be no plausible alternative theory.

Hans Bernd Gisevius

Gisevius has told much of his own story in To the Bitter End, but like other Germans he stresses the resistance activity of the underground and says little about espionage. (There are a few exceptions. Speaking of the 20th of July conspiracy, Gisevius says, "We had our spies everywhere—in the war ministry, the police headquarters, the ministry of the interior, and especially in the foreign office. All the various threads came together in Oster's office." [29] But comments in this vein are rare.) Gisevius entered the Abwehr in 1939 or 1940; and when Paris fell, Canaris and Oster sent him to Zurich with the cover of a vice-consul.

But even before the war started, Gisevius had started to make trips to Switzerland to meet with representatives of the Western Allies. He says, "We had decided to meet in Switzerland after the 'March Madness.' [The term is a reference to Hitler's seizure, with Western acquiescence, of the Sudetenland in March 1939.] We wanted to establish closer connections with the British and French, and it no longer seemed advisable to do this in Berlin. [Hjalmar] Schacht had business in Basle in any case. I was glad of

the opportunity to complete my notes on the French crisis. Goerdeler intended to stay around Berlin until the end of the Czech crisis; then he planned to follow us as soon as possible."[30] In Ouchy Gisevius met Goerdeler and an unidentified companion who is mentioned only as a person of considerable influence in London and Paris political circles.

Ex-Chancellor Josef Wirth

Gerhard Ritter[31] tells of another, similar meeting which occurred some months later, in February 1940. He says that the ex-Chancellor of Germany, Josef Wirth, had emigrated to Switzerland and had offered to act as an intermediary between the British and the German anti-Fascists. "In a document which Dr. [Reinhold] Schairer took to London he called Chamberlain's attention to the existence of an important Opposition group. ... In mid-February two Foreign Office representatives, friends of [Sir Robert] Vansittart, met Wirth at Ouchy and another man well-known in London who had, since war broke out, lived in Lucerne and from there had kept up his connections with friends in Britain."

The other man could have been Michel, Freiherr von Godin, or Lucy himself, or any of several other Germans who, like Wirth, were living in Lucerne.

Wirth also appears in Rote Drei traffic. On 14 January 1943 the Center sent the following message to Dora:

"a) Request reply about exact substance of talks between Long [32] and Wirth. Especially interested in contents of Wirth's negotiations with the Anglo-Saxons and his intentions regarding negotiations with the USSR. What does he plan to do, as a practical matter, to establish contact?

"b) What opinion does Long now have of Rot's statements? Does he believe that they are true? Long absolutely must report clearly about the intent of Rot's group to orient itself toward the Soviet Union. Is it possible that at the present time there exists an organized opposition of commanding officers against Hitler?

"c) Rot should report the location from which Germany sent 30 divisions to Italy. What is the picture in respect to reserves in Germany? How does the OKW react to the Russian offensive? What are the plans and intentions of the OKW for the next few months?

"d) Repeat, what documents does Rot intend to publish? Because of their great importance, request a good check on all these questions and a prompt answer."

Six days later the Director asked some questions about the intentions of the OKW, the German High Command. Moscow directed that the requirements be levied upon Lucy's group and added, " ... if feasible, Long should try to get relevant information from the Wirth group. "

On 20 April 1943 the following message from Dora was transmitted:

"From Rot.

"Through the Director General coming here ... Mayor Goerdeler from ... Bendlerstrasse [OKW Headquarters]

"a) The first fixed day for the German attack on the East Front is 14 June. Only operations of modest proportions are planned.
"b) The General Staff expects the event by the end of April at the earliest; it could snowball. The so-called second echelon of generals [literally, generals in second-best uniforms] who already wanted to take action against Hitler in January, has now decided to liquidate Hitler and also his supporters. An earlier attempt failed because Hitler was warned by Manstein."
On 5 October 1943 the following went from Dora to Director: "On 27 September Salter talked with the former German Chancellor Wirth in Lucerne. Wirth rejects the German Liberation Committee [the reference is to the "National Committee of Free Germany," created by the Russians] in Moscow because it hinders instead of hastening the disintegration of the Nazi regime. Those who feel partially responsible for the establishment of that regime will cooperate more closely with the Nazi leaders. Bourgeois German Democrats are prepared to collaborate with German Communists but not under Soviet guidance. Therefore they reject the Moscow Committee. According to Wirth the German Embassy in Bern is extremely interested in Sokolin.[33] Krauel, a former German consul in Geneva, serves as the intermediary in this matter."

On the basis of these messages and of the scanty information about the movements and activities of Gisevius in Switzerland, it is suggested that Gisevius may have been Rot. Gisevius knew Roessler, which may well

explain why Lucy identified him correctly as a source but failed to list Oster, whom he had never met, by name. Gisevius also knew Wirth, whose link to the 20th of July group had been sanctioned by Generals Oster and Beck. He obviously knew Carl Goerdeler, one of the most important of the conspirators. Gisevius was sympathetic toward the Soviet cause, a fact which became more apparent after the war than it was during it. He was thoroughly trained in clandestinity as a result of his role in the 20th of July group, his three and a half years as an agent of British intelligence, and his work for OSS in Switzerland. It seems probable that people like Goerdeler and Beck, who themselves favored the Western solution—i.e., a post-war Germany oriented toward the US and the UK—believed that Gisevius felt as they did and that those members of the 20th of July who favored the Eastern solution, people like Count Klaus Philip Schenk von Stauffenberg and Adam von Trott zu Solz, thought that Gisevius shared their views.

There is one difficulty inherent in the theory that Rot was Gisevius. As was said earlier, Lucy named Gisevius as one of his sources. Rot, however, seems to have been a source of Long rather than Lucy. [34] But there may be no real contradiction here; Gisevius could have been in clandestine contact with both Roessler and Blun, just as he was in clandestine contact with many other people. Because Lucy and Sissy succeeded in concealing the identities of the Lucy group from the Russians, the dual role of Gisevius in the Rote Drei, if he did in fact play such a role, would not have come to light.

Carl Goerdeler

The third man named by Roessler as one of his sources was Carl Goerdeler, who had been Lord Mayor of Leipzig from 1930 to 1936, when he resigned and broke with the Nazis. A conservative visionary, a Protestant monarchist, a headstrong philosopher, Goerdeler remained a civilian all his life. All of the information provided to Moscow by Lucy could have been obtained more readily, more securely, in greater detail, and at a higher level from leading military figures in the resistance than from Carl Goerdeler. It seems probable that Roessler named him just because he knew him personally, as he knew Gisevius. Whatever information Goerdeler provided, he must have obtained it from fellow conspirators, not from direct access. It is therefore not possible to draw any logical inferences about which cover name, if any, referred to Goerdeler.

The Unknown Boelitz

The fourth source named by Lucy was "General Boelitz (deceased)." Unfortunately, no record of a general named Boelitz has been discovered. There was a Dr. Otto Boelitz, born a pastor's son in Wesel in 1876, who became the Prussian Minister of Art, Science, and Education. In 1934 he was a *Kulturrat* (advisor on cultural matters) and a member of the German Foreign Institute. He was also the first director of the Ibero-American Institute in Berlin. Sometime during 1934 Dr. Boelitz fell into the bad graces of the Nazis and was replaced as head of the Ibero-American Institute by a general named Faupel. Thereafter, one report suggests, the institute was used by the Nazis in support of espionage and subversion in Latin America. Dr. Otto Boelitz died in Germany on 29 December 1951.

No record linking him to Roessler on the one hand, or to Oster, Goerdeler, or any other member of the 20th of July group on the other, has been found thus far. There remains, however, the possibility of another garble. A Colonel Friedrich (Fritz) Boetzel was head of the Germany military intercept office in Munich before 1933. From 1934 to 1939 he headed the ciphers department (*Chiffrierstelle*) of the OKW. Thereafter he was commanding officer of the intelligence evaluation office of the Southeast Army Group, Athens, where he remained until 1944. He had ties to Canaris and Oster. And a German first lieutenant of the signal corps, interrogated in April 1945, described Colonel Boetzel as an anti-Nazi.

To summarize: we have Werther, Teddy, Olga, and Anna as Lucy's principal sources and as the principal sources in the Rote Drei network. We have Oster, Gisevius, Goerdeler, and Boelitz, identified by Roessler as having been among his sources during World War Two. We have no basis for matching true and cover names, although Oster seems the likeliest candidate for Werther.

To continue, the contacts of "Sissy"—Rachel Duebendorfer—fell into three categories. By far the most important group was Luey's quartet of Werther, Teddy, Olga, and Anna, all in Germany. Sissy resisted strenuously every effort of Moscow and Rado to determine the identities of the members of the Taylor-Lucy team, and it is fair to conjecture that a major reason for her resistance was that had she lost this remarkable asset, she'd have had little enough left. For the second group was composed of peripheral people

probably turned over to Sissy by Vera Poliakova before the War. And the third element was made up of Sissy's own family; the man with whom she was living, Paul Goettcher; her daughter and the daughter's husband; and a cousin.

Long and Pakbo

Alexander Rado had two other principal agents. One of them, Georges Blun, code-named Long, was a French journalist whose subsources could not match the production of Lucy's group in quality or quantity, but who was nevertheless a valuable asset for the Soviets. The other was Otto Puenter, or Pakbo.

The sources who had aliases and who are known to have been members of Long's group were Agnes, Kurz, Grau, Rot, Fanny, and possibly Feld. With the exception of the last-named, a courier, the members of the group have a certain homogeneous quality. They were not military professionals like Werther, Teddy, and the rest. Three of them, including Long, were professional journalists. Most of them worked for two or more intelligence services. Their political views and their motivation often seem ambiguous and devious, if not opportunistic.

The first of Long's sub-sources, Agnes, was a journalist named Ernst Lemmer. Some information about him is included here not because his WW Two career as a spy was of any particular moment, but because his work for

Lucy spanned a long period, including the second, post-war phase of Lucy's career in espionage.

Lemmer represented a Zurich newspaper in Berlin and travelled to Switzerland repeatedly. He was in contact with one Burckhardt, the Swiss military attaché in Berlin who also had contacts in the 20th of July group and who served as a communications channel to Switzerland. He first appears in our holdings in a message of 22 October 1941, Dora to Director. Long is listed as the source and Lemmer, who is said to have obtained the information from the Foreign Ministry, as the sub-source. The information concerned the siege of Moscow. The message ends with "In the future I shall call him [Lemmer] Agnes." Our files, however, contain only two more messages citing Agnes. The dates are 13 August and 18 September 1943, and the messages are merely reports of the lack of morale at the German home front. Lemmer was born on 28 April 1898 in Remscheidt, Germany (although Dallin, for some unknown reason, thought that he was born in Odessa and lived in Russia for 17 years). He attended the Universities of Marburg and Frankfurt am Main. He joined the German Democratic Party (DDP), became chairman of the Young Democrats, and was also secretary-general of a trade union. In 1924 he was elected as a DDP representative to the Reichstag and thus became the youngest member of that body. He lost these posts when the Nazis seized power, and he was forbidden to write for any newspaper published in Germany. He became the Berlin correspondent for the *Pester Lloyd* of Budapest and the *Neue Zuercher Zeitungs* well as a reporter in Occupied Belgium for the Brussels Soir.

After the war Lemmer was accused in West Germany of having collaborated with the Nazis. He settled immediately after the war in the Berlin suburb of Klein-Machnow, in the Soviet sector, where he owned a house. In October 1945 he became the deputy chairman of the Christian Democratic Party (CDU) in the Soviet Zone and a member of the board of the Free German Trade Union Federation, the Communist FDGB. He was also deputy mayor of Klein-Machnow. He was in close and cordial contact with leading members of the Soviet military occupation. On 20 December 1947, however, the Soviet authorities removed Lemmer from the vice-chairmansbip of the CDU, ostensibly because of policy conflicts. He moved to West Berlin in 1949 and became editor of the anti-Communist Berlin *Kurier*. In 1950 he was elected to the five-man executive of the CDU in West Berlin. In January 1952 he was elected as a CDU representative to the Bundestag, and in December 1955 be became Chairman of the West Berlin CDU. In November 1956 he was appointed Minister of Postal and Telecommunications. In October 1957 be became Minister for All-German Affairs. (One report of that period stated innocently, "Lemmer ... is said to be opposed to the work of the Allied and German intelligence networks in West Berlin.") In 1966 Lemmer was a special representative of Chancellor Erhard in Berlin. He is currently listed as a retired Cabinet Minister who last held public office in 1965.

The same source who repeated the identities of the four World War II sources whom Lucy had named to him also said that Lemmer was a source for Lucy during the 1947-1953 period when Lucy and Xaver Schnieper worked for Czech intelligence.

The post-war charges of collaboration with the Nazis, which Lemrner denied and outrode, seem to have been true. During his interrogation after the war Walter Schellenberg said that Lemmer had been an agent of Amt VI.

Pakbo was of less value to Rado and the Soviets than was Long, just as Long and his group did not measure up to Sissy and her sources. Born 4 April 1900 in Staefa, Switzerland, Otto Puenter was a lawyer and a journalist who worked for the Socialist press in Bern. Reportedly he was a secret member of the Swiss Communist Party. He was in contact with the Swiss military intelligence service, which used him as a channel to pass to the Soviets selected items of intelligence. [35]

Dallin has devoted an entire chapter to Puenter, [36] but much of what appears therein is false. Puenter has, in fact, made many false statements. He said that information about the German General Staff which he obtained during World War II came from General Alfred Jodl. He asserted that he kept in a monastery in Switzerland the entire plan for the German attack upon Stalingrad in October 1942, which he himself encoded before passing it to Rado. He alleged that Werther stood for Wehrmacht and Lucy for Luftfahrtministerium (Ministry of Air). He said that Lucy was a Czech. He wove a complex and fascinating tale about a young Austrian radio operator who came from Dombirn, near the Austro-Swiss border. He had promised the home folks that he would transmit his location every night, just so that they would know where he was. He chanced to be assigned to Hitler's headquarters, with the result that Pakbo always knew the Fuehrer's

whereabouts. The implausibility of this fable is, however, no greater than that inherent in his explanation of his cover name. He claimed that he had teams of agents in Pontrezina, Aarau, Kreuzlingen, Bern, and Orselina—hence, Pakbo. Actually, it is unlikely that he had teams of agents anywhere, and certainly improbable that they would be located at the unimportant places named. By his own account, one of his teams was at Feldkich/Dombirn, but his cover name contains neither an F nor a D. As a matter of fact, most of his contacts lived in Bern and Geneva.

Puenter has alleged that early in 1941 a Gaullist reported to him that the Swiss service had received accurate information about Hitler's plan to attack the USSR in a month or a month and a half. The Gaullist said he was looking for a contact with Moscow to pass on the information. Pakbo went to Rado to deliver the story—i.e., the attack was scheduled for 15 June 1941. Rado asked who was the source. Pakbo in turn inquired and was told that the man's name was Roessler. Rado then decided to get in direct contact with Roessler, and that connection continued thenceforth.

This is Pakbo's genius for fabrication at its best. In 1941 neither Lucy nor Pakbo himself had any connection with the Rote Drei. A Dora to Director message of 15 July 1942 included the following: "At the beginning of April a new source of information appeared; he has the cover name Pakbo ..." As was noted earlier, Lucy also joined the net in 1942. Secondly, Puenter has said in writing that he had never been in contact with Roessler and did not know his true name. Thirdly, Lucy did not meet Rado through Puenter for the simple reason that he never met Rado at all, as the traffic shows.

The question that naturally arises, then, is this: If Pakbo has told lies about important matters after the war, did he also lie to the Soviets during the war? Apart from a challenge on 7 October 1942, the Soviets seem to have accepted Pakbo's reports as valid and to have found them useful. Perhaps Pakbo, like Jim, merely tried to exaggerate the importance of his role after the war had ended.

Pakbo appears in 22 known messages, but only 6 of these contain any substantive information. The time span is from 15 July 1942 to 8 January 1944. Apparently he learned something about the Rote Kapelle arrests in Germany and reported accordingly, because on 5 October 1942 the Director asked for more information. And he also reported the arrest of Paul Boettcher, because on 8 January 1944 Moscow said, "As far as we know, Pakbo has never heard of Paul. How does it happen that he has heard so certainly about Paul's arrest?"

Like Lucy and Long, Pakbo had direct contact with the Swiss G2. His chief sub-source was Salter, whose identity has not been firmly established [37] but who may have been Louis Suss, born 6 October 1890 in Beblenbeim, Alsace-Lorraine. A French citizen, Suss died in Switzerland on 25 April 1955. As of May 1968 his widow Friedel, nee Kirschbaum, lived in Cbene-Bourg, Geneva. There were two children, Christiane and Louis Michel. Christiane married an American ILO employee named Thompson. She was observed in 1955 at a meeting with a Soviet representative to the UN who is also a suspected intelligence operative.

Salter appeared in ten messages. He was in contact with former chancellor Josef Wirth and with British intelligence. He also knew Long and Kurz; in fact, compartmentation was often breached in the Rote Drei network.

One report says that a Professor Andre Oltramare and his son, Dr. Marc Oltramare, both passed intelligence to Puenter during the war and that he relayed their information to the Soviets. Andre Oltramare was a professor at the University of Geneva, where he lived with Jeanne Hersch, a philosopher much younger than he. At one time he was president or vice-president of the Geneva chapter of the Socialist Party. In 1933 be was a member of the Geneva Relief Committee for Political Prisoners, on which Pierre Nicole also served. Among his associates in 1942 were Jean Vincent, Max Horngacher, and Maurice Ducommun, all of whom were suspected of being Soviet agents.

One Mario Bodenmann, a Swiss Socialist and journalist, has also been reported as a sub-source for Pakbo.

A probable Pakbo source was "Bruder," who appears in only two messages, both from Dora to Director, dated 27 January and 10 May 1943. Both messages provide information about the production at the Oerlikon arms factory in Switzerland. The president of Werkzeugmaschinenfabrik Oerlikon, Buehrle and Co., was Emil Georg Buehrle. In middle and late 1943, as Foote has also related, the network was extremely short of funds. Pakbo and others solicited funds from Swiss businessmen, promising

profitable post-war commercial orders from the USSR in exchange. Pakbo approached Buehrle, who did business with the USSR, on this basis; and Buebrle contributed 80,000 francs. After the war the Soviets refused to honor the obligations incurred on behalf of the Rote Drei. Most of the businessmen complained bitterly, and Pakbo has alleged that he made some effort to repay the loans that he had personally solicited. Buehrle, however, merely wrote off the loss. [38]

Despite published claims to the contrary, there is no reason to believe that a source called "Lily of the Vatican" ever existed. Pakbo has denied that he had a line to the Vatican.

Jim

Foote claimed in *Handbook for Spies* that he and Rado were equals, or nearly equals, each having his own network, code, and communications system. The truth, however, is that Foote, like Puenter, grossly exaggerated his wartime importance. The traffic does not bear out Foote's claim that he had sub-sources of his own. On the contrary, Moscow clearly regarded him primarily as a W/T operator, although the most senior member in that category, and secondarily as a support man expected to give Rado help in problems of funding. Foote, whose cover name was Jim, appears 20 times in the messages in our possession. The time span is 31 October 1942 to 14 April 1944. These messages contain no new information, but they are of value in reducing Jim's self-portrait to its true, minor dimensions.

The Structure of the Rote Drei

Now that part of the Rote Drei structure has been partially excavated and cleansed of distortions, the outline of the whole can be delineated. Alexander Rado is at the apex of the network, having inherited the leader's role from Maria Poliakova and Ursula Beurton. Rado had three principal sources: Rachel Duebendorfer, Georges Blun, and Otto Puenter, listed in order of decreasing importance. Each of these had a network of sub-agents. Through Christian Schneider and Rudolf Roessler, Duebendorfer was in touch with the most important sources in the entire network: Werther, Teddy, Anna, and Olga. Others of Sissy's known contacts, by code name, were Paul, Pierre, Vita, and Mario. Probable additional, though minor, members of her net were Bill, Bircber, Brand, Diener, Fanny, Fernand, Schwerin and Stefan. Among his sub-sources Roessler listed, by name or description, General Hans Oster, Hans Bernd Gisevius, Carl Goerdeler, and an unknown man named Boelitz.

The second principal agent, Georges Blun, alias Long, directed a network which consisted chiefly of Agnes, Kurz, Grau, Rot, Fanny, and perhaps Feld.

The third principal agent, Otto Puenter, alias Pakbo, headed a net that included Salter and Bruder, as well as others whose cover names are not known.

Alexander Foote, alias Jim, was the most important of the radio operators. The others were Edmond and Olga Hamel (Eduard and Maude), Margarete

Bolli !later Bolli-Schatz, cover name Rosa), probably Harry and Roger, and possibly others.

The Role of Karel Sedlacek

To this point we have viewed the Red Three network chiefly as an apparatus which produced intelligence for the Soviet military service. But Lucy's information, some or all of Longs, and probably Pakbo s also went to the West. The vital product, Lucy's, reached the Allies through a Czech colonel whose true name was Karel Sedlacek and whose alias was Uncle Tom. We have his story from General Frantisek Moravec, who as Sedlacek's superior had sent him to Switzerland in the first place. In 1935 Sedlacek was working in Southern Bohemia as an intelligence officer whose targets were in Bavaria. His talents and skill caught Moravec's eye, and Sedlacek was sent to Prague for a year's training in operating a WJT set, secret writing, and encoding and decoding. He was already fluent in German. In June 1937, his training completed and his cover prepared, Sedlacek left Czechoslovakia as Karl Seltzinger, a correspondent of the Prague newspaper *Narodni Listy*. For more than a year he built his cover in Zurich; then, by the fall of 1938, his first reports, military and political, arrived in Prague. By then the Czech officer was a friend of Major Hans Hausamann, the Swiss intelligence officer who directed the conveniently unofficial `Bureau Ha." In fact, it was Hausamann who provided Sedlacek's information.

By the spring of 1939 Sedlacek had begun to feel uneasy in Zurich, which was swarming with German agents. He moved to Lucerne, where Lucy was

living. The two met because both used journalism as cover. Beginning in September of 1939, Sedlacek was reporting by W/T to the London Czechs on German OB, movements, weapons, etc. His information came from Hausamann, who got it from Lucy, who in turn decided what information would go to which recipients. From 19 May to 6 September 1944 Lucy was under arrest, charged with passing intelligence to the Soviet and British services. From the date of his arrest, the flow of Lucy's information from Sedlacek to London stopped completely and finally. (It is thus established that information from Lucy to both the East and the West had ceased before the 20th of July 1944 and that therefore Lucy's sources could have been among the conspirators.) Sedlacek did continue to transmit other information to London until the war ended, but after Lucy's arrest Sedlacek's reporting deteriorated rapidly in both quality and quantity. Promoted to lieutenant colonel after the war, Sedlacek became the Czech military attaché in Bern, where he remained until recalled to Prague in early 1947. How he was instrumental in launching Roessler upon the second phase of his career in espionage is reported below.

Earlier in this account, in a section dealing with Dr. Josef Wirth, a message of 5 October 1943, Dora to Director, was cited. Included therein was this statement: "According to Wirth the German Embassy in Bern is extremely interested in Sokolin." The remark appears in a context chiefly concerned with the Free Germany Committee, conceived in and directed from Moscow.

Vladimir Sokolin

Vladimir Sokolin (spelled Sokoline in some accounts) may have been the alias of one Vladimir Shapiro or Schapiro. Or Shapiro may have been alias, and Sokolin the true name. We shall call him Sokolin. The records which concern him are extensive but have not been summarized here because all available information indicates that he was not a part of the Rote Drei. Born in Geneva of Jewish parents, the father a White Russian and the mother Scottish, Sokolin became in 1937 the Under Secretary of the USSR's Permanent Delegation to the International Labor Office, League of Nations, Geneva, as well as the Assistant Secretary General of the League of Nations. There was a seeming break with Moscow after the USSR was dropped from the League of Nations in December 1939 as a result of the invasion of Finland. But either the split was unreal, designed to strengthen cover, or it was patched up and healed, because the reports of Sokolin's war time activities clearly indicate espionage conducted on behalf of the USSR. He was in touch with Leon Nicole, Alexander Abramson, and perhaps others who were associated with the Rote Drei. It was also reported that through one of these contacts he asked Rado if he could be of service and that Rado relayed the suggestion to Moscow, where it was rejected. There are clear indications that Sokolin was engaged in economic espionage for the USSR after the war ended. It appears, then, that in this instance as in others, Soviet intelligence tried not to mix their networks, the security of which required separation.

Phase II: Lucy's Post-War Operation

Here our account would have ended if Karel Sedlacek had not known Xaver Franz Josef Schnieper, a Swiss citizen bom on 6 January 1910 in Emman, Lucerne Canton. He had attended the Universities of Koenigsberg, Berlin, and Vienna, majoring in drama and intending to direct plays, an ambition which he had to abandon when the Nazis seized power. He first met Rudolf Roessler, who was equally interested in drama, in Berlin in 1933. By the beginning of the following year he had persuaded Roessler and his wife to move to Lucerne. Schnieper also went back to Switzerland and found employment in Lucerne as a librarian. By October 1936 he was a member of a leftist Catholic group which twice a month published, a news sheet called *Entscheidung* (Decision).

Sedlacek knew Schnieper well. He also knew that by the time the war ended, both Schnieper and Roessler were plagued by financial problems. Both were struggling to make ends meet as free-lance journalists. Sometime before his departure for Prague Sedlacek introduced his successor as Czech military attaché to Schnieper. The successor, in turn, introduced Schnieper to Captain Rudolf Wolf of Czech intelligence.

In the summer of 1947 Wolf asked Schnieper to ask Roessler whether he was willing to resume intelligence work. Lucy agreed. With Schnieper serving as intermediary, Roessler supplied the Czechs and thus the Soviets—with information, mostly military, on the forces, dispositions, weapons, etc., of the US, England, and France in West Germany, as well as the budding West German military force. They were sentenced by a Swiss court on 5 November 1953 to a year and nine months respectively; but the time already

spent in detention, nine months for each, was counted. Released in early 1954, Roessler died in 1958.

This bald account sounds mundane—a trivial, almost irrelevant epilogue to the glamorous days of World War II. Yet a moment's reflection shows that such a view is unjustified. Lucy's first phase lasted for only a little more than two years, his second for six. The second phase lacks the high drama of the first, but the fact remains that Roessler and Schnieper delivered valuable classified information to the Soviets, via the Czechs, in the post-war period as well. And the intriguing question of sources looms large in both phases.

Moreover, it is not likely that the two periods are unconnected. Lucy obviously had human sources for his 1947-1953 reporting, even though his defense heavily stressed the amount of information that he had gleaned from the newspapers. If we can unearth some of these people, we can expect to find links to the sources of 1941-1944.

One contact, according to newspaper accounts of the trial, was a Mrs. Theresa Hildebrand of the staff of a Chicago magazine called *Common Cause*. Roessler asked the Czechs if they wanted to add 1,500 francs monthly to his pay so that he could extend his coverage to the USA through Mrs. Hildebrand and her contacts. The indictment of Roessler said, however, that he had merely copied the names of Mrs. Hildebrand and others from *Common Cause* and that they were not implicated.

A professional source who examined some of the microfilmed reports prepared by Roessler and Schnieper for passage to Prague concluded that part of these had come not only from the Blank office [39] but specifically from the office of Joachim Oster, the son of General Hans Oster.

Joachim Oster, usually called Achim, was born on 20 February 1914 in Dresden. He entered the army in 1933 as an officer candidate with the Second Artillery Regiment. He was promoted to first lieutenant in 1938, to captain in 1941, to major in 1943. He attained general's rank during the post-war years.

In 1949 he began work as secretary to Dr. Josef Mueller, who was a friend of his father and a member of the 20th of July group. Oster held this position for at least six years. During this period Mueller reportedly headed a group which worked for a neutralist, pro-USSR Germany. Other members of the group, besides Mueller and Oster, included Otto John and Georges Blun, whom we have already mentioned as "Long" of the Rote Drei.

In 1950 Joachim Oster was appointed to the Blank Office. He served as chief of the security section of Amt Blank (Department IV/A/6) and in this capacity conducted liaison with the British, Americans, and French, as well as with other Germans. In January 1956 he was transferred to other, presumably less sensitive, duties in the Ministry of Defense. About September of 1958 he was posted to Madrid as the military attaché. There he reportedly established contact with the old Spanish Loyalist, Gil Robles.

The Return of Agnes

The unidentified contact of Roessler who reported in 1955 that Goerdeler, Gisevius, "General Boelitz," and "the predecessor of Canaris" were World War II sources of Lucy, also said that as of the reporting date Roessler was still in contact with one Lemmer, who was either in the Blank Office or who had a contact therein. Other Phase II sources were said to be one Thormann and a man named Borchheimer, who was a professor at the University of Heidelberg.

There can be little doubt that the first of these is the same Ernst Lemmer who, as "Agnes," was a Rote Drei source during World War II.

Dr. Werner Thormann

Thormann is believed to be Dr. Werner Thormann. He was born in Germany, acquired Austrian citizenship through naturalization, but until 1933 remained mainly in Germany, where he was chief editor of the weekly *Deutsche Republik* and the *Rhein-Mainische Volkszeitung*. At an undetermined time he served Dr. Josef Wirth as his secretary, probably during Wirth's 1921-1922 period. After the Nazis' seizure of power he moved to Paris, and from September 1939 to May 1940 he was an editor and speaker on the German Freedom Station there. In July 1940 the US Government granted him an emergency visa, and he spent the war years in the US and Switzerland. As of April 1947 he was the editor of *Zukunft* (Future). He died sometime before 1958.

Professor Max Horkheimer

"Borchheimer" appears to be a garble for Professor Max Horkheimer, born 14 February 1895 in Stuttgart. About 1928 he became head of the Institute for Social Research, founded at the University of Frankfurt to disseminate Marxist Studies. When Hitler came to power, the Institute moved to Geneva. In 1934 Horkheimer came to the US and there established the main offices of the Institute under the sponsorship of Columbia University. By 1948 he was attempting to re-establish a branch of the Institute at Frankfurt am Main, and by the following year he was a member of the faculty of the University of Frankfurt.

There are reports that he is or was a fellow-traveller, once closely associated with the Lenin Institute of Moscow; that he has or has had Soviet intelligence ties; and that be had been considered for the position of psychological advisor to the West German Defense Ministry (Amt Blank) although he was an opponent of the Bonn government.

There is no proof that Horkheimer provided Lucy with information after World War II. And if he did so, the system of communication remains unknown. It is noted, however, that one Emile Siegmund Grunberg was the son of Karl Grunberg, the first director of the Institute for Social Research. He and his brother Karl were translators for the International Labor Organization in Geneva. Emile and his wife knew Alexander Abramson,

alias "Isaac"; Rachel Duebendorfer, alias "Sissy"; Paul Boettcher; and probably other members of the Rote Drei network.

There is, however, a difficulty, a blur in the logic, inherent in the assumption that Josef Wirth, Joachim Oster, possibly Josef Mueller, Ernst Lemmer, Werner Thormann, and Max Horkheimer were Lucy's sources, or among those sources, during the period of 1947-1953. During this period the Soviets could have established contact with any of them much more simply and directly than through a procedure whereby they met with Roessler in Germany or Switzerland, Roessler passed reports to Schnieper and thus the Czechs, and the Czech service gave the product to the Soviets. Lemmer, in particular, was far better placed than Roessler to serve as the central collection point.

The question may be partly resolved by one of Roessler's major courtroom arguments in his defense. He maintained that almost everything that he sold to the Czechs was compiled from overt sources, chiefly newspapers, and that the information given to him by his German friends was much less important. The claim may be true, for people who knew Lucy considered him a truthful man. The remainder of the answer is that the act of providing Lucy with intelligence would in no way have precluded the direct provision of the same or other information by the same sources to Soviet intelligence officers, or to both German services, East and West, or to practically anyone else. For these men, Lucy included, were great equivocators, adept, as the German phrase has it, at carrying water on both shoulders.

Lucy the Mercenary

There can be no doubt that Lucy himself was motivated chiefly, if not entirely, by mercenary considerations. Here are a few excerpts from the traffic flowing between Moscow and Rado:

"12.3.1943 ... Agree to buy Plan Ostwall for 5,000 francs. Does Lucy know whether these documents are genuine and reliable?"

"10. and 11.11.1943 ... Sissy states that Lucy group no longer works when the salary stops."
"14.11.1943 ... Please tell Lucy in our name that ... his group will surely be paid according to his demands. We are ready to reward him richly for his information."
"9.12.1943 ... Inform Lucy not to worry about the money situation."

During the post-war phase Lucy submitted somewhat more than one hundred reports. He and Scbnieper were paid a total sum of between 33,000 and 48,000 Swiss francs. Lucy kept three-fourths of this sum.

The Peddlers

During his career Roessler provided intelligence to services of the USSR, Czechoslovakia, Switzerland, and England, at a minimum.

Malcolm Muggeridge commented in *The Observer*, 8 January 1967, on Lucy's cupidity: "I seem to detect a professional touch in the assiduity with which Roessler, when the Russians at last realized his worth, screwed out of them 7,000 Swiss francs a month by way of retainer and a lot of generous supplementary bonuses besides—by Red standards, a very high rate of remuneration."

And Wirth? His record suggests that he became a Soviet agent of influence in the early 1920's. A year or two after the signing of the Treaty of Rapallo he made the first of several trips to the USSR, where he conducted financial negotiations involving forestry rights and the construction of a railroad. He was pleased that German men and officers were being trained on Russian soil, in evasion of the Versailles Treaty, even though his own regime was called the "government of fulfillment" because it was supposedly carrying out all of its obligations under that treaty. The. Rote Drei traffic itself shows that Moscow at times directed Rado to obtain intelligence from Wirth during World War II.

Yet he was also in contact with Walter Schellenberg, through Richard Grossmann and perhaps in other ways as well. Was be, then, withholding from the SD his relationship with the Soviets, as well as what he knew about the 20th of July conspirators? The answer to the first part of this question is probably yes, but the same cannot be said about the second, at least not with much assurance. Himmler was prepared to listen to proposals that were treasonable from a Nazi point of view whenever he deemed the circumstances secure. There are clear indications in the record that he

envisaged himself as Hitler's successor. He once told Canaris that he knew perfectly well the identities of all the anti-Hitler plotters. In short, if Wirth and others were betraying the conspiracy to Schellenberg, they were also being double-crossed by Himmler who hoped that the plan to assassinate the Fuehrer would succeed.

The Soviets, the SD—anyone else? Wirth's major Rote Drei contact appears to have been the French journalist, Georges Blun. In 1940 he made a trip to Paris in order to inform the French government personally of the military situation in Germany after the invasion of Norway. He made similar trips after the war. There is a report of contact with the Deuxieme Bureau.

And there was some contact, on the record unproductive, with the OSS during the war.

Ernst Lemmer's intelligence contacts were discussed earlier: USSR, Swiss, and SD as a minimum.

Hans Bernd Gisevius joined the Nazis, worked in the German police and the Ministry of the Interior, yet joined the 20th of July plotters. He supplied the British with intelligence for three and a half years before the war and during its initial phase. He then became a major OSS contact.

There are only uncertain indications that he was linked to the Rote Drei. One source reported that Gisevius had contact with Rado. His relations with the Swiss police were excellent, and he was on good terms with quite a few

Swiss businessmen, one of whom was Emil Georg Buehrle of the Oerlikon machine and tool works. His ties to the courier Karl Forstmann have been noted earlier in this account.

We know that Gisevius had intelligence contacts with the Western Allies. Roessler listed Gisevius as a source. There are indications that he knew some members of the Rote Drei net and may himself have been alias "Rot" of that group. But are there also valid indications that despite the confidence which Hans Oster, Goerdeler, and others in the Loth of July group seem to have accorded him, he may have been an RSHA agent too? One report stated that Himmler's secretary had so identified him. Some post-war interrogations of German intelligence officers include their comments that Ernst Kaltenbrunner, RSHA chief and Schellenberg's superior, received reports from Gisevius as late as April 1945. The record contains other references to links between Gisevius and Heydrich, as well as Gisevius and Schellenberg. Such reports, however, are likely to be unreliable. All 20th of July participants became unpopular with most Germans. When Gisevius went to the Nuremberg War Crimes Trials in 1946 as a witness for Hjalmar Schacht, he became also a highly effective witness for the prosecution, hence doubly unpopular in post-war Germany. That some denunciations were inspired by rancour therefore seems highly probable. At first blush it appears odd that he was allowed to remain as a German intelligence officer in Switzerland after the RSHA assimilated the Abwehr, despite the fact that the Gestapo issued an arrest order for him in August 1944. But it should be recalled that Goerdeler, sentenced on 8 September 1944, was not executed until February 1945 because Himmler hoped that the contacts of such men

with the Western Allies might save his own skin later. On balance, then, it is considered that Gisevius had intelligence contacts with the Americans, the British, the Swiss, and perhaps the Soviets, but not with Nazi Germany, except for his major role in the resistance.

The Stage and the Actors

This account has said next to nothing about the Swiss role in the drama of the Rote Drei. Today Switzerland tends to seem just the scenery of the story: the picture-postcard, snow-frosted backdrop against which the action was played out. But this aura of passivity, of being uninvolved, is really illusory. The fact is that certain Swiss officers were very directly a part of the activity of the Rote Drei. Understandably, this involvement remains a source of some concern to the Swiss, even today, because it is at odds with that strict neutrality which Switzerland has proclaimed for centuries as buckler and breast-plate.

The traffic, however—that obdurate record on which we have tried to base as much of this account as possible—plainly reveals Swiss involvement. When arrests were made, Moscow asked why Rote Drei members in contact with the Swiss authorities—Lucy, Pakbo, Long—did not get more information from them. [40] The Swiss General Staff was a sufficiently valuable source to have been given the Rote Drei cover name of Luise. Lucy's contacts with Swiss military intelligence preceded his work in the Rote Drei, and the same is very likely true of Pakbo and certain others.

At least two Swiss officers should be mentioned here. The first is Brigadier Colonel Roger Masson, now dead, who was the chief of Swiss wartime intelligence. The second is Major Hans Hausamann. Before World War lI began, Hausamann had recognized that Switzerland, already teeming with the spies of other nations, was itself sadly lacking in military intelligence and in sources to provide it. In Teufen, near St. Gallen, be established an unofficial intelligence center, funded actually or nominally by himself and certain friends. When war came, this office, known as the "Bureau Ha," was linked to the official Swiss Army intelligence structure. Quite deliberately, however, the Swiss chieftains did not incorporate the office into the army but left it largely autonomous. It is reasonable to conjecture that this preservation of unofficial or only semi-official status resulted chiefly from the significant fact that a Bureau Ha outside the official framework could be far freer of the shackles imposed by neutrality than any part of the government could be.

Dr. Xaver Schnieper worked as a junior officer in the Bureau Ha. He introduced Lucy to Major Hausamann. Only the Swiss know today whether the vital information coming from Germany went first to Lucy and then, via Hausamann, to Masson, or whether the Swiss received the bulk of the information from their sources in Germany and passed it to Sedlacek for relay to the British and to Lucy for relay to the Russians. What we can be sure of is that Switzerland was not just part of the World War II scenery; it had a piece of the action.

The story of the Rote Drei in essence, is the tale of two firm camps, between which shuttled ambiguous and uncommitted men. On the one side stood the anti-Hitler German conspirators. There was an East-West schism in their ranks, but they were united and unwavering in their resolve to rid Germany and the world of Hitler. On the other were the Soviet armed forces and intelligence services, also committed to Hitler's destruction but only as a step toward the same domination of the earth that Hitler had longed for. Both groups, the tiny and the vast, were made up for the most part of dedicated activists. Between the two forces were Roessler and certain of his associates: Wirth, Mueller, Lemmer, Gisevius, Horkheimer, probably Thormann, perhaps Joachim Oster. These are a different breed from such 20th of July figures as Hans Oster, Goerdeler, and Beck. During the 19431945 period, at least, Lucy, Lemmer, *et al*, were psychologically much more akin to Himmler, Kaltenbrunner, and Schellenberg than to the heroes of the resistance, the Soviets, or even such Rote Drei figures as Rachel Duebendorfer.

These were the men who posed as arbiters, as intellectuals who had preserved their integrity by being above it all. But the truth is that they did not say, "A plague on both your houses." They dickered. They sought advantage—private material advantage—from many quarters. Roessler, Blun, Lemmer, and the rest could have been replaced by any others willing and able to live well in wartime Switzerland; their roles were essential, though not very important, but they themselves, as individuals, were not of consequence.

The true heroes of the tale are those few Germans living in an age of appalling complexity, and of rottenness at the highest levels of their government, so that they were forced not only to risk a barbaric death but to deal unequivocally with the fact that what morality demanded of them was treason.A few of them were Lt. General Ludwig Beck, suicide; Lawyer Hans von Dohnanyi, hanged; General Erich Fellgiebel, hanged; Dr. Carl Friedrich Goerdeler, hanged; Reichskriminal-direktor Arthur Nebe, hanged; General Friedrich 0lbricht, hanged; Major General Hans Oster, hanged; General Fritz Thiele, hanged; Field Marshall Erwin von Wilzleben, hanged.

Lucy and his Rote Drei associates lived on.

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* Editor's Note. This article is an abridgement of a longer study of the Rote Drei. The portions omitted in this version mainly concern biographical and other details relating to the sources and sub-sources of the principals in the organization.

1 *Studies* X11, 3, p. 41.

2 There is some difficulty with the term message, because some holdings present as one unit what others treat as two or more.

3 Our holdings indicate that September 1943 was a busier month than most for the Rote Drei transmitters; if the traffic had been all one way, the figure of 4,250 would be high. On the other hand, no messages from Moscow to Switzerland were found at the Hamels'. An analysis of all traffic presently available has suggested that about two-fifths originated in Moscow. If therefore we add 1,700 to our projection (40 per cent of 4,250) the total becomes 5,950.

4 In his *Agenten Funken each Moskau*, 1957 edition, Neptun Verlag, Kreuzlingen, Switzerland, Flicke presents 68 messages, of which 57 are matched in our holdings and 5 more are partial matches (Flicke's versions being incomplete). It is suspected that the remaining 6 messages are spurious, the creations of Flicke or someone else. These messages differ from those known to be authentic in certain minor ways but consistently. All of these messages, if they were genuine, would have been transmitted before the sending date of the earliest authenticated message. One of them is the early warning of Hitler's attack, a message that later commentators accepted as genuine.

5 Alexander Foote, *Handbook for Spies*, Museum Press, Ltd., London, second edition, 1964, p. 161.

6 Another of whom was Brigette Lewis (Long).

7 Our notes fail to reflect what happened to Caspari.

8 Foote, *op. cit.*, p. 133. Although Foote says of Boettcher, "I cannot speak for the British, but be certainly was not connected with our network" (P. 67), he is as wrong here as at many other points. The traffic leaves no doubt that Moscow regarded Sissy and Paul Boettcher as a team and often addressed them jointly.

9 *A Man Called Lucy*, Coward-McCann Inc., New York, 1966.

10 Moscow did not usually use the true first name of an agent as his radio cover name, but evidence in the traffic itself makes it plain that "Paul" was Sissy's common-law husband Paul Boettcher.

11 Tamara had her own code name, Vita, and one may wonder at Poliakova's indiscretion in not using it; but such lapses were not rare. On 6 December 1943 a message from Dora informed Moscow that Foote had been arrested. He was named openly as Foote instead of being designated as Jim.

12 In so doing Poliakova referred not to Maurice but to Marius, so that there is a possibility that the two were identical. It has also been suggested, however, that Marius was Marius Mouttet, a Frenchman and former Socialist Minister. Foote (*op. cit.*, p. 92) mentions him but says nothing of an arrest.

13 This literal interpretation of *Mann* has been used because Sissy at this time was still married to Duebendorfer, a Swiss citizen.

14 Sissy, Paul, and Vita were arrested later, in May 1944.

15 *op. cit.*, p. 66.

16 *Studies* XII 4, p. 104.

17 Others who might have supplied Lucy with information but might also have been otherwise linked to the Rote Drei were Bill, Bireher, Fanny, Fernand, Schwerin, and Stefan. None of them appear often in the traffic; none reported high-level information.

18 Assuming, as we do, that our holdings are large enough so that projections are mathematically sound.

19 *To the Bitter End*, Houghton Mifflin Co., New York, 1947, p. 142.

20 Karl Heinz Abshagen, *Canaris*, English edition, Hutchinson and Co., Ltd., London, 1956, p. 122.

21 *op. cit.*, p. 89.

22 *op. cit.*, pp. 176-177.

23 Wilhelm Ritter von Schramm (*Verrat irn Zweiten Weltkrieg*, Econ Verlag, Dusseldorf-Vienna, 1967, p. 223) and others have made the same curious mistake about Oster and have drawn the same conclusion. They state that lie was suspended from Abwehr duty on 5 April 1943. But a number of reliable sources have reported that on this date, when Hans von Dohnanyi, Josef Mueller, and Dietrich Bonhoeffer were arrested, Oster merely came under initial suspicion. He was transferred to a reserve status on 19 June 1943 but was not placed under surveillance (or house arrest) until March of the following year. The last known message from Dora which cites Werther or any other possible source of Lucy as the source of the message is dated October 1943. Accordingly, there is no basis in fact for the argument that Lucy's messages continued to flow to Moscow after 20 July 1944, as Accoce and Quet have maintained, or that General Oster could not have been one of Lucy's sources, as von Schramm has maintained.

24 *op. cit.*, pp. 421-422.

25 Anonymous, Munziger Archives, "ME-O: (Oster) 8.12.1962, 1128, Hans Oster (former German general)."

26 *op. cit.*, p. 424.

27 *op. cit.*, p. 122.

28 *ibid.*, p. 132.

29 *op. cit.*, p. 324.

30 *ibid.*, pp. 344-345.

31 *The German Resistance*, George Allen and Unwin Ltd., London, 1958, p. 157.

32 Long was Georges Blun, a French journalist and important member of the Rote Drei.

33 Vladimir Alexandrovich Sokolin is discussed later in this study.

34 There is confirmation of the Blun-Gisevius association.

35 The Swiss G-2 had direct contact with both Pakbo and Long but not with Sissy. This fact probably explains why she was arrested, whereas Long and Pakbo were not.

36 *op. cit.* pp. 207-214.

37 Our friend Flicke, with his usual horse-sense, identified "Salter" as Erwin John Salter, an English bank clerk.

38 Foote did not believe this story, for which Pakbo was the source. Foote stated that the Rote Drei never received any money from Pakbo.

39 Federal Ministry of Defense, then headed by Theodore Blank.

40 The arrests were made by the police. It is more than possible that the Swiss General Staff was well-informed about the Rote Drei but did not share its insight with the police, for reasons of security.

Richard Sorge – Fight the Cold Bravely

{Excerpt from Target Tokyo: The Story of the Sorge Spy Ring
Gordon W. Prange, with Donald M. Goldstein and Katherine V. Dillon, McGraw- Hill Books. New York, 1984, p. 503 – 511}

The luminous dawn of November 7th, 1944, haloed each bare branch and twig outside the home of Tamon Yuda in Suginami-ku, Tokyo. Because this was no usual morning, he rose early and groomed himself with painstaking care. If Ms. Yuda wondered why her husband had donned his best formal morning clothes instead of the depressing national uniform, a khaki-colored fiber suit that Japanese civilians wore during the war years, she gave no sign. A high Tokyo official never discussed his work with anyone, not even his wife – perhaps least of all his wife.

His devotion completed, Yuda ate a meager breakfast. At about eight, he stubbed out his precious rationed cigarette and stepped outside. The morning sun beamed down with the soft glow of autumn, and the air was as tartly sweet as the taste of apples.

From Yuda's broad, businesslike face peered the eyes of a surgeon – searching, diagnostic. He looked more serious than usual as he strode through the garden to the street. No late bloom lifted its head, for the Yudas had long since sacrificed the cherished flower beds to the family's need for vegetables. But on this day Yuda had no regret to spare for his lost plants.

The task before him filled the mind, a task he hated, Yuda was on his way to watch two men die.

By a spin of fortune's wheel, today was his turn to act as the Tokko's official witness to an execution. The Tokko always selected for this duty an officer not directly connected with the case in question. It so happened that at the top of the list of those eligible to witness the double execution of Sorge and Ozaki stood the name of Tamon Yuda.

The coming New Year's Day would see Yuda's forty-sixth birthday, and he was no stranger to unnatural death. In the course of his police duties and through the circumstances of war he had seen death in its most gruesome form. But something about the deliberate taking of a man's life by the process of law set such a death apart from the commons fate of humankind. Yuda had witnessed four executions before this date. He opposed the death penalty both on principle and because the sigh revolted him.

Yuda hurriedly joined the commuter's crush on the electric train. He had to remember to watch the crowd at Shinjuka Station and not miss his assistant, Kikiuyasa Akiyama, who would join him there and ride with him the rest of the way to Sugamo Prison. Akiyama was in charge of the paper work on the day's two executions. Yes, there he was twisting his way through a mass of humanity. Once aboard the train the two men settled down for the long ride to Sugamo.

The prison governor, Ichijima, looked forward to the grim events of the day even less than Yuda, if that was possible. Yuda witnessed the occasional execution; Ichijima had to witness them all. He was not a career warden but a Ministry of Justice official temporarily assigned to Sugamo, a post he heartily disliked. He endured the ordeal of an execution by doing all possible to convince himself that the victim was an enemy of humankind who had forfeited his right to live. Ichijima's task being to supervise the prison, he had no connection with the investigation of any case and knew nothing about the prisoners committed to Sugamo until the reports came to his office. Inasmuch as these numbered in the hundreds, he could give each record only a quick reading, unless for some reason it called for special attention.

Before each execution Ichijima took the official records home with him and pored over it in detail for several days to give himself "a sense of justice". On that lovely November morning he spent an hour of so refreshing his memory about the activities of the two condemned men. He also attempted to compose himself by withdrawing in solitude to meditate and empty his mind of troubling thoughts. In this case the task was more difficult than usual. Most of the prisoners were strangers to him, but he had come to know Ozaki quite well and Sorge slightly. And he liked them both.

During breakfast and for the time left that morning he and Ms. Ichijima kept up the pretense that she did not know an execution was scheduled. Ichijima strictly isolated his home life from the distasteful details of his position. He

even kept his full-dress uniform in his office so that his wife would never know when some official occasion was at hand.

Since his home lay just outside the prison walls, Ichijima walked to his office. Ordinarily the execution of Sorge and Ozaki would have place on the morrow. The approval of execution signed by the minister of justice bore the date of November 4, 1944. Once signed, the order had to be carried out within five days, so technically Ichijima had until midnight of the eighth to comply. In ordinary times he would have held off until the last minute, but these were not ordinary times. Because of the astounding success at Pearl Harbor on December 8, 1941 (Japanese time), the eighth of every month carried a special significance, never more than now when Japan had few occasions for celebration. All over the nation dreary little ceremonies harking back to Japan's hour of greatest glory would be taking place. An execution on that day would have insulted the spirit of the moment.

Still another reason entered into the selection of the seventh as a suitable day to send Sorge and Ozaki to their ancestors. For November 7 was the Soviet Union's national holiday, the anniversary of the Bolshevik takeover of Russia in 1917. The selection of that particular date has led to some peculiar speculations. One Karl Kindermann, a wartime interpreter in Japan, used this as a factor to bolster his thesis that the Japanese did not execute Sorge.

Hotsuki Ozaki, while accepting that both his half brother and Sorge were executed on November 7, produced an equally strange explanation. The Japanese government at the time was negotiating for peace through the

Soviet Union and offered Sorge as condition. But the offer was turned down. I heard that he was executed on the anniversary of the Soviet Revolution as retaliation for failure of the peace negotiations.

The actual reason was far less outré but, being typically Japanese, might be difficult for a Westerner to understand and appreciate. Quite simple the authorities chose November 7 because, inasmuch as Sorge and Ozaki served the Soviet Union, it seemed fitting and proper to execute these two men on that auspicious occasion. Perhaps no other people on earth would have taken such a consideration into account. The Japanese kept anniversaries reverently and in that spirit chose November 7 to honour the doomed men for their dedication to Russia.

In his office Ichijima changed into full dress – a plain dark uniform with epaulets and brass buttons – buckled on his police sword, and laid ready his white gloves and ceremonial hat. He wore this costume with a somewhat deprecating air, as if more at home with civilian clothes. One by one the official party gathered, all in full morning dress except for the prison chaplain, Kato Sensho, in Buddhist robes. The Japanese considered no criminal so depraved that his spirit should not be dispatched with all due courtesy. So Ichijima and the others dressed as carefully for Sorge and Ozaki as they would for an imperial reception.

Yuda and Akiyama joined the group shortly after nine. The men greeted one another with slight bows and delicate hissing. In addition to Ichijima, Yda, Akiyama, and the Chaplain Sensho, the group included Shoichiro Omata, the

prison doctor; Otsubo, Ichijima's assistant; and his secretary. A group of guards and executioners stood slightly apart. Beyond polite salutations and a few murmured generalities there was no conversation, for these men had not met for a social occasion.

The clang of the morning bell woke Ozaki in his cell at six. He rose as usual, washed, and breakfasted on the Spartan prison fare of rice, bean soup and pickles. Then he seated himself at the little desk-washstand to pen his daily postcard to his wife. "It is gradually getting colder," he wrote. "I am going to fight the cold bravely." The note, full of concern for Eiko's aged father, conveyed no hint of any suspicion that this morning would be different from any other since Ozaki's conviction.

At exactly nine, just as he finished the postcard, a key rattled in the lock of his cell. The door swung open to frame two minor prison officials. Ozaki received the notification of his imminent execution with calm dignity. He asked only for fifteen minutes to change into proper attire. With his wish granted, he stripped off his clothes and put on clean undergarments. He removed from his small storage box the black ceremonial kimono that Eiko had sent him for this day, shook the wrinkles from its folds, and shrugged himself into it. Then he pulled over his feet a pair of black tabi instead of the customary white ones to symbolize the dark ideal ahead. Anything ropelike was strictly prohibited to a prisoner, but from somewhere, perhaps a sympathetic guard, Ozaki procured a sash and tied it about his waist, Then he said he was ready.

The cell door swung open, and he walked through if rot he last time. Flanked by two guards, he moved slowly down the bleak corridor. As the three men crossed the prison courtyard, for a fleeting moment the sun caught Ozaki in its golden rays. Presently they reached the death house, which high walls concealed from the rest of the prison. Ozakin stepped through the door into a small anteroom. Near a corner a Buddhist altar blazed with gold and lighted candles. In the centre of the room stood a small table and a chair, to which his guards escorted him. Ozaki sat down and surveyed the scene with tired, resigned eyes. He showed no emotion, revealed no fear, nothing but a slight tension. The witnesses who had foregathered in Ichijima's office were in place, seated about the room so that, along with the prisoner in his chair, they formed a hollow square, Opposite Ozaki glowed the altar.

"Are you Shujitsu Ozaki?" Ichijima asked the condemned man.

"No, I am Hotzumi Ozaki," the prisoner answered quietly but distinctly.

Ichijima followed the ritual for an execution to the letter. Not only did he thus uphold Japanese decorum, but also the prisoner gained strength and courage by having a program to follow, by the sight of officialdom clad in its best to honor their common humanity, and by the comfort of his faith.

Ichijima read aloud the formal order of execution. Then he stepped back in favor of the chaplain. Sensho asked Ozaki whether he had a will, what dispositions he wanted made of his effects, what he desired done with his

body, and if he had any final statement to make. Ozaki answered all these questions politely, specifying that he wanted his lawyer to receive his remains. These details completed, Sensho offered Ozaki ceremonial tea and cakes. Ozaki extended his hand as if to accept, then hesitated and refused the refreshment.

Ozaki knelt with the priest before the serene, taper-lit visage of Buddha, burning incense with closed eyes, while Sensho intoned the Dai Muryoyu Kyo ("The Three Promises of the Great Sutra of Constant Life"). The ceremony over, the two worshipers bowed and rose to their feet. Ozaki turned to Ichijima and thanked him for all his kindness.

The two guards moved into place to guide Ozaki into the execution chamber. The officials silently rose and filed in. Witnesses and prisoners entered the death room by different doors. The witnesses seated themselves in a single row facing the death trap, the prison personnel on the extreme left, the Ichijima, Yuda, Akiyama and the doctor.

Slowly, serenely Ozaki stepped forward. The last room he entered was not, as morbid imagination might picture, small and dark but fairly large, with plain wooden walls. A shaft of morning light slanted in through the single window. Ozaki took his place approximately in the centre of the room directly under the rope that would strangle his last breath. One of the attendants bound his ankles, legs, and arms. This was part of the usual procedure, to ensure that no unseemly struggle marred the occasion, to create the image of disorder or sordidness.

The attendants adjusted the hood over his head. From his place in the row before the gallows. Yuda watched Ozaki's hands – small, articulate hands, hands that had written brilliantly about China, hands now motionless in final resignation. At last the noose slipped around the dark curve of Ozaki's neck. With all adjustments completed, the attendants stole away. Four of five executioners stood ready to spring the trap simultaneously, so that no one person should have the death of a fellowman on his conscience.

A moment of taut stillness. Then the trap flew open. Ozaki's body dropped, and his neck snapped like a broken stick. Yuda could not take his eyes from Ozaki's hands, which shook as the breath of life struggled out of him. A deep compelling silence engulfed the room. Dr. Omata looked at his watch. Ten minutes had elapsed. Normally a hanged person required twelve minutes to die, but Ozaki looked as though life had left him. Dr. Omata checked Ozaki's pulse. The steady beat had stilled. The unruffled composure with which Ozaki went to his death sincerely moved Ichijima and the others in attendance.

As soon as his body had been removed from the execution chamber, the witnesses returned to the anteroom and took their seats as before. Within minutes Sorge entered in the company of two guards. Yuda watched with interest this man of whom he had heard so much but never seen. He wore dark trousers, a shirt with no necktie, and a loose jacket. His rugged features "looked very calm" and showed no fear or apprehension as he took the seat Ozaki had vacated so recently. "Are you Richard Sorge?" Ichijima asked.

“Yes, I am Richard Sorge.” The reply came clearly and distinctly.

Then Ichijima advised him that in accordance with the orders of the minister of justice, he would be executed on this day. Sorge’s expressive brows lifted, and his eyes sprang open like an animal’s, but his voice held no tension. “Is it today,” he inquired.

“Yes, today.” Ichijima replied. To make sure that Sorge comprehended his Japanese, the governor asked, “do you understand?”

“Yes, I understand,” answered Sorge.

Then the chaplain took over. Once more Sensho asked the questions concerning the prisoner’s final requests. Listening intently. Yuda understood the condemned man to wish to leave his property to “Anna.” Sorge hastily scribbled his wishes in a will, which he entrusted to the Procurator’s office. Yuda had heard correctly. Sorge left his remaining funds to Anna Clausen. He also requested that a letter be sent to his mother and sister through the German Embassy. He presented those concerned in his execution with his dictionaries and his Leica camera as as tokens of thanks for their consideration.

Sorge being a European and an atheist, the chaplain had closed the door of the golden shrine before Sorge entered the antechamber, but now Sensho offered him tea and cakes and the opportunity to pray if he wished. Sorge

refused him politely. He appeared completely at ease, very much master of himself. Yet just as the guards moved forward to escort him from the anteroom. Sorge turned to Ichijima and made one final request. "May I have a cigarette?" he asked.

Ichijima was a compassionate man who had come to like and respect Sorge. But he was also a prison governor of integrity. He could not break regulations out of favoritism. "No," he replied regretfully but firmly, "it is against the rules."

Yuda broke in impulsively. "Oh, let him have a cigarette!" he urged. "I know it is against the rules, but it is his last wish. You can say you let him have some medicine at the last minute."

But Sorge's request struck a wrong note with Ichijima. It was too flippant; it smacked of bravado; it jarred in this awesome hour. "No," he repeated with quiet finality. "it is against the rules."

Sorge seemed neither disappointed nor resentful. Like Ozaki, he remained calm, dignified, a gentleman to the last. With sincerity he thank Ichijima and the other prison officials for all they had done for him. Then with composure he walked into the bare, sunlit room that had already claimed Ozaki. From death he feared nothing and expected nothing. Once again the functionaries left the anteroom and took their places in the death chamber.

The attendants bound his arms and legs, then melted into the background. In that precise moment Sorge spoke clearly and distinctly. His words tolled in the taut silence like funeral bells:

"*Sakigun* [The Red Army]."
"*Kokusai Kyosanto* [The International Communist Party]."
"*Soviet Kyosanto* [The Soviet Communist Party]."

Man must worship as he must eat and drink and breathe. Let him deny there is a God, and he will invest with divinity some force within his understanding. So Sorge had set up his own trinity and called upon it in his last hour. Yet he spoke neither in German, the language of his boyhood, nor in the broken Russian of his adopted tongue; he spoke in Japanese, which always came haltingly to his lips. Thus Sorges's last words did not well up spontaneously; he had carefully selected them. He had to be sure that his audience understood, that they would report it correctly, so that all would know he had died in the faith.

A second time Sorge intoned his litany. The words,the dedication with which Sorge uttered them, his whole attitude impressed Yuda to his very soul. "There was no show-off in his manner," said Yuda in retrospect. "Sorge was loyal and faithful to his cause to the end. He repeated his words like a person saying a prayer."

For a third time Sorge spoke his farewell salute to the world. Then he snapped to attention. Instinctively recognizing the sure moment, the executioner sprang the trap. It was exactly 10:20 a.m.

Yuda's eyes moved irresistibly to Sorge's hands – much bigger than Ozaki's, hands that quivered in the death struggle. Watching them, Yuda asked himself, "what are we accomplishing by executing these two men? Will this be a plus for us or a minus?"

Ozaki's body, submissive to fate, had released his spirit willingly. Sorge's body had always kept his spirit earthbound; now it clung fiercely to life. Sorge took nineteen minutes to die.

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